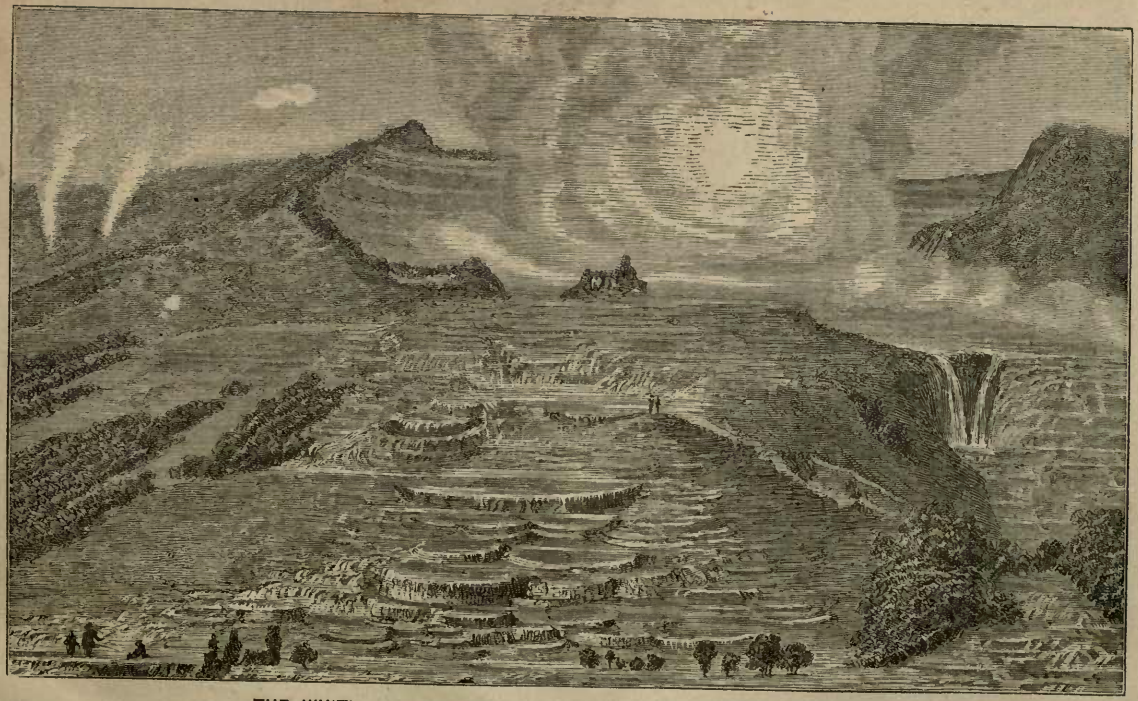
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THE WHITE TERRACE OF ROTOMAHANA, NEW ZEALAND.—(*Page* 273.)

1673

KENNEDY'S COLONIAL TRAVEL

A NARRATIVE

OF A

FOUR YEARS' TOUR THROUGH

AUSTRALIA, NEW ZEALAND, CANADA, &c.



By DAVID KENNEDY, Junior,

A MEMBER OF THE KENNEDY FAMILY OF SCOTTISH VOCALISTS.

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BETTER DAYS
LEAGUE

PREFACE.

It was my good fortune during 1872-76 to accompany my father on a professional tour, singing the Songs of Scotland round the world. Ours was a family-party, consisting of my father, mother, two sisters, two brothers, "Cousin Tom" (business agent), and myself. We travelled minutely through the Colonies, visiting nearly every town and village in Australia, New Zealand, and Canada. From time to time, during a period of three years, I sent "Notes of our Colonial Travel" to the Edinburgh papers—the *Daily Review* and the *North British Advertiser and Ladies' Journal.* These articles, with some alterations and many additions, are here reprinted.

DAVID KENNEDY, Junior.

8 St Andrew's Terrace, Newington,
Edinburgh, *October* 1876.

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BETTER DAYS LEAGUE

1673

KENNEDY'S COLONIAL TRAVEL.

CHAPTER I.

ARRIVING AT PORT PHILLIP—DESCRIPTION OF MELBOURNE.

About dawn on a Sunday in June 1872, we sighted Cape Otway, the mountainous promontory of the Victorian coast, after a protracted voyage of ninety-three days from Glasgow, in the clipper ship "Ben Ledi." Our passage, though long, had not been more eventful than commonly befalls the Australian voyager. We caught the usual albatross, and killed the customary shark; had the inevitable glimpse of dreamy Madeira, and crossed the Line with grog and ceremony; had, as a matter of course, a quick run from the Cape of Good Hope, and latterly were doomed to the baffling winds that generally overtake a vessel when within sight of its long-expected destination.

After leaving the timbered ranges of Cape Otway, which loomed sombrely through the morning mists, the land gradually lost its majesty, passing by easy transition from mountain to hill, and from hill to knoll, until near Port Phillip it degenerated into a decidedly pancakey coast, flat and uninteresting. Soon we were pleasantly surprised by the arrival of the pilot, a dapper, trim-whiskered man, who began his reign of office by ignoring the captain, and anathematising in a gentlemanly manner every block, pulley, and brace within the limits of the ship. With singular foresight, he had brought one newspaper with him, and we doubt if ever that journal was so popular before or since, or that so many persons ever tried to read off one copy as on that occasion. Becoming disgusted with the meagreness of the news, the popular voice turned on the pilot, who seemed to be bursting (as far as it might be thought fit and proper for him to burst) with some weighty communication, and I am happy

to state that twelve well-balanced minds went to rest that night with the sublime consciousness of knowing the name of the horse that won the Derby.

The Heads which form the entrance to Port Phillip Bay are about two miles apart, though when approached from the sea the channel appears much narrower, owing to the points of land considerably overlapping each other. On the western shore stands the neat-looking township of Queenscliff, and principal piloting station of the bay, which we passed in the twilight, just as the great "rip" or inflowing tide swept along with the noise and rush of a distant avalanche, bearing the ship onwards at fully six knots an hour. As the current subsided into a gentle ripple, there came tolling over the water the Sabbath evening bell from the Queenscliff Church, which was answered by the hollow roar of the anchor-chain as we came to our moorings for the night in Port Phillip Bay.

Early next morning, after a ceremonious visit from the health officer, we tacked up the bay against a strong head wind, making very slight progress, and exhausting what little patience we had remaining. As we proceeded towards Melbourne the scenery became more interesting, the eye being delighted with large plantations sloping down to the shore, and dotted with very desirable mansions, the country houses of the great city merchants and the budding aristocracy of Victoria. Half-way up the eastern shore rose a lofty and commanding bluff, clothed with gum-trees to the very summit, and bearing the name of Arthur's Seat, but with no resemblance to its Scottish namesake save in point of height; while to the extreme westward appeared dimly the mountain of You Yangs, which stands near the shores of Corio Bay, and is distant a few miles from the town of Geelong.

Towards evening we arrived near Hobson's Bay, where the pilot again determined to anchor out all night, much to the annoyance of all on board, to whom the twinkling lights on shore had a very tantalizing appearance. Early next morning, we were laboriously making headway against the gale which was still blowing in our teeth. On the right shore appeared the beautiful suburbs of Brighton and St Kilda, the favourite watering-places of the metropolis—a collection of elegant villas, graceful churches, and fine hotels; while at the head of the bay stood Melbourne, its towers and spires showing but dimly through the great cloud of dust that overhung the city. On the left, easily distinguished by its shipping and busy stir, lay

the port of Williamstown, our desired haven, which we were not destined to reach, however, till late in the afternoon.

The first person to come on board, regardless of Custom-house laws, was an enterprising butcher, who diligently sought the captain's ear for the privilege of serving the ship with meat while in port, and who, on the arrival of Her Majesty's officers up one side of the vessel, disappeared over the other with an agility that bespoke long practice. The deck soon swarmed with boatmen, hotel touters, luggage porters, and friends of the passengers, all in a state of bustle and excitement. An ungentlemanly character departed with our luggage in one direction, while our friends took us in another, the whole of us falling latterly into the clutches of a zealous boatman, who was determined to have us at all hazards—the rest of the sailing craft, by a singular fatality, being very dangerous and untrustworthy as compared with his, which would take the whole party over to Sandridge for a sum at that moment too contemptible to be spoken of in the presence of gentlemen. After a short sail we landed at this suburb one minute before the starting-time of the train to Melbourne. Being full of the traditions of the old country, we made a frantic dash, clearing the Customs in an unusual and unconstitutional manner, and arriving a minute past the time. The guard was authoritative and fuming, so we entered the train with meekness, and an expression of sorrow in our coat-tails. After sitting patiently for about five minutes, we look out and see, by the lamplight, the guard picking his teeth consecutively and holding a lively *tête-à-tête* with a female friend. We watch him, with an evil twinkle in our eye suggestive of a letter to the papers, and have just got the first sentence graphically constructed, when the train starts off, and we find ourselves in a very lumbering and boxy railway carriage, seemingly without any springs, which we are happy to quit when we reach the Melbourne station. But first impressions are, like printers' first proofs, not to be trusted, and liable to subsequent correction.

We drove off from the station in an Albert car, a two-wheeled vehicle with glazed leather sides and top, and with a swinging jolt that is anything but pleasant to the unaccustomed—arriving at one of the principal hotels, a substantial building just like any similar establishment in the old country, with the usual blaze of light at the entrance, the same resplendent shirt-front and black suit ready to usher you in, and the ever-present street arab helping you to alight.

After disposing of a sumptuous meal—a combination of breakfast, dinner, and supper—we strolled out to have a moonlight peep at Melbourne, inaugurating our walk by purchasing at a fruit shop a magnificent pine-apple for sixpence. Bourke Street, the principal business thoroughfare of the city, was filled with a busy crowd of people promenading before gaily-lighted shops and gas-flaring stands—the housewife with her basket, intent on purchases; the native Australian youth or "corn-stalk;" the Chinaman with his stereotyped face; lounging fellows with big beards and tall slouched hats; Frenchman and German; English, Scotch, and Irish—all blending in one common throng. After walking for about half-an-hour amid this lively scene, we turned into Collins Street, the afternoon promenade of the fashion and beauty of Melbourne, but found it almost deserted, the only persons visible being some stray individuals sauntering to their club, and bank clerks hurrying home after their day's business, the comparative silence of the street being occasionally broken by the sad notes of a wandering minstrel playing his flageolet before one of the fashionable hotels.

Melbourne, viewed simply as a speedy aggregation of bricks, mortar, and population, is an astonishing city. Receiving, like San Francisco, its great vitality from the discovery of gold, it has sprung up, mushroom-like, within the memory of this generation. Melbourne has now a population, including the suburbs, of 200,000—a fourth of the inhabitants of the colony of Victoria. The city rises on the north bank of the Yarra Yarra River. This little stream is sweet and sylvan in and about Melbourne; but further down, between the city and the bay, its waters are laden with the noisome stinks of chemical works and tanneries. It has a very tortuous course, and takes eight miles to go from Melbourne to the bay, which, as the crow flies, is scarcely a third of that distance. Viewed from an eminence, the river bears a strong resemblance to a liquid cork-screw. The principal streets of the city are one mile long, 100 feet wide, and run at right angles to each other. Elizabeth Street divides the city into east and west, and lies in the valley formed by the two hills upon which Melbourne is situated. The drainage of the city is open, a stream of water running down each side of the street, with small wooden bridges at frequent intervals for the convenience of foot-passengers. Nearly every house, shop, and public building has its verandah, which slopes down over the pavement, and forms a grateful protection from the heavy rains in winter, and the scorching sun

in summer. The sky-line of the streets is not generally of the most uniform nature; and this is the first thing that strikes the stranger as at all peculiar. He finds spacious and lofty warehouses standing side by side with one-storied workshops; grand stone buildings hobnobbing with low wooden shanties; and stately-looking churches in close proximity to timber yards, tinsmiths' shops, and small public-houses. All these incongruities, however, are fast disappearing, the temporary wooden buildings being weeded out by degrees, and substantial structures erected in their stead.

Collins Street is the most regularly built of the thoroughfares of Melbourne. The west end of it contains the principal hotels, banks, and insurance offices; the eastern portion being devoted to the residences of clergymen, doctors, and musical professors. At the intersection of Russel and Collins Streets stands the monument erected to Burke and Wills, the famous explorers of the Australian continent. It consists of two large bronze figures of the travellers, mounted on a pedestal of the same material, round the base of which appear four bas-reliefs illustrating the various episodes in the ill-fated expedition to the interior—an expedition which started from Melbourne in 1860 with great *éclat* and flourish of trumpets, but which ended in the death of Burke and his companion amid the wilds of the desert. Near this monument is the Independent Church, a large showy building of variegated brick, with a massive spire and belfry. Over the way, in strong contrast to it, stood at this time the Presbyterian Church, a plain and unpretentious structure. It did not seem, however, to have exactly suited Presbyterian wants, as it has since been demolished, and a larger and more costly place of worship erected. The site is one of the finest in all Melbourne, and the lofty tapering spire forms a noble feature in the sky-line. Further down Collins Street is the new Town Hall, a stately edifice built in a mixed classical style, with a lofty tower on the south-western extremity, and two broad flights of steps leading up to the principal entrance. The great hall has a large seating capacity, and is most sumptuously decorated. A spacious balcony runs round the entire building, while over the commodious orchestra has been erected a huge and highly-ornamented organ.

In Bourke Street are situated the principal markets and places of amusement. Here are the temples of the drama—the Theatre Royal and the Prince of Wales' Opera House. Here too is the Eastern Market, or "Paddy's Market," as it is

familiarly called, where are displayed fruits and flowers of every kind, and the finest possible vegetables. The cauliflowers of Melbourne, in size and flavour, are truly remarkable, and would open the eyes of a Cockney housewife. In Bourke Street the miscellaneous business of the city is transacted, with a strange jumble of nationalities, as shown by the business signs and placards over the doors and windows. Messrs Levi and Abraham will be happy to sell you all descriptions of cigars, pipes, and tobacco ; Sprachen and Herz can supply unlimited varieties of fancy goods and colonial-made jewellery ; Moosoo, Adolphus, & Co. possess an excellent stock of furniture and "French polish ;" and Ah Ching Ah Wing & Chum Foo have on hand a large assortment of tea, opium, and Chinese curiosities.

Bourke Street is also the centre of a line of omnibuses, which convey you to any part of the city for threepence. They are conducted on a very economic principle, the driver having control over the back door by a long leather strap, and the passengers poking their fare through a little hole in the front. These vehicles are supplemented by a multitude of omnibus cabs, plying at the same rates, and forming no inconsiderable item in the street traffic, which is principally made up of these conveyances and a miscellaneous collection of buggies, railway carts, produce vans, and country coaches. One must not forget, however, the irrepressible butcher boy, who rushes on horseback through this heavy stream of traffic with all the vagaries of a comet amidst the solar system,—the snorting steed dashing up the street with a life-and-death appearance, its eyes flashing and its tail streaming ; while all the interest involved is perhaps a paltry beefsteak or a solitary leg of mutton.

The chief building in Bourke Street is the General Post-Office, which, though smaller and less ornamental than the Town Hall, is yet a commodious and imposing pile. Like the latter building, it is surmounted with a large tower, from which the progress of the English mail is signalled to the citizens every month by means of flags. The departure of the mail is always an occasion of great excitement at the Post-Office. Half an hour before the closing time you see a stream of people trickling in with their letters, and leisurely depositing them in the large windows. At a quarter to ten there is a growing anxiety to jostle, while at five minutes to the hour there is a decided rush —office boys running with bundles of despatches, and anxious persons feverishly clutching their "home" letters. The cry

is "still they come," when Bome! goes the first stroke of ten, and round the corner fly procrastinating individuals in cabs; while many tumble nervously out of omnibuses, and rush to join the gathering throng. Bome! the crowd tightens up, the Stamp Office is besieged, and a maelstrom of packages is discharged into the box. Bim, bome! the portico is now crowded with people hustling, pushing, and squeezing in at all corners, frantically waving newspapers and bundles of letters, and working themselves fiercely to the window, where some individuals have inextricably wedged themselves in. Bim, bome! the last stroke of ten, and down goes the shutter with an unmistakable bang.

During our three months' stay in Melbourne, we frequently visited the Chinese quarter in Little Bourke Street, where the Celestials, with excusable clannishness, have gathered themselves together. Their shops and houses form a large portion of this thoroughfare. The buildings are all after the European manner, but the interior bears strong evidences of Chinese occupation. At nearly every door you see "John" lounging and smoking with the listlessness characteristic of the race, or grinning feebly at you as you pass. Numbers of his countrymen are lolling about inside, playing at the national lottery of "fan-tan," or holding a desultory conversation with a stray customer, who sips out of a small cup the tea invariably placed on the counter of all Chinese shops, but which being pure and unsweetened is not very palatable to the European. One cannot fail to observe the very diversified business done in the Chinese quarter; for among other buildings we can easily see the gambling saloon, with its group of avaricious speculators, and its windowful of lucky and other papers; the tea warehouse, crowded to the door with chests and boxes; the opium shop, with its noxious drugs and vacant-eyed customers; and the lottery shop, presided over by a priestly hoary-haired Chinaman—all these establishments doing an apparently good business. Now and then, however, the gambling haunts are invaded by the police, and at these times it is no uncommon thing to see a gang of handcuffed Chinamen, to the number of twenty or thirty, escorted by constables to the Police Court, where, amidst a crowd of sympathising friends, the Celestials pay their fines, or more frequently endure their imprisonments. The lower order of Chinamen gain a livelihood as pedlars or itinerant merchants, having their goods slung on both ends of a long bamboo, by means of which they are able to carry on their

shoulder great weights without much apparent exertion. They are invariably to be seen at the back-doors of houses, chatting with the servant-girls, and trying to dispose of their wares at a good profit. Many of them act as chiffonniers, and scrape a subsistence out of dust-heaps and rubbish—the Chinaman being proverbial for making a living where a European would starve.

One evening we went to the Chinese theatre—a temporary exhibition, held in a booth erected at the head of Little Bourke Street. The tent was surrounded by a noisy crowd of street arabs and loafers, who were eaves-dropping through the rents of the canvas, and yelling out their general opinion of the performance. Paying our shilling we entered, and saw an audience of eighty or ninety Chinamen. We took our stand beside one of them, asking him to explain the "plot;" but he declined the task, as he had left China when he was only "one moon old." The stage was like an inverted proscenium—the "foot-lights" being placed about twelve inches above the heads of the actors, who raised their faces towards the lamps when any strong emotion had to be exhibited. Behind the performers, at the back of the stage, sat the orchestra, numbering two, who played Celestial airs on a monotonous gong and a wearisome one-stringed fiddle. The entrance of any great character was the occasion of a furious burst of sound, which subsided when he commenced to speak, but was immediately resumed upon the conclusion of a sentence. No special scenery graced the stage, the *dramatis personæ* appearing from behind two tapestried curtains. The drama was relieved by an incident assuredly not in the programme. A shower of missiles, thrown by the rabble outside, came flying through the roof of the tent, and alighted on the heads of an emperor and chief mandarin, who were instantly escorted from the stage amid the shrill jabbering of the audience, the play methodically proceeding as before. Imagine the effect upon an English audience of seeing their favourite Hamlet or popular Macbeth carried off at the wings dangerously wounded by bricks hurled in at the skylights!

During our journey through the city we came frequently into contact with the Melbourne cabmen, who are even more original and worthy of notice than their brethren in the old country. Most of them are waifs from the diggings, unsuccessful during the great alluvial rushes, or, if successful, at least unfortunate in not keeping a judicious hold of their savings. They have adopted this line of business as an instantaneous means of

livelihood, and some have got the length of comparative independence, possessing their own horse and vehicle, with a few pounds to their credit at the bank. In outward appearance the Melbourne cabman is a respectable fellow. On entering his cab or Albert car, you are soon put at your ease, as he talks with you in a familiar and friendly manner that is quite assuring.

"Ah! you admire them houses, do you, sir?—well, what would you think of seeing that all trees, sir—all bush, nothing but tents—that's what I saw when I came out here twenty years ago this very month. I left the missus an' young folks at home, an' sailed for the diggings in '52—yes, sir, an' I made some thousands of pounds up at Ballarat. I wouldn't like to tell you how much I made—indeed, I wouldn't. I took the gold out in bucketfuls—didn't sift the gold from the dirt; that was too much trouble, sir. I took the dirt from the gold. Yes, I built a hotel up there, and the two rooms of it were crammed from week's end to week's end. My word! the coin I put away then! But I was a fool in those days, sir. I was too free, too generous, too open-hearted—spent all my earnings among my chums. I took to the drink, sir, bad; an' the money went as fast as it came. Then I lost the run of my luck, an' had to sell out an' come down to Melbourne a cab-driving. You'll be wondering, sir, at seeing me holding the reins, but a chap's got to be humble in this world sometimes, you know. It's my own horse an' cab, sir; all my own property; but it don't make up for the good old times, the jolly old times. Get off at this corner, sir?—all right, sir—threepence, sir—good-day, sir."

And away he goes in his Albert car, a vehicle which we shall recollect for some time by reason of an accident that occurred one evening while we were driving down Bourke Street. We had reached a very steep portion of the road, which was slippery owing to recent rains, when the horse, after a few preliminary stumbles, fell to the ground, the shafts flying into fragments and the front-seat passengers rolling out over the unfortunate animal; while a number of lady-passengers had to be taken down by a ladder from the back part of the vehicle amidst the sympathies of the large crowd which had gathered round.

One of the greatest treats we enjoyed was in visiting the beautiful parks and reserves set apart for the benefit and recreation of the citizens. The Botanical and Fitzroy Gardens are the two principal resorts, the former containing an extensive variety of tropical and British plants, growing side by side in

the open air; and the latter, which costs the Government £1200 per year, laid out in beautiful walks, and ornamented with a large number of classical statues, that meet you unexpectedly at every turn. The Treasury Gardens, occupying a beautiful slope at the back of the Government buildings, cost £500 annually, the original sum expended being £3000, which included the deposit of 10,000 loads of soil. There are also the Flagstaff, Horticultural, and Friendly Society's Gardens; the Acclimatisation Society's Gardens, the South Park, and the Military Reserve—all distributed equally over the town, and open free to visitors daily. The grounds of the Melbourne Cemetery are also a favourite resort on Sunday afternoons, and are well worthy of a stranger's visit, if only to see the Jewish and Chinese divisions, which are full of interest. The principal tombstone in the cemetery is that erected to Burke and Wills,—a striking contrast to their elegant monument in Collins Street, as it consists solely of an immense mass of uncut granite, symbolical of the great unfinished work of their lives.

Melbourne is a city popularly supposed to be wholly given over to Wool and Gold. But material prosperity does not shut out a due recognition of the Arts and Sciences. There is a fine University, with a grant of £9000 every year from Government. There is also a Public Library in Swanston Street—a noble building containing 80,000 volumes. It consists of one long, spacious, and well-lighted chamber surrounded by numerous recesses. You sit down, look over the catalogue, and then pick out your book from the surrounding shelves. The library is free, and open from ten in the morning to ten at night. Any one can make use of it. No matter how poor or shabbily dressed a man may be, he can come in as boldly as any student or professor. The workmen from the adjoining shops and factories make good use of the library during meal-hours. While on the subject of reading, I may state that the Press is well represented in Melbourne, there being three daily papers, one evening journal, several "weeklies," a *Melbourne Punch*, two illustrated papers, and numerous class-periodicals.

We were privileged one night to hear a debate in the Legislative Assembly, a most ample hall, well seated and excellently lighted. The stranger's gallery was filled mostly, as far as we could tell, with working men, who were no doubt interested in the re-arrangement of tariffs, the matter under discussion. Some folks think the heavy dues on the Victorian ports are suicidal,

and that the colony is being ruined; others uphold that Protection is nursing the young and feeble industries of the country. The arguments *pro* and *con* would not be very interesting to the general reader, and are similar to those that can be heard in all countries where free-trade is not the law of the land. It would seem that protection is necessary for the growth of a new colony, and the only difficulty is in determining the point at which the tariffs can be dispensed with, when the defences can be thrown away, and the community is able to meet the full tide of the world's commerce. The wordy fight in the Assembly waxed loud and long. One or two offensive personal remarks were made, but apologised for, while the Speaker's voice occasionally rolled through the building with a call of "Order, order." Two friends of ours, who had recently been elected to Parliament, and could now write M. L. A. after their names, made telling speeches. Assurance was given us afterwards that this was a stirring debate.

Nominally there are no poorhouses or workhouses in Melbourne. But there are kindred institutions. There is a Benevolent Asylum and an Orphan Asylum. Two important buildings are the Melbourne and Alfred Hospitals,—the latter a beautiful structure on the St Kilda Road, commemorating the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to the Australian colonies. The Blind Asylum is another important institution, where the inmates, in addition to useful trades, are taught vocal and instrumental music, which the committee have utilised to the raising of their funds by the occasional giving of concerts in the Town Hall. Of equal interest is the Deaf and Dumb Institution, where the scholars are taught by an elaborate system of signs grafted on their usual alphabet. This is a decided improvement; for while there is animation and expressiveness in the gestures, there is increased quickness in the conversation. As might be supposed, the faculty of the pupils for mimicry is very great, and the superintendent cultivates their pantomimic ability for their mutual amusement. Historical tableaux are sometimes got up for the gratification of visitors, the scholars being chosen according to their real or fancied resemblance to Biblical or other characters. We were not favoured upon our visit with any special exhibition, the superintendent lamenting that he could not show us the spectacle of "Abraham offering up Isaac;" for though Isaac was still in the institution, yet Abraham had gone to Tasmania to see his friends.

One day we visited the great penal establishment at Pentridge, a few miles from Melbourne. This famous prison or "Stockade," to which we were kindly invited by the Presbyterian chaplain, contained 600 convicts. Inside we found the prisoners alphabetically arranged, A, B, and C dividing them into various stages of wickedness. In one yard we saw a company of convicts being searched *seriatim*, each individual in turn throwing up his hands in quite a formal manner, the examination itself being of necessity very ceremonious and cursory; and in another, a number of prisoners were building a high wall, which task must have gone somewhat against their feelings. One of the workmen happened to jostle us in passing, and we were agreeably surprised to hear that he was one of the most notorious Victorian bushrangers, one who had kept whole districts in mortal terror for months on end. Some other worthies were also pointed out who were loaded with various degrees of infamy, and looked cool, unconcerned, and utterly commonplace. We were next shown over a series of workshops, where the usual everyday trades were being pursued. In one room a party of thirty men were making boots and shoes, laughing and talking as merrily to each other as if they expected the leaving-off bell to sound next minute, and were hoping to spend a pleasant evening with their friends at the theatre. These men were guilty principally of forgery and embezzlement, and had finely-formed heads, with uniformly intelligent faces. In an adjoining workshop some more men of a similar class were busy upon soldiers' uniforms and clothing of all kinds, the materials being handed to them by the foreman through a heavily-grated window. Our guide now took us to have a peep at the cells, telling us, however, that our view of the Stockade would be somewhat limited, as the whole of the establishment was in a dreadful state of anxiety and nervousness, owing to the attempt of one of the prisoners the previous afternoon to murder the Inspector-General, who was severely wounded. While passing through the first corridor, we heard a combined noise of scuffling and yells, and casting a sidelong glance at an open cell door we saw the murderous prisoner struggling in the arms of two warders. Hurriedly passing on, we came to the centre hall of the building, from which radiated long rows of cells. The prisoners seemed rather well cared for; not a few of the cells were supplied with books, and some of them had their walls painted a delicate green for the comfort of inmates with weak eyes. Before leaving this department, we

were locked up for a minute or so into that dreadful horror, "the Dark Cell," which is a perfectly sound-tight hole, any shout or yell being carried away up through the roof by a long iron pipe. A very little of this goes a long way with a refractory prisoner. While in this building we were told numerous stories of the attempts of convicts to escape. One of the latest failures in that line was that of three men who for three days secreted themselves under the zinc covering of the roof. The prisoners were discovered almost dead from the extreme heat, it being then the middle of summer, and the zinc roof fully exposed to the fierce rays of the sun.

The last sight of interest was the violent criminals' exercise yard, a small circular building divided into grated compartments, with a raised tower in the centre, from which an observant warder overlooked his charge. The prisoners, who were heavily ironed, slouched backwards and forwards like caged wild animals. We were specially struck by the appearance of two of them—one a middle-aged Chinaman, and the other a youthful bushranger of some seventeen summers. The former had a piteous look about him that raised a striking amount of sentiment in his favour, till we learnt his crimes and his furious misconduct in the prison. The cool manner in which his misdeeds were narrated while he stood looking at us from a distance of less than three feet made us feel as if we were present at an interesting waxwork exhibition, rather than gazing at an animated being like ourselves. The young highwayman, on the other hand, had an aggravated hang-dog look that would have branded him as dangerous amongst a crowd of criminals. While in his cell he had slightly misconducted himself, having playfully pelted the prison officers with his rations of bread, and humorously kicked his soup-cans about the premises with a vast amount of swearing and insubordinate behaviour. We had next a look at two halls where choirs were practising. In one place a group of sturdy Wesleyan felons were vigorously engaged over a hymn; and in another, up in a gallery, Episcopalian convicts harmoniously rendering "Hark the herald angels sing," while a man in a canvas coat, with P.A.D. on the back of it, accompanied on a harmonium. This concluded our experience in the gaol.

As the cold weather had just set in when we arrived at Melbourne, we had twelve weeks' experience of an Australian winter, which turned out to be a total failure as far as inclemency was concerned, the bright and sunny days far out-number-

ing the disagreeable and rainy. The weather was genial and bracing, but never very cold, with a sky generally cloudless and transparent, though sometimes covered with a network of light, fleecy, feathery clouds in every variety of delicate pattern and form. Now and then there appeared light "mackerel" clouds, "downy feathers," and "horse tails," as they are called, that seemed to be switching the heavens to a most delicate blue. There was a sunny sparkle in the air that proved in the highest degree exhilarating. One seemed to be breathing brilliance—inhaling aerial champagne. On fine afternoons we visited successively the principal suburbs—Brighton and St Kilda, the fashionable sea-side resorts; Williamstown and Sandridge, the bustling shipping-ports; Kew and Brunswick, the quiet and rural; Prahran, Richmond, and Emerald Hill, the centres of busy trade—a thriving, handsome series of towns, nearly all merged into the city. The people of Melbourne are bustling and energetic. Business is conducted with British pluck and perseverance, spiced with Yankee enterprise. There is still perceptible a flavour of the prodigal generosity of the early "digging days." The folks are very warm-hearted, off-hand, and not troubled with burdensome conventionalities. Society, as represented by the Hat, is of a very free-and-easy nature. A person can and does wear whatever he pleases. In the street you see every description of hat—high, low, straw, felt, white, black, and beaver—all shapes and sizes—some with broad brims, some with narrow brims, and some with no brims at all; while many have lofty crowns that tower upwards to the height of eighteen inches. Yet, with all this, the fashions hold as important a place in Melbourne as in any capital of Europe, which is incontestably shown by the splendid appearance presented upon a fine afternoon when the aristocracy and *elite* of the city promenade the northern side of Collins Street, "doing the block," as it is colonially called.

The inhabitants are very jealous of the good name of their town, and on all occasions urge the new-comer to express his opinion of it. The vital question, "How do you like Melbourne?" was poured into our ears day and night. We had it at our meals; we encountered it in our walks; and had volleys of it at evening parties. We were asked the fatal opinion in crowded railway carriages; questioned by acquaintances who cropped up in omnibuses; saluted with the query by "companions of the bath;" and addressed in all the varied circumstances in which it is possible to meet your fellow-man.

"You like Melbourne, do you?" "Yes." "Much?" "Very much." "But are you bearing very particularly in mind that the city is only thirty years old?" "Well, one is apt to forget that, but it's wonderful when you think of it." "Wonderful? why, it's astonishing." "Undoubtedly." "Do you think Melbourne is superior to Sydney?" "Oh, we haven't been there yet." "No? well, you won't like it nearly half so well—it's a fearfully slow place—a kind of dead-and-alive-town." "Indeed?" "That is, compared with Melbourne!" Luckily we could give a favourable answer to their inquiries, for we admired their fine city almost as much as the residents themselves.

In Melbourne, at this time, wages were high, and the eight-hours' system almost universal. We heard occasionally that the working-classes were too fond of holiday-making. But they are frugal and industrious. This is proven by the great number of building-societies which have sprung up. Chief among these is the "Victorian Permanent," which is gigantic in its operations. It was invented and founded by an Edinburgh man, who is now the head and life of the society. Twenty years ago, he came to the colony a working man, and lately was a Minister of the Crown.

Our entertainment of Scottish Song ran for fifty-two nights on our first visit to Melbourne. The kindness we received in private was great, and was the beginning of that warm-hearted friendship which we have experienced all round the world.

CHAPTER II.

BALLARAT—DOWN A GOLD MINE—GEELONG—A HOT-WIND DAY.

BALLARAT, the second city in the colony of Victoria, and the principal gold-field of Australia, is reached from Melbourne by one of the Government railways. The line strikes south-westward to Geelong, a journey of some 45 miles; then it shoots away north-westward to Ballarat, about 50 miles further. You travel in all about 100 miles, for which the fare is £1, 4s. first class, and 16s. second class; there is no third class. The railway is very substantially built, but constructed, as it seemed to us, with too much consideration for posterity—large stone buildings serving as stations for decidedly rural districts, where passengers are few. We found the journey to Geelong rather uninteresting; nothing but one long grassy plain, with only an occasional house to break the view. From Geelong to Ballarat, we sped through timbered country, the line bounded on both sides by continuous fences. The trees, too, were all provokingly alike—all members of the famous gum-tree family. Once the train burst into a clearing, where for a few moments we could see a small hut with blue curling smoke from a wood fire—logs heaped around—children playing about—a bare-armed man resting his axe to look at the passing train—a son of the bush on horseback—a bright open space, shrouded swiftly by the same forests as before. As we approached Ballarat the country became clearer, the thickly-wooded districts disappearing, and agricultural land taking its place. Still nearer Ballarat the farming in turn gave place to mining, the country gaining a romantic interest to us by the gradual appearance of the celebrated gold-field.

Ballarat, as we saw it from the railway, was not peculiarly beautiful or striking. We certainly felt that we were looking at a large city, but it was a picture with a very sandy and desolate framework—that is, as regards its immediate neighbourhood, the country round being, on the contrary, hilly, green, and fertile, with lofty mountains standing out boldly at

various points of the landscape. Ballarat itself lies at an elevation of 1437 feet above the sea, and has quite a different temperature from that of Melbourne, the atmosphere being much cooler and more bracing. The city is divided by the Yarrowee Creek into Ballarat East and Ballarat West, each honoured with a Mayor and a distinct set of Councillors, besides having between them three town halls and various other municipal buildings. The population is 47,000. A closer view of the city raised it many degrees in our estimation. We found it possessed of fine streets, ornamental buildings, extensive shops, and a novel characteristic in the form of beautifully shaded walks. Sturt Street is surprisingly wide and commodious, with enclosed plantations, which run down the centre of the thoroughfare, and give it an indescribably soothing appearance. Though most of the streets are well built and regular, yet many of them are narrow, tortuous, and uneven. The irregular thoroughfares are those which were formed along the line of a gold "lead" or "claim" in the palmy old days when every man erected his house without any aim but his own convenience. You commonly find that the worst constructed thoroughfares are the historic ground of nuggets and memorable "finds."

The principal buildings in Sturt Street are the ornamental and commanding Town Hall; the Theatre Royal; the Mechanics' Institute—a building with an elegant frontage, a commodious hall, and a fine library; the Fire Brigade Station; the Offices of the Ballarat *Courier* and *Star*;—the list being swelled by a number of banks, each rivalling the other in magnificence of architecture. Among other public buildings are the Hospital, Orphan Asylum, Benevolent Asylum, and a Free Public Library.

One day we made a journey to the southern side of the town. Here was a wilderness of gold "claims," a sight not to be forgotten. At every step we were met by innumerable heaps of sand surmounted by windlasses—all around were mud-holes, sickly yellow pools, mounds of fresh-turned earth, and heaps of hard, grass-grown sand, with here and there a head momentarily visible, or the point of a pick or shovel—the whole scene a universal mutilation of nature. Here were miners busy shovelling up sifted refuse or "tailings"—others rocking a gold-cradle or "sieve"—Chinamen, too, engaged in a search after microscope gold, and some in their eagerness sweeping the very dust of the tracts—an act, by the way, forbidden in the streets of the town under a heavy penalty. If ever a city was paved with gold it is Ballarat. Away up on a

hillside roared a quartz-crushing battery, of some sixty "stampers," kept continually busy by the mines in the neighbourhood. This Black Hill, as it is called, is the scene of extensive operations. It is now stripped of all vegetation, and has a very desolate appearance. It has been raked fore and aft, sliced down the middle like a gigantic cheese, tunnelled, blasted, and scraped in every conceivable direction. A row of shafts, too, have been sunk on the bottom of this artificial valley, the sides of which stand up white and precipitous, broken here and there by the dark mouth of a tunnel—a ready-made cave for some future colonial hermit.

Upon the other side of the town are situated the more pretentious mines, the road from Ballarat to Sebastopol, an important suburb, being thickly dotted with smoking chimneys, puffing engines, fields of "tailings," lines of tramways, managers' offices, sheds, huts, puddling machines, and "poppet-heads" (the framework erected over the mouth of a mine). Upon the invitation of an inspector of the "Band of Hope" claim, we one day went down that famous alluvial mine, and viewed the underground workings. We put on a complete miner's dress, composed of a greasy canvas cap, a heavy, coarse flannel shirt, a dirt-bespattered blouse, thick worsted stockings, and voluminous, lengthy pants, the surplus of which we stuffed into a pair of knee-high Wellington boots. Equipped with candles, we went down in the iron cage, the sides of the shaft seeming to fly upwards, and an ancient humid odour asserting itself more definitely every moment. The silence was unbroken save by the occasional scraping of the cage upon the shaft, and the dull throbbing of the engine distinctly felt in the vibration of the cage. I was strangely tempted to look upwards towards the mouth of the shaft, but the backward motion of my head aroused my companion, a stalwart miner. "For goodness' sake, sir, don't look up—keep your head well in—why, only the other day a man had his brains scooped out agin' the shaft doin' the same thing; an' I know a man that had an eye knocked out by a bit of stuff falling in his face: besides a chum o' mine that had a leg completely jammed to a jelly atween the woodwork and the cage—all of them doing exactly the very same thing; so keep your head well in, just inside o' my arm, sir!" Soon a yellow glimmer of candle-light glistened along the damp sides of the shaft. We came to the 500 feet level, where we stepped off, the cage going downwards a hundred and odd feet more. A miner was busily

arranging trucks upon a miniature railway that stretched away into the darkness. A grey horse stood near, looking sleek and comfortable enough, waiting to draw the empty trucks back to the various "drives." Our guide ordered us to light our candles, and jump each of us into one of the empty trucks. The horse was hitched on, and away went the little waggons with deafening clatter. After what appeared an interminable ride, we arrived at a distant part of the workings. Our exploration now led us along one of the narrow drives, which was heavily timbered, large beams on either side supporting massive cross-pieces overhead. The ground was one mass of thick slimy mud, deep in water, that made every step a struggle and a splash. We shortly came to a "jump up," where a small lift communicated with a higher level of the workings; but we found there had been an accident, the rope of the cage having broke, to the disablement of an Irishman, who hopped up to us rubbing a limb, and trying to look invalided, though it chanced he was more frightened than hurt. As the ordinary means of communication had thus failed us, we were reduced to climbing up an iron ladder about eighty feet high, placed in a small shaft about two feet wide, just large enough to admit the body. The ascent was no mean trial of the nerves, as the iron rounds of the ladder were wet and slippery, giving very slight hold either for hands or feet. I climbed with my left hand, holding the candle in my right, the melting grease blistering my fingers, and an unlucky stream of water latterly spouting out from the side of the shaft and extinguishing the light. The water came spluttering into our faces, into our ears, and down the back of our necks, till we were all left in total darkness. Behold us, however, safe at the top of the ladder amidst a group of miners representing various nationalities, the majority of them Cornishmen, with a few Scotchmen and a number of Irishmen. Following our guide the inspector, we climbed up rough embankments of stone and earth, knocking our heads on beams and extinguishing our candles, sliding down rough inclines to the abrasion of knees and elbows, squeezing through small holes in the solid rock, and emerging at last into a large open space, where the principal mining operations were being carried on. The place seemed like an immense forest, the feeble candlelight showing us immense upright timbers supporting the lofty roof, the beams successively growing fainter and fainter in perspective till they were lost in the darkness. Here and there a light twinkled. Approaching a spot where the blows of a pick

could be heard, we saw a number of men busy upon a "facing,"—the technical name for a wall of earth or a ledge of rock in process of detachment or excavation. Upon our expressing a strong desire to see gold in its natural state, the miners commenced peering about in all directions, one of them suddenly exclaiming that he had found a speck. It turned out to be many times smaller than a pin-head, and we had to flatten our nose in the dirt, with an eye in the candle, before we could say we saw it. As a rule, the men scarcely ever see the "colour of gold." The earth has to be "washed" in large quantities to make it pay. A ton of dirt will yield about five or six pennyweights of gold. Retracing our steps, the inspector took us to the shaft by a different route. In some of the low-roofed galleries we sustained severe blows upon the head, making us grope along in an awkward posture, though we almost exploded with laughter when we once found ourselves bent double in a vault forty feet high. The last ordeal we had to undergo was the descent of a somewhat deep hole by means of a ladder, the top round of which did not reach within a foot of the opening. The process of lying down flat on your face, and using the legs as feelers, was accomplished by us with some internal reluctance; but this experience happily ended our troubles. We reached the main shaft, and in a minute or two were breathing the fresh air, which was doubly grateful after two hours' experience of a warm, close atmosphere.

This mine is the most important in or near Ballarat. Its history has been one of almost unvarying success, with occasional extraordinary returns—notably in the year 1867, when the mine yielded £60,000 in forty-four days—a memorable seven weeks' work. The other large alluvial companies—such as the Koh-i-noor, the Albion, the Great Extended, the Prince of Wales, and Sir William Don—have not been far behind the Band of Hope in respect of good fortune. As for quartz-mining, it is not nearly so general about Ballarat as in other districts; but it has had its share of success, one particular company crushing in nine months 12,270 tons of quartz, which yielded £12,500 worth of gold. Ballarat has been famous also for its nuggets, among the principal being the Nil Desperandum, sold for £1050; the Lady Hotham, which realised £3000; an anonymous nugget, valued at £5532; the list coming to a climax with the famous Bakery Hill nugget, which was sold for £9325. These form the groundwork for many a fireside story; and, as visitors, we had our share of reminiscences. The city abounds also in famous and

characteristic personages. Men walk its streets fumbling empty pockets, who a few years back were possessed of a fortune; men ride in carriages, and occupy imposing mansions, who came almost beggars to the diggings. Every turn of the wheel of fortune is represented. One day we saw a poor-looking old man posting placards in the street. His face was spotted with paste, and his clothes were worn and threadbare. He was once rich, and had a fine hotel; made money during the gold rushes, and was elected mayor of a town not far from Ballarat; failed either in business or gold-mining, and gradually sunk to his present humble position. During a talk we had with him we found him to be a philosopher, "not above his work," as he often said, while his conversation was plentifully sprinkled with moral precepts and maxims, not strikingly original, but having a certain charm when coming from a bill-sticker. Not far up the same street we saw a homely-looking man, dressed in plain clothes, with a red-spotted handkerchief hanging out of his pocket. He had the look of a decent farmer, was slightly bent, and leant upon a thick stick. This was the richest man in Ballarat, called "Jock" from his nationality, by the universal voice of the neighbourhood. He is fabulously wealthy, and his fortune seems mythical. We inquired about his wealth from various individuals; but, as each successive statement grew more and more improbable, we at length desisted, from fear of convicting some unhappy person in an evident falsehood. But the fact remains that "Jock" is rich, and owns, or once owned, a large share in some important mines. Originally an Edinburgh butcher, he came out to Victoria comparatively poor, and, from what we could learn, seems to have acquired wealth by always luckily possessing land that some person else urgently wanted. His life seems to have been a continual "buying-out." On one occasion he had a small farm, which a number of speculators wished to acquire for mining purposes. They successively offered him for the property £5000—£10,000—£20,000, till finally the master of the situation closed with the magnificent sum of £30,000. But the speculators had not yet got rid of him. He required the money to be counted out, by a person whom they should appoint, in his own presence and in his own house, and that not merely in notes, which he religiously avoided, but in sterling gold! I often think that "Jock" and the unfortunate cashier must have had dull times of it, and sometimes wonder to myself which was most taxed—the arithmetic of the one or the patience of the other.

One morning we brushed shoulders with a Ballarat hero. He was a man seemingly about fifty years of age, dressed in a light grey coat. His right sleeve hung dangling and empty; he was bereft of an arm. This man was Lalor, the Bruce of Ballarat—the Bannockburn being the eventful Eureka Stockade Fight, which took place near the town in the year 1854, when the miners rose in rebellion against the authorities, who had oppressed them with what was considered very harsh restrictions. The license fee of 30s. per month—which every individual miner had to pay—was certainly the sorest point, the obnoxious conduct of the collecting officials adding, as was thought, insult to injury. The miners, after many attempts to gain satisfaction by reasonable means, determined at last to stand up for themselves. They erected a stockade about one acre in extent, and laid in a good supply of arms and stores. This fortification, which was very slight, was attacked by a body of soldiers numbering about 276, including cavalry, and after a short resistance, during which Lalor lost his arm by a musket bullet, the miners were completely dispersed, about forty of them having been shot down in the stockade. During the engagement an officer and three privates were killed. Their graves are to be seen in Ballarat Cemetery. In the same burial-ground, and not far from the soldiers' graves, lie the bodies of the miners in one common resting-place, marked by a handsome monument. This famous conflict had a great influence in alleviating the condition of the mining population, and the memories of those who fell in the Eureka Stockade are fondly cherished to this day in all parts of the colony.

If all the accounts we heard were true, times must have been very lively in Ballarat some twenty years ago. It would require pages to tell the tales of adventure, discovery, dissipation, foolhardiness, riot, and bloodshed that we heard on all hands and from all classes of people. In those days the digger was one of the most independent, jolly, and extravagant of men. He would think nothing of lighting his pipe with a pound note—would go with his fellow-diggers and spend £100 in a bar-room at a single sitting—would throw pellets of gold at the performers in a concert room or the actors on a stage—would bathe his feet in a tubful of champagne, though the sly publican would give him an inferior quality of wine—would go into a china shop and ask the valuation of the crockery previous to a wholesale demolition, right and left, with a stout cudgel; and, in short, would do every conceivable eccentric act that a

man inflamed with liquor and surfeited with money could possibly commit. Of course there were honourable exceptions, many of the diggers being sober, well-behaved men, who made fortunes more or less quickly, and who either settled down in the colony, or, as hundreds did, returned to the old country. Many however never left Victoria, as is proved by the number of people you meet who have been about Ballarat for "the last twenty years." This is a magical phrase, and almost invariably stamps a man as having been at the diggings.

But enough of this. We have been looking at Ballarat so long in a mining point of view, that we have quite forgotten its rural and agricultural charms, which are not by any means few, though gold-mining doubtless invaded many a sylvan scene. We will not forget for some time a charming pic-nic at Kirk's Dam, arranged for our special delight by a worthy Scotsman, town-councillor, and veritable stranger's friend. Kirk's Dam is a delicious nook, a forest-encircled sheet of water, artificially constructed for the supply of the city. On the grassy banks of the lake we had an elegant lunch. This was startingly diversified by the capture of a poisonous black snake, about three feet long, which one of the company triumphantly brought along on the end of a stick. The reptile was half dead, and writhed slowly; but the death-blow was quickly given, and it was hung over a fence for the general inspection, many of the old colonials in our party never having seen a snake. A portion of the day was spent rambling about the woods amid warm, brilliant sunshine, which gave the foliage a rich, transparent, green hue, the unclouded sky lending a deep blue colour to the water, which we could see through occasional breaks in the vegetation. Returning home, we passed by way of Lake Wendouree, a small sheet of water, grown over with reeds, but cleared now and again for the accommodation of row-boats and pleasure yachts, of which there are a large number moored upon the southern side of the lake. Upon the opposite banks are the Botanical Gardens, with their verdant lawns, clean-shaven borders, and long-stretching gravel walks. One of the latter extends for the distance of a mile in a straight line—the longest ornamental walk I have ever seen.

For agricultural and pastoral scenery commend me to Learmonth, thirteen miles from Ballarat. It is a delightful little village of one street, and lies on the shores of Lake Learmonth. Unlike most other townships in Victoria, its soil has never been disturbed for gold, and a person could almost fancy him-

self in some fertile portion of the old country, so completely have the labours of the ploughman taken away the peculiar Australian aspect of the landscape. Nearly all the farmers in the neighbourhood are Scotchmen, and occupy as snug and happy positions in this world as any man could wish for; and they seem aware of that too, for they grumble less than farmers generally do. For ourselves, we enjoyed the visit in a very high degree. One unhappy incident, however, marred our pleasure, when, amidst the press of numerous hospitable invitations, with necessarily decreasing appetite, we could not do justice to the steaming viands of a really good-hearted Highland farmer, who, I verily believe, would have sworn a feud against us for our unsocial conduct, had we not allayed his displeasure by informing him that we would be hungrier on our next visit.

Geelong is a well-built, thriving, business town, with a semi-circular situation upon the shores of Corio Bay, a large inlet of Port Phillip. It has 15,000 inhabitants, and is a very equally constructed town. The streets are clean-looking, wide, and full of old-established shops, banks, offices, and warehouses. When we were in Geelong it had a good deal of bustle about it, which was totally unlooked-for by us, as we had heard so much from Melbourne and Ballarat people about its unbearable dulness. Melbourne compares itself favourably with Sydney; and Sydney looks compassionately down south, and patronises Melbourne; Ballarat accuses Geelong of sleepiness; Geelong retaliates that Ballarat has seen its best days. Once upon a time Geelong was the second city in the colony, but Ballarat, with its gold discoveries, shot quickly ahead, and has kept the lead ever since. Geelong, in the old days, even aspired to be the metropolis—the excellence of its harbour and the situation of the town both favouring the idea. But, in an evil hour, the railway from Melbourne to Geelong was constructed, business fled eastward, and with it disappeared all metropolitan hopes and aspirations.

We regarded the accusation of dulness as a capital joke. Ha, ha!—Geelong dull? Look at Malop Street, with its flourishing banks, insurance agencies, newspaper offices, and large hotels; Ryrie Street, with its immense wool stores, warehouses, fine shops, and tradesmen bustling, unpacking, loading, and sending away goods. Geelong dull? Look at the groaning bullock-drays, fresh in from the country, piled high with bales of wool, wending their muddy, bespattered way through the

streets to some of the immense stores; see these railway carts rattling along with a similar cargo; and look at the number of flying butchers' carts, grocers' vans, and business vehicles of all descriptions that throng the streets. Geelong dull? a fine joke indeed! It must be added, though, that the town is more than usually busy during November, when the wharves are lined with clipper ships loading up for the London wool sales. But Geelong does not altogether depend for its life and activity upon the wool season. It has another great season when sea-bathers, pleasure-seekers, and holiday-makers of all kinds troop in from all parts of the colony to enjoy fresh air, salt-water, society, and change. The salt-water baths are the main attraction of the place, and resemble open-air swimming baths,—a portion of the water being staked-in to keep out the numerous sharks that infest the bay, and a series of dressing compartments hiding the enclosure from the vulgar gaze.

They are a very agreeable people in Geelong, hospitable and social. Our experience showed them to be very fond of bazaars, tea-meetings, and evening parties—three good things in their way; and the last of which we enjoyed very much, though we felt rather tasked upon one occasion when we had to dance in a hot crowded room, after partaking of hot tea, with the thermometer standing at 80°. I think that was the figure—but I am painfully certain it stood at 120° about midday. The party seemed composed of salamanders—waltzing, quadrilling, reeling, and strathspeying, till the early hours of the morning, the intervals between the dances being filled up by a general promenade that filled the room with a current of air. The physical and social warmth of that evening will alike be remembered.

Geelong prides itself highly upon its bay, which is really beautiful, especially upon a bright sunny day, when the sea is calm, and when the wind blows faintly, with here and there a boat or a vessel at anchor, or the white gleam of a sail standing out boldly against the dark blue of the water. Many of the inhabitants cherish the notion that their harbour very much resembles the famous Bay of Naples, the mountain of You Yangs, which lies about fifteen miles from Geelong, standing in their eyes for Mount Vesuvius.

The weather we experienced in Geelong was very varied. One day it would be cool, bracing, and refreshing; next day, extremely hot, without a breath of air; then a strong breeze would suddenly spring up, the sky would gather thick with clouds, deluges of rain would descend, and the air would clear

itself once more. But, apart from all this, we had the first experience of that Australian abomination—"the hot wind." For many years this wind was a mystery, and gave rise to all manner of theories and conjectures. It came from the north, that was certain; but what caused its peculiar properties above all winds that ever blew? Wise people in the early days said the wind was generated in vast interior deserts, where the hard-baked surface of the earth reflected back the fierce rays of the sun; and though recent explorers have found no signs of a desert in the heart of the continent, yet the old theory may be so far correct, that the large extent of unopened, uncultivated country does not absorb the heat in the same quantity that it would do if properly tilled and irrigated. The correctness of this latter opinion is proved by the fact, that of recent years, as the country has been occupied, the hot winds have been less vehement. Judging from what they are now, they must have been awful visitations in bygone years. We count this hot wind as one of the unpleasant reminiscences of our visit to Geelong. It was a warm, sultry day; the sea lay oily-looking and smooth; the smoke from the steamboats hung heavy upon the surface of the water. Towards afternoon came a few straggling puffs of wind—the sea began to ripple, the smoke to rise. Feeling our room close and oppressive, we opened the windows to inhale the approaching breeze; but, to our surprise, the air was literally hot! The wind came now in loud gusts—the sky darkened and lowered—the waves beat against the shores of the harbour—the small craft flew to shelter. The dust rose in immense cones and pyramids, drifted against the doors and windows, enveloped struggling pedestrians, and swept in dense masses through the streets amid the loud moaning of the wind. We perspired profusely. Air, air, air! We were determined to have air at all hazards. We rushed out, and were met at the door by the full force of the blast which some person has already likened to the breath of an oven. Still there is something more in the wind than heat—there is an indescribable chemical property that offends the palate, sours the temper, produces headache and heaviness, and gives one the idea that the very air is decomposed. The wind blew the whole of that day and far into the night—the intolerable heat, the whistling and groaning of the wind, almost banishing sleep. In the morning the counteracting southern breeze brought a heavy downfall of rain, the hissing sound of which was like sweetest music. The sky brightened, the healthy

cool winds blew in from the sea, and we regained once more our equanimity of mind!

The country round about Geelong is agricultural. One day we went to a Scottish farmer's house some fifteen miles out. Our waggonette-driver was a curiosity in his way. He had once been in affluent circumstances, as all colonial cabmen seem to have been, and the gist of his conversation was about himself,—

"What do they call a man when he has got all his pockets lined with cash? He's called rich, ain't he? Well, I was that, and no mistake. Yes; them's green parrots in the trees over there. I built houses in Geelong, and I paid seventeen pound for every thousand bricks in those dear old times, confound them. You laugh! Fact, upon my honour; I thought I couldn't do wrong in creating property for myself; but you must know, gentlemen, I never expected Geelong to have the come-down it has had. It's been regularly sat upon and smothered by Melbourne—sat upon and smothered, I say. Wo, wo! That tinkering off-horse worries my life out. Geelong's a good bit fallen, and there's a lot of things done that—there's the railway, and there's the failure of crops, and there's—look, look! see that wild cat in the log fence; regular scratching beauties they are! Well, there's the crops; for instance, just look at this field we're passing now: where's the crop there ought to be on it? Why, some years ago, the crop would have stood as high as my head; but the farmers here come on the ground without any capital, and, as they want to realise a bit of money as soon as they can, they grow and grow and grow, without manuring the ground, mind you, till the land gets into such a low state that it takes years to bring it up again. Oh! Geelong's been sat upon an' smothered—smothered an' sat upon, I say!"

The day was overpoweringly hot, the road hilly, but we arrived at our journey's end in good time, and enjoyed the bounteous hospitality of our host. Among many good things provided was a complimentary basin of "kail broth," which I did not relish so much as might have been expected, as I was sitting close upon a roaring log-fire, the heat of which, joined with the warmth of the dish and the prevailing high temperature, caused the salamander tea-party to fade into insignificance. Dinner concluded, our friend grew eloquent on the subject of opossum-hunting. This sport is very much indulged in upon the farm, as well as that of wild-cat hunting. We longed to join a shoot-

ing party, but our enthusiasm was damped when we found that all such hunts took place by moonlight, when the opossum is most lively—when, in fact, he is not asleep. The hunters track the animal to a particular tree, which they reconnoitre on all sides, till they fancy they see the dark body of the opossum standing out against the moon. Then they shoot, and either the opossum falls, or he does not. Very often he hangs dead by his prehensile tail, his ruling passion of giving trouble to the hunters being strong in death. There is more tediousness and difficulty in hunting the wild-cat, which, by a wonderful instinct of self-preservation, streaks itself out full length upon the limb of a tree, and thereby defies for a time the utmost skill and scrutiny of the practised hunter. I fancied after a while that this sport was certainly safer than fox, deer, buffalo, or lion hunting, but was unquestionably less exciting. To go tramping about the bush at midnight, grasping the cold barrel of a gun, and shooting at over-grown rats half invisible, was a luxury we would not purchase at the expense of sweet repose.

Upon our return journey we stopped at the village of Ceres, and found ourselves in the midst of a jolly gathering of Scottish farmers, who were enthusiastically enjoying themselves. Their enthusiasm was genuine, and accompanied by nothing stronger than colonial wine. Old memories came crowding round them; many volunteered songs; one man said he would give a fabulous sum to hear such and such a song; another said he would treat them to a piece he had not sung for the last fifteen years—a proposal that was received with acclamations. A loud chorus accompanied this song, and choruses became the order of the evening. One farmer produced a large volume of Scottish music, and searched for his favourite song. Another started up, and proposed they should sing the whole book through—a motion received with hearty cheers, but forgotten next minute in the vehement chorus of Scotland's social anthem, ingeniously started by some individual who wished to draw the meeting to a close. Long after we had left the house, and were driving into town, we heard coming through the open windows the strains of "Auld Lang Syne;" but they gradually grew fainter and fainter, and were finally lost at a sharp turn of the road.

CHAPTER III.

SANDHURST—ECHUCA—BUYING COACH AND HORSES—A BUSH-STORM—MELBOURNE AT CHRISTMAS.

FROM Geelong we went to Sandhurst, which lies 100 miles north of Melbourne. It is perhaps better known by its primitive name of Bendigo. Being the centre of the most extensive quartz-mining in the colony, it has also earned the title of Quartzopolis. In Sandhurst at this time there was a general look of newness and freshly-started industry; a restless feeling pervading the inhabitants owing to the great gold-fever of a twelvemonth previously; and, above all, a strange outcropping of mines in all parts of the city, an invasion of the chief streets by poppet-heads, shafts, and chimneys. Sandhurst is a sandy, arid city, large and scattered—a place diluted with distance. The streets are as a rule dusty, irregular, and unevenly built; fresh spick and span buildings are being erected every day; weather-board houses and neat wooden cottages are going rapidly up in the best situations; solid red brick stores and stone buildings are appearing like magic. On a hill at the back of the town stands a long symmetrical row of chimneys, marking the reef-line of the most celebrated mine in the district—the Great Extended Hustlers—which has now reached a depth of 650 feet, and has numerous offshoots and branch companies going by the more expressive than elegant name of "Pups." From the Extended Hustlers Hill you have a very good view of the town. Fine streets stretch away in various directions, with in many cases handsome buildings, their elegant outlines standing out strangely against a background of smoke, chemical vapours, and steam. The principal street, Pall Mall, is fronted by a cool, shady, grassy reserve, which strikes you as being tasteful and highly creditable to the city authorities. Puff! snort! creak! puff! Why, what is this?—there is steam rising from behind that clump of trees! Looking closer, we see in all their hideousness a poppet-head, a steam-engine, and the open mouth of a mine. This is the state

of things prevailing all over Sandhurst—the different companies sink their shafts in every payable place, beauty or ugliness never as a matter of course entering into their calculations. Going along some of the pavements you see wooden pegs stuck in the ground marking the boundary lines of claims, and bearing the name of the mine in bold characters. Most of these claims had been pegged out during the past year, when the excitement ran high, and when some immense finds of gold were made. During this year the town was rushed by speculators, miners, and floating population generally, half the city being built during this prosperous season.

In the Sandhurst district there are 710 quartz reefs. The miners number 8828, of whom 850 are Chinese; the scene of operations extending over 140 square miles of country. The population of Sandhurst itself is 22,000, a considerable advance upon late years. The city abounds in hotels, banks, and various descriptions of charitable and public institutions, such as are found in all the large Victorian cities. The chief thoroughfare, Pall Mall, has quite a metropolitan appearance. We saw it first upon a Saturday night, when the shops were brilliantly lighted, and the pavements crowded. One portion of the street was thronged with people listening to the inspiring strains of a brass band playing in the balcony of one of the large hotels. The bank windows on that same evening were great attractions for the passers-by, as the gold cakes of the different companies were being exhibited—the meltings for the past week, fortnight, or month, as the case might be. The large hemispherical masses of gold were carefully guarded by wire screens, though it would have been almost impossible for any one individual to have carried away some of the larger cakes. In one window was exhibited £18,000 worth of gold, and in another nuggets and cakes to the value of £20,000. These periodical gold exhibitions are looked forward to with great interest. Most of the banks have a gold-melting room on their premises, and we were so far fortunate as to see the one in connection with the Bank of Victoria. It was a small stone room, very warm, and resembling a kitchen, the row of enclosed furnaces having the appearance of cooking-stoves. Here we saw the operator, a man with a voice extremely husky from the fierce heat of the coke fires, extracting a pot from the lurid depths of a furnace, and pouring out the gold in a clear liquid stream into the mould. Then we were conducted to the vaults, and shown the massive iron safe in which the gold cakes, nuggets, and gold

dust are securely locked—a heavy, ponderous, unpickable Chubb. By the light of a candle the bank-manager brought from obscurity a large mass of gold. He staggered out from the safe, calling on us to relieve him of his load, which we did, though it almost bent each of us double as we in turn clutched hold of it. People often say they would live satisfied if they had as much gold as they could carry, but that would not be a great fortune after all. Gold is very deceptive, and we felt overweighted in holding this £5000 worth of gold, not to speak of carrying it away, which was totally out of the question. The bank manager concluded by giving us an excellent sermon, the texts or heads of the discourse being various nuggets and parcels of gold dust, which had been brought into the bank at different times by lucky miners, who, as our friend sorrowfully said, in many cases drank the money at the nearest public-house.

The principal quartz-crushing establishment of Sandhurst is Koch's Pioneer Works, an extensive building with eighty-four head of stamps, which pound away late and early. The noise in the building is deafening. In a long row stand immense perpendicular hammers, each weighing eight hundredweight, pulverising away at rocks, and set in motion by a huge beam engine. Behind each stamp-head is stationed a workman, who shovels the stone into the iron boxes immediately underneath the hammer. A stream of water constantly carries away the pulverised quartz, and flows subsequently over beds of quicksilver, which seize and retain the gold. The quicksilver is then in turn separated from the gold by means of a retort, and returned once more to the quartz battery. Forming part of Koch's Pioneer Works is a pyrites-burning establishment. The pyrites is a crystallized alloy of gold, sulphur, and arsenic. The method of extracting the gold is very prejudicial to health, as the thick vapours fall condensed in flakes of arsenic upon the neighbourhood,—a state of things the company have tried to obviate by erecting a more than usually lofty chimney. These furnaces exist in large numbers near the town.

We lodged three weeks here at a very nice "villa," near the base of the Hustlers Hill. The building was entirely of wood, two storeys in height, and encircled with verandahs, screens, and striped awnings. These were hung round about with ornamental flower-pots, filled with long, overflowing grass, while the front door was approached by a delightfully shady garden. Our fellow-lodgers were a sharebroker, a property-agent, and a bevy of boisterous, good-natured bank clerks.

We went to see the suburbs of Sandhurst—Eagle Hawk, Epsom, and Kangaroo Flat, three alluvial diggings. It was a very hot day when we visited Eagle Hawk, the road glaring white, and the light so dazzling as to keep the face puckered up. On the way we passed a number of gentlemen's houses, the garden porches of which were crowned with large blocks of quartz—doubtless symbolical of the way the proprietors had made their money. We saw, too, a small wooden house, the tenant of which receives £6000 a fortnight as dividend on mining shares. This wealthy man leads the life of a hermit, and occupies his time principally by smoking and drinking—a wretched fate. Kangaroo Flat is an extensive mining ground about three miles out from Sandhurst. Heaps upon heaps of yellow "tailings" lined the road, like mammoth mole-hills; while distributed through them were the most wretched Chinese huts. The weather was again hot, and the rough sandy footpath swarmed with ants. We sat down to rest ourselves beside two Chinamen, who were engaged with a "cradle" in sifting a large heap of cast-off "tailings" from one of the quartz-crushing batteries. We inquired about their luck, and the younger of the two turned out his sieve with great glee, showing us "one speck, one speck," with an air of acquired fortune. The elder Chinaman then asked us in broken English where we came from; and after we had repeated the word "Scotland" two or three times vociferously, he brightened up, and said patronisingly, he had heard of the place. Before leaving them we sang "Allister M'Allister" to their great delight, though our taste may be questioned in singing the least intelligible of Scottish songs to the most foreign of foreigners.

At Epsom, five miles from Sandhurst, we went into a Chinese shop and bought a Chinese book. It was illustrated profusely with woodcuts. After some haggling we gave eighteenpence for it. "Nice book, John?" "Welly good book!"—at which all the surrounding crowd of pig-tails were inwardly convulsed with laughter. We seized a passing Chinaman—"Read this!" "Ah! welly good book—one year book—days, moons—last year book—him no good now!" The rascally Chinese had sold us an old almanac!

In Sandhurst we became acquainted with two of its principal characters, whom we shall call Messrs Smith and Jones. Their career has been a wonderful mixture of luck, pluck, and perseverance. They came over from Ireland with their better-halves about twenty years ago. They were close friends, and made an

agreement to go shares in every undertaking. On landing in Sandhurst their exchequer was limited, and they spent their all in purchasing a waggon and two horses, with which they carried goods to the miners upon the goldfields. With ingenious economy this vehicle was converted at night into a two-storey house, Mr and Mrs Smith occupying the interior of the waggon, while Mr and Mrs Jones slept underneath. As the goods-carrying business increased and prospered, Smith and Jones came to be proprietors of a small cottage, in which they were one day digging a cellar, when lo! a bright stream of water bubbled up to the surprise and joy of the two Irishmen; for water was a scarcity in those days, and was brought from a long distance at great expense. The two friends carefully tapped the stream, and sold water to the miners at one shilling a bucketful—another source of increasing revenue. By various steps they rose to be the proprietors of two fine hotels. During the late mining excitement they must have made large sums of money, as the bars of their hotels were crowded six deep with stockholders and miners discussing the state of the market or the value of mining scrip. Mr Smith, it is said, spent nearly £200 per week upon music-hall performers, who warbled attractively in his hotel—the entertainment being free to all, and the proprietor making a handsome profit out of half-a-crown "drinks." Mr Smith is an erect old man, seventy years of age, and as hearty as a man of fifty. Mr Jones is a younger man, and has 11,000 acres of land on the banks of the river Campaspe, besides 13,000 acres of Government property which he lately acquired, making in all 24,000 acres—just a nice little plot of land where he can comfortably spend his declining years.

Amongst many sights we saw in Sandhurst, we have a vivid recollection of a large public school in the vicinity of the town, kept by an Aberdonian, who exercises rigid authority over some hundreds of scholars. We heard the pupils propound and answer questions of great arithmetical intricacy, and test each other upon historical chronology in a clever manner. After school had been dismissed in stern, regimental fashion, the dancing class commenced. Half-a-dozen boys and girls entered the class-room, marshalled by an elderly dame, another Aberdonian, who unfolded to the rising generation the mysteries of Highland reels, flings, and strathspeys. It would have done a Celtic heart good to have seen the lady tripping round the room followed by her juvenile charge, who executed the

same manœuvres like so many shadows, hooking their elbows and snapping their thumbs in true Highland manner. The music was played on the fiddle by the enthusiastic schoolmaster himself. After a general quadrille the door burst open, and in skipped six boys dressed in long tartan scarfs and plumed Glengarry bonnets. With a simultaneous "hooch" they dashed at once into a vigorous Highland fling, the fiddler loud and louder scraped, the dancers quick and quicker danced, they threw off their tartan sashes, and cast away their bonnets—one by one they fell breathless into their seats, till at last a solitary boy, the son of the schoolmaster, finished off victoriously.

From Sandhurst we went north to Echuca, 166 miles from Melbourne, and the terminus of the line that runs to the River Murray, the stream that divides Victoria from New South Wales. We arrived in Echuca in the night-time, passing through a wide expanse of grey, indefinite plains. This may be taken as a fair sample of most Australian townships. At the station there were no signs of a town—merely a deputation of houses headed by a small hotel. After a short drive, however, came the main street, full of red brick stores and wooden houses, each end of the street terminating in rough wild bush—which bush lurks in back-yards and gardens, and creeps in at all corners —Echuca seeming to have settled down bodily in the forest, and scraped itself a resting-place. Down each side of the road stretch rows of young fenced-in saplings, which will by-and-by give the street a shady secluded appearance. The principal street is paved with small circular blocks of wood—stone being scarce, and brought from Sandhurst. Not a vestige of stone did we see lying about the ground the whole time we were in Echuca. The want of stone is also noticeable in the number of wooden houses, some of them being mere bark huts, with corrugated iron roofs. The banks and stores are of brick; the railway station is of stone; the town hall, a neat small building, is constructed of variegated brick; so are nearly all the churches.

The River Murray is the feature of the town, and was the largest river we had seen in the colony. It was full-flowing, with a rapid current, nineteen feet above summer level. The river is crossed at Echuca by a floating wooden bridge, 354 feet wide—a succession of drawbridges resting on pontoons, to accommodate the bridge to the variable heights of the river, and allow the passage of boats. The steamboats that ply up and down are flat-bottomed vessels, drawing little water, and pro-

pelled by stern-wheels. The Murray is navigable, for many months in the year, 400 miles to the east, and 2000 miles to the west, where it falls into the sea at Adelaide. The river traffic has become of great importance, and forty steamboats are now on the Murray, going as far as Gundagai, in New South Wales, and Fort Bourke, on the border of Queensland.

We were rowed up the Murray one afternoon by a boatman of Echuca. The river was running strong, while numerous and dangerous "snags" or protruding stumps were breaking the current. Our companion varied the journey by narrating his exploits on the river. "You must know," said he, "I was a smuggler on the Murray once. I used to have a chum of mine on the other shore, an' I had signals arranged just perfect. Sometimes it was a whistle, sometimes a candle. But one dark night, when we felt pretty safe, the custom-officers came down an' nailed me then and there, an' I was bound down under two hunder pound to drop my goings on." Rowing up to Moama, we saw the crossing-place for cattle, the banks on either side sloping and hoof-marked. A rope across the river worked a punt for the conveyance of men and horses, and acted as a guiding-line for the swimming cattle. This cattle-crossing is said to be a very exciting spectacle. Along the banks were traces of the great flood of 1870—a disastrous overflow of the river which rendered Echuca amphibious for many days. The hotel we lived at had been severely damaged by this flood. The ceiling in the sitting-room showed two yawning gaps with protruding laths, and the plaster was coming down in flakes the whole time we were there; but we were assuringly told that no dangerously large pieces had fallen for some time.

We happened to look in one morning at the Town Hall, where law and justice were being administered. A half-caste had been brought down from one of the outlying squatting stations, charged with an assault upon the son of the landowner —the whole affair at best but a paltry quarrel. There were present two justices on the bench, a clerk, the prosecutor, and witnesses in a box, flanked by a sergeant of police, a local constable, a trooper booted and spurred, and a miscellaneous crowd of townsfolk in the garbs of their respective callings. After great consultation and passage of time, with cross-examination of witnesses who were continually being snubbed for uttering "hearsay," the dark-faced man was ordered to be removed to the lock-up for twelve hours. The Town Hall is divided by folding doors into a court of justice and a concert-

room, and in the latter we gave our entertainment that same evening. Amongst the audience we saw our friends of the morning—the two justices, the clerk of the court, the complainant, the witnesses, the policeman, and the trooper—all but the prisoner, who, we were told, was unable to attend, as his sentence would not expire till an hour after the concert had concluded!

Echuca was founded by a Mr Hopwood as late as the year 1853—about which time it was called "Hopwood's Ferry." The first land sale took place in 1855. There was, however, no railway to Melbourne in those days, and people did not care about settling in such a remote district, more especially as the blacks were then very numerous and troublesome. But during the great spluttering rush to the Bendigo gold-fields, some splashes of population found their way as far north as Echuca. The railway from Melbourne to Sandhurst in 1863, and the popular Land Act of 1865, have latterly conferred immense benefit upon the struggling border town. There are two industries flourishing at Echuca—leech-catching at Lake Moira, some miles north of Echuca; and cod-fishing in the Murray. The first pursuit is not of a very agreeable nature, but the "leechers," as they are called, make it very profitable. The leeches are very plentiful, and caught by the men covering their limbs with flesh-coloured skin, to which the creatures greedily adhere. After the men have their legs sufficiently dotted over with leeches, the latter are drawn off into jars, and in go the pedal extremities once more—a systematic business-like process. The leechers get £8 per thousand for them in England, so that their avocation must to some extent be remunerative. The cod-fishing is of course on a more extensive scale, the Melbourne market being well supplied with the fish. The Murray cod is not very delicate eating, but has a flavour of its own, and is relished by many. It grows to an immense size, some of the fish weighing 70 lbs., and one has even been caught weighing 90 lbs.

On our way down to Castlemaine, we had to pass Sandhurst again. This time we saw the White Hills, an unparalleled sight, for from both windows of the railway carriage we could see far-stretching landscapes of sand—diggings on a more extensive scale than any we had seen or dreamt of. We seemed to be passing through a snow-drift—a continued glare of sand lighting up for many miles the interior of the carriage. I never realised till that moment the fact that thousands of men had

been almost unceasingly digging for gold during a score of years —now I felt as if two or three generations had been made millionaires out of the district. The place has left a dent in our memory.

Castlemaine is a thriving town, half-mining, half-agricultural. There is here, of course, the Mongolian element. But the Castlemaine Chinese are very respectable. They have a block of the town entirely to themselves, with stone buildings, shops with plate-glass windows, and a general well-to-do appearance. We made a point of seeing their curious Joss-house or temple, lying upon the slope of a hill ten minutes' walk from the town. It was a small red brick building. The entrance porch was elaborately decorated with coloured masks and carvings, a grotesque array of grinning faces and yawning dolphins. The interior was most ornate and gaudy. An altar, embellished with exceedingly minute carvings, and filled with boxes containing fire-sticks or tapers, stood in the centre, while two finely-painted pictures occupied the extremity of the temple. One was a representation of a grinning blue dolphin, a favourite Chinese symbol, and the other depicted the great Joss himself as a grey-bearded old man. Round the walls were pasted the various receipts and accounts written out during the recent construction of the temple—Smith's signature for bricks, Jones's for laths, Thomson's for labour, Brown's for stone pavement, and so on—plain matter of fact in a weird romantic situation. On each side of the temple was a circular opening or niche. One contained a large hobby-horse with a head-dress of golden feathers, and with saucers of incense and carefully-arranged tapers placed under the animal's head. In the opposite niche were seated two Chinamen. One of them, a small, cadaverous man, was smoking a wooden pipe about three feet long, sucking the vapours in with collapsed cheeks and protruding cheek-bones. When he had got a good mouthful he seemed to masticate it, then leant back and sent the smoke spouting in two distinct streams through his nostrils, with the air of a confirmed devotee. The other Chinaman turned out to be one of the actors we had seen in the tent at Melbourne, and, in a jerky and disjointed manner, he described to us how much the theatrical company were hurt at the interruption of the performance by bricks and other missiles. We consoled him as well as we could, and bade him good-bye—yea, farewell! for he was shortly leaving on a professional tour to his "own country, China."

At Castlemaine we took our leave of the railway, as we intended to prosecute further journeys by coach, and had mapped out some thousands of miles of bush-travelling. Hearing of a suitable conveyance for sale, we went one morning to a hotel-yard, where we saw an American waggon, with a square-built body, and glazed leather roof. The vehicle was hung upon "thorough-braces," two or three layers of leather belts bound together with clamps—iron springs being useless for Australian travelling, save in the case of light carts and buggies. The proprietor of this coach was in the "show" line, and had travelled most of the colony with this same waggon. "Here's the machine, gentlemen." We examined it carefully, fingered the bolts and nuts, jerked the wheels, measured our limbs on the box seat, unrolled the side curtains, moved the moveable seats, and scrutinized the condition of naves, tires, and axles. Everything was satisfactory, but we got a practical wheelwright to examine the vehicle—verdict, good for its age. "Here's the horses, gentlemen"—three stout, middle-aged horses, which we approached without fear, slapping their quarters and pinching their fetlocks in true professional style. We got a veterinary surgeon to give his opinion—verdict, horses as excellent as they were old. "And here's the driver, gentlemen"—a short, red-haired Irishman, on whom we pronounced our own favourable verdict. We bought the whole "turn-out," and engaged the driver. Next morning the coach drove up to the hotel door, the leading grey horse prancing and curvetting in a way that made us proud. We packed the coach, building up the back part with luggage. Imagine the rack carefully strapped and roped up; imagine four of us inside, and two on the box; imagine—no, you cannot imagine—how we tore down the principal street and out into the country, bowling along a capital road, with the horses fresh, the day auspicious, a fine breeze blowing, and the landscape interesting. We had scarcely begun to feel the full sense of proprietorship when we were rushing into Kyneton, waking the shopkeepers, scattering stray groups of children, and rousing an infinity of dogs, who yelped, barked, and howled incessantly in our trail till we rattled, with a succession of loud whip-cracks, into the paved courtyard of the hotel.

Kyneton was a quiet agricultural township, in the midst of meadows, and paddocks, and fields of ripening grain. We drove out by invitation to a farm five miles distant. It was a good sample of the style of living amongst the farmers. It

was a comfortable house of four rooms, stone-built and plain. The tenants, however, had their share of troubles and anxieties. We noticed a hole by the side of the fire-place, with a large brick lying alongside, and we said laughingly to the goodwife, "You're fully prepared for the rats and mice, we see." "Mice!" she exclaimed, "we've no mice here; it's a snake. We keep the brick off through the day, because we can see to kill the creature; but we put the brick on at dusk, in case it gets out without us seeing it. Besides, I don't like the idea of the animal crawling through the house in the night-time!" The farm was situated on the banks of the Campaspe, amid a beautiful expanse of softly swelling hills and luxuriant hollows, clothed with delightful verdure. A fine orchard overlooked the river, and it being the month of December, the trees were loaded with cherries of great size and luxuriance; plums, apples, and pears being there also in great abundance. The river Campaspe, which, strange to say, flows inland a hundred miles northwards to the Murray, was dry when we saw it, with a deep water-hole appearing here and there in the bed of the river,—a wonderful provision of Australian nature, by which man and beast can quench their thirst in the dead heat of summer.

Soon after we encountered a bush-storm, while crossing the ranges near Mount Macedon. It was a wild lowering day. The air was full of flying twigs and leaves. Beautiful parrots and chattering magpies darted vaguely around. At one place a tree had fallen across the path, blown down a moment or two before by the blast, but careful handling of the horses got us safely past. In every creak we thought we heard the sound of falling timber. A burst of rain compelled us to take shelter alongside a small hut. Then the storm reached a climax of fury, amid the loud groaning of the trees and the screams of children in the cottage. The wind tore over the hills, sweeping the rain before it in masses of spray. On every side flew branches of trees. Close by us, a giant of the forest rent asunder near its base, and slowly tottering, fell with an alarming crash amid clouds of earth. The sky was inky black, but through a rent in the darkness there came vivid flashes of lightning, followed by deafening thunder. After a blinding shower of rain we resumed our journey. The road was strewn in all directions by fallen trees, enormous limbs, branches, uptorn roots, and white flakes of timber. In several instances the fences had been destroyed on both sides of the road by the

fall of more than usually lofty trees. But happily we escaped unscathed from the perils of the ranges.

We returned to Melbourne in time for the holidays. Beyond doubt the Melbourne people enjoy themselves at Christmas time. The town is deserted—people fly to the sea-shore, Brighton, St Kilda, or Geelong, as the case may be. The trains rush the inhabitants off in hundreds to Sandhurst, Ballarat, and other stations; the steamboats convey excursionists down to the Heads, Schnapper Point, Queenscliff, and the favourite resorts of the bay; and hundreds stroll about the suburbs in full enjoyment of fêtes, school-gatherings, and pic-nics, or spend the day in pleasant boat-parties on the Yarra. The day before Christmas we saw numbers of carts rattling into town, loaded with large ferns and bunches of green shrubbery for purposes of decoration. We noticed, too, our old friend the Christmas tree, though it seemed hardly so popular as in the old country. The markets were radiant with flowers, and overflowing with fruit; the stalls were besieged and crowded. The shops were also well patronised, the grocers especially doing an exceedingly good stroke of business. The pavements were almost impassable. Christmas Day passed off quietly, and folks seemed to spend it in the same domestic manner as at home. At first a person cannot reconcile Christmas with a blazing sun and a bright blue sky; but in a short time he ceases to wonder, and enjoys his smoking roast-beef and plum-pudding all the same, though the Australian in this respect is entitled to more credit than the Englishman, who has all the appetising influences of cold weather to give zest to his enthusiasm. In due course came Boxing Day, with its burst of entertainments and general pleasure-going. The streets throng with vehicles conveying people out of town, the principal thoroughfare being the St Kilda Road. Here we see an endless procession of conveyances. They rush past us with noise and clouds of dust—an omnibus loaded inside and out, looking top-heavy from the number of fares upon the roof; an Albert car, licensed to carry six persons, conveying about double that number; a railway cart full of happy well-dressed people; a group of horsemen winding in and out; a butcher's cart with a noisy crew of youths; a parcel-delivery van exhibiting bunches of arms and clusters of legs; a canvas-covered waggon filled with school children bound on a pic-nic, singing, shouting, and laughing; another group of horsemen; a gentleman's carriage with attendant flunkeys, and an escort of fashionable

equestrians; a cart from Paddy's Market; a cluster of buggies and phaetons, with a party out for a very select pic-nic; another crammed omnibus, another car, another school treat; more dust, with more rattle and noise, continuing for the whole forenoon. In the evening we saw a pantomime at the Theatre Royal, Bourke Street—a really excellent performance, with good scenery, good singing, and good acting. The gallery was a trifle noisier than I had expected—shrieks, hoots, whistles, and cat-calls continuing all through the preliminary farce. There was nothing to stamp it as an Australian pantomime, till the clown leapt upon the stage in a variegated dress, with the figure of an emu on the front of it, and a kangaroo on the back. The clown had become acclimatised! At the Prince of Wales' Theatre opposite there was an opposition pantomime; at the Town Hall, a grand intercolonial musical festival; and on New Year's Day, a grand Caledonian Gathering, with Highland sports and games.

CHAPTER IV.

A SQUATTING-STATION—A DROVE OF KANGAROOS—THE BUSH AND BUSH-ROADS—THE MIDDLE DIGGINGS.

In January 1873, we left Melbourne for a tour in the western or pastoral district of Victoria. Before leaving the metropolis two elder members of our party invested in a horse and buggy, as they found the coach to be too fatiguing. The first stage of our journey consisted in a steamboat sail from Melbourne to Geelong, our horses being brought on board at great risk over a mass of greasy cow-hides that littered the main deck. The sail down the Yarra was anything but pleasant, the vessel moving slowly past the unsavoury smells of bone-works and tanneries. Owing to the narrowness of the river, a large swell followed the steamer, sweeping bank high on both sides—at one time almost obliterating an unwary angler, and at another dispersing a score of boys who had dared to sit dangling their legs over the water. In a few hours we arrived at Geelong, whence we started on our journey. We stayed a night at Winchelsea, and spent two days at Colac. Leaving Colac, we entered upon flat country—the coach running quietly along a soft earthy road. I sat half asleep upon the box, while Patrick our driver trolled out some obscure Irish love-song, stamping the time cheerily with his right foot. I had become tired of counting the telegraph posts, and staring ahead for the white milestones. Every now and then the hot sunshine would glow on my face, making me unspeakably drowsy. Heigho! A violent nudge on the elbow from Patrick. "Hillo, now, wake up, wake up; don't you know we're just upon driving through the Stony Rises!" I rubbed my eyes, and looked about me. We had suddenly come, with all the pleasantness of a transition in music, upon a lovely collection of hills, volcanic in origin, shaded by trees, and strewn with innumerable boulders, between which grew clusters of fern or bracken. For several miles we passed through this scenery, the road winding up and down

hill amid miniature glens and charming dells, with the same delightful blending of bracken and boulder. Presently Lake Korangamite gleamed through the trees upon our right. This is the largest expanse of salt water in Victoria, being eighty miles in circumference and twenty miles long. Like the other lakes in this district, it is supposed to be formed upon the site of an extinct volcano, and the peculiar saltness is said to be due to the drainage of the basaltic rock. Most of the country in Western Victoria is volcanic, and possesses rich soil. Approaching the village of Camperdown, we saw a hill of a conical shape, called the "Sugar-Loaf." Whenever you see a cone-shaped peak in Australia, be sure and call it the "Sugar-Loaf." In nine cases out of ten you will be right. The number of volcanic sugar-loaves we became acquainted with was something extraordinary.

Camperdown is first seen lying beneath you as you descend the lower slope of Mount Leura. It is a very picturesque township, and consists of a number of detached one-storey houses, lining a thoroughfare two hundred feet wide, which thoroughfare is merely a continuation into the town of the main road. This extreme width of street dwarfs the buildings, but gives one an enjoyable feeling of space, freedom, and fresh air. The road has a broad margin of grass upon either side, called the "Poor Man's Paddock." This is used by stockdrivers for pasturing their cattle upon a long journey, and by passing travellers for their horses.

In Camperdown we first saw an aboriginal black. He appeared at the hotel-door in a white hat with a black band round it, a light linen coat, and tattered grey trousers. He had a flat nose, thick lips, dark black eyes, and straight hair. He made us a long speech, which was rather incoherent, owing to whisky and broken English; but we could make out that he was sadly in want of a "lubra" or wife. Unfortunately for him, "all the white men take the white women; he no get one." This involuntary black bachelor then whiningly begged for a "lickspince" (sixpence), the favourite coin of the race, and went off, making a series of exaggerated salutes. Most of the western towns have a local black; and this one, for distinction's sake, was called "Camperdown George." Government supplies with clothes, meat, and tobacco, any black who will reside in a particular township, but their vagrant life is too strong a temptation for them. A gentleman in Camperdown informed us that he had officially given away about £500 worth of cloth-

ing to the natives, but that most of it had been found spread over various parts of the country. No one is allowed to sell drink to the aborigine, but the latter turns his clothes into money, and then gets the first available white man to purchase the whisky.

Here, in Western Victoria, reigns the squatter. He is no rough customer, but a pushing gentleman, full of care and forethought. He lives in a handsome villa on his property, enjoying his fine table, his wine, his library, and his garden. In short, he is the landed aristocrat of Australia. In the early days, before settlement was common, the squatter came upon the heels of the explorer, and "pegged out" thousands of acres, for which he paid a nominal rent to Government. But by the Land Act passed in 1869, the squatter, before he can own his large tract of country, has to buy it at £1 per acre. Now, as this would involve in many cases an impracticable outlay of £20,000 or £60,000, the squatter is allowed to keep a large portion of his "run" at the old nominal rent; but with this important difference, that the unbought acres are liable at any moment to be taken up by the squatter's natural enemy, the "free selector" or bush-farmer. In Victoria every settler gets 320 acres, for which he pays two shillings per acre annually for three years. After that he gets a Crown grant on payment of fourteen shillings per acre. Four years later, the land becomes his freehold; so that in seven years, at a small outlay, any man can live on his own farm.

Through the kindness of a squatter living near Camperdown, we had a glimpse of life at a sheep-station. His house lay some eight miles away, on the brow of a hill. We approached it through extensive sheep-runs and paddocks, arriving at the house through a closely-shaded avenue of trees, and along a well-planned terrace garden. It was a fine large building, though only one storey in height, and not at all in accordance with our preconceived ideas. We had always regarded a squatter's house as a kind of rural habitation, a farm-house on an extensive scale; but here we saw an elegant verandahed building surrounded by sloping gardens, and uniting in itself all the homeliness of rural life with the luxuries of modern society. The house had a fine situation on the hill, and from the terrace you could see most part of the country round. In the early days people thought our friend mad to settle and build a house where he did, there being no water in the immediate neighbourhood. But he outlived all remark, and proceeded to dig wells,

finding water in clear springs at a depth of thirty feet. Previous to dinner we ascended the hill at the back of the house, and from the summit had a most transcendent view of the pastoral region, mottled with sunshine and shade. On one side grassy plains stretched away beneath our feet, with softly rounded knolls suddenly rising out of the level country, while on the other there rolled hill upon hill, as far as the Cape Otway Ranges. Looking far below, we saw battalions of sheep wheeling and manœuvring upon the slope of the hill, with a dark speck representing a man on horseback, who was transferring them from one run to another. While on the hill-top, our host gave us the topography of the district—how his station extended to that fence, that dark line away in the distance—how it took in most of what we saw on the left hand—oh, no, that lake did not belong to him—that was Mr Smith's lake—that hill there, however, was his; but the mountain further away was purchased recently by Mr Jones, and now called Jones' Hill. After dinner we were mounted on a number of stock-horses. We had not the slightest claim to be equestrians, having never before been on horseback; but it was necessary for us to ride, as we wished to see the sheep-washing sheds some miles off. After a wild canter, full of bumps and bangs which goaded the horses to full speed, we reached the sheds and washing-dam. Here were described the various operations the sheep have to undergo in order to make their wool white, free from grease, and in a generally fit state for market. The sheep are first driven into a large tank full of soap and warm water, where they are effectually cleansed from grease and all impurities; after which they are rinsed in a cold water tank, with the addition of a shower bath from the height of four or five feet. After this Turkish bath the sheep are taken to the wool-shed, where they remain overnight to dry, the shearers setting to work upon them early in the morning. The men are paid at the rate of 15s. per 100 sheep, and a skilled hand can shear about sixty sheep in ten hours.

On our way back we dashed along in grand though painful style. It was an exciting ride, more especially to a certain member of our party, who bumped and banged behind me, and who on getting side by side with me yelled out between the bumps, in a moment of inspiration, "I feel! as if I was! on the deck of a one-ton ship! in a storm off the Cape of Good Hope! without any bulwarks!" He bumped and banged off ahead, trying to turn round and wink, but his hat blew off, and we never overtook him till we all bumped and banged into the

avenue fronting the house. This was peculiarly a sheep-station. At Terang, a small village fourteen miles further west, we visited a cattle-station. It occupied 11,000 acres, and was stocked with 3000 horses and cattle. The house was substantially built of stone, and had a large fruit garden in the rear, with two or three croquet lawns, recently formed for the use of the family and chance visitors. Water pipes, for the purpose of supplying the cattle troughs, had recently been laid out at an expense of £5000. Lake Keilambete immediately adjoins the house, a large expanse of fresh water, one-half of which adjoins the station, the opposite side being occupied by a number of free selectors. We spent a Sunday in Terang, attending the Presbyterian Church in the afternoon. The congregation assembled in true country fashion from miles round. Men and women rode up to the door, and hitched their horses to the church-paling; others drove up in buggies and carts; and the gentry came in stylish vehicles. This church had only one service every Sunday, and was supported chiefly by the landowners round about. The minister had a very comfortable position, with a very short service—"In fact," he said to us with a quiet look, "I daren't keep the squatters more than an hour."

The road to Mortlake, our next stage, lay through extensive cattle-runs. The coach rolled along, sweeping aside the overhanging branches, and winding round about the stumps as if engaged in a gum-tree quadrille. We were in high spirits, and the driver had just begun to whistle the symphony to his love-ballad, when—

See, see! haul up the horses! by all that's wonderful, a kangaroo! a real, live kangaroo, right in the middle of the track, its eyes staring directly towards us, its languid forepaws preparing for a leap. There it is off! Hooray! it has cleared the high fence, tail and all, with feet to spare, bounding through the forest, scattering the dry leaves and twigs, and rousing three others, who keep company with it in flight. Hooray! another and another, and yet another, crop out behind the trees, till there is a full score of them bobbing irregularly in the distance. Hooray! hooray! our shouts have roused scores more, and the vista is filled with them in full retreat. Oh, how pretty! A drove of youthful kangaroos burst into an open glade, and follow their elders with juvenile leaps. The ladies of our party wave their handkerchiefs. In a few moments the kangaroos will have vanished; they seem but grey phantoms flitting

through the trees in the far distance. There, the last tail has disappeared. Hooray! We give three cheers for the kangaroos —we sit down hoarse and breathless—crack! goes the whip, and we're off on the track once more!

You cannot say you have seen the kangaroo till you have seen it leap. The animal is placed to great disadvantage in a cage or in an enclosure. You miss those immense bounds, sometimes, in the case of the larger kangaroos, reaching a distance of 30 feet, which seem to the eye to be slow and regular, but which are conveying the animal at an immense speed through the forests. Kangaroos are unmitigated pests to the squatter, as they impoverish the cattle-runs by eating up the valuable grass. They are hunted unmercifully, and a special breed of dogs are kept for the purpose. These kangaroo-dogs are to be seen hanging about all the townships in this region—wiry muscular animals, seamed and scarred with wounds. They are very plucky, and boldly attack the kangaroo. The latter is very desperate when brought to bay, facing the dogs, gripping them in a mortal embrace, and tearing them up with its strong hind claws. The same process applies to a human being. "Don't you get into their clutches," a man once said to us; "it's like being hugged by a bear with a circular saw in its stomach!" The settlers sometimes organize themselves into a large hunting party, and drive the kangaroos along a gradually narrowing pen into a high-fenced enclosure, where they are indiscriminately shot or worried by dogs, though now and then the kangaroo takes a standing leap at the seven-foot fence, and escapes with his valuable skin.

Another day's journey brought us to Warrnambool, a seaport town on the shores of Lady Bay, 170 miles south-west from Melbourne. It is a seaport town only in so far as it is situated upon the coast, and has a few steamers calling in two or three times a week from Melbourne, Geelong, Belfast, or Portland—there being absent that fringe of shipping, warehouse bustle, and maritime population which one associates with a seaport town. The chief exports from Warrnambool are wool and wheat; potatoes also are shipped in large quantities. Koroit, a small Irish town about ten miles off, is the head-quarters of an extraordinary potato district. Warrnambool has a well-sheltered, commodious harbour, with a long stretching beach, which we made a point of visiting every morning, strolling amid a glitter of sun, sand, and sea—the sharply-defined horizon unbroken save by the long, faint, trailing smoke of some

coasting steamer rounding one of the numerous points of land. The town is situated upon hilly, sandy ground. Building operations were in active progress. The sandstone found in the district is of a peculiarly soft and friable nature, being easily sliced and sawn out of the quarry. A workman can dexterously shape it into symmetrical blocks with hammer or trowel, and the buildings have therefore a particular air of neatness and finish—durability increasing with age, as the stone gradually hardens upon exposure to the air. On our way to Belfast we saw a peculiar isolated piece of scenery, by name "Tower Hill," a number of peaked, wooded heights rising from the centre of a large lake or basin, surrounded by high precipitous banks—our old acquaintance the volcano in another character. The whole of the vegetation on the hills was in flames, owing to the extreme heat of the previous day. The volumes of smoke which hung about the hills added a mysterious grandeur to the scene, the distant crashing of the falling trees coming faintly upon the ear. As the road wound round the rim of the crater, we had a many-sided view of the lake and its islands.

Belfast, another seaport town, is situated near the harbour of Port Fairy. A day or two previously there had been a storm on the coast, and from the knolly, scrub-grown beach we saw the subsiding effects of the tempest—great billows rolling in from the sea, and crashing amongst the rocks. Immense pieces of sea-weed were thrown on shore, with roots like mammoth thigh-bones, and leaves twenty feet long, as tough as thickest leather. Thousands of shells, too, lay along the beach ; and smaller sea-plants, in every variety of shade and colour, delicately fibred and exquisitely tinted.

Portland, 45 miles further west, was reached by a really bad road, which at one point ran along the sea-beach. We had the greatest difficulty in getting along at all, as the storm had blown and washed up the sand into uncouth, irregular hillocks—the wheels of the vehicles sinking in one or two instances over the axles. We had all to get out and walk, leaving the driver and horses to blunder along as best they could. After charging a mile or two of sand-heaps, one of the horses fell in a fit of the "staggers," and was only revived after great difficulty. The last few miles of the beach were carpeted with sea-weeds to the depth of two or three feet—a sloppy footing for man and beast. Our journey of forty-five miles beneath a hot sun took from seven o'clock in the morning till seven at night. Portland lies half-way between Melbourne and Adelaide, being about 250

miles distant from each of the two capitals. It is situated upon the shores of Portland Bay. The town is a larger edition of Belfast, just such another blue-stone place; but it has more life and activity. It is one of the oldest settlements in the colony, Mr Henty having established a whaling station here in 1834, just six months before Bateman arrived at Port Phillip and founded Melbourne. From Portland we struck inland once more through the bush.

The Bush—what is the Bush? You will find nothing like it in our British woods, in the backwoods of Canada, or the forests of New Zealand. The Australian bush is unique. Its general features are tameness and sameness. It consists of undulating, grassy, thinly-timbered country. The trees stand wide apart, and there is not the slightest undergrowth, so that a coach-and-four can drive through any part of it. The leaves on the gum-trees are long and thin, and turn their edges to the sun. There is therefore very little shade in the bush; the sun penetrates freely, and the grass, which is always light, grows thin and brown in the summer-time. Everything appears to be burnt up. The earth is hard and dry, and has not the springy velvetiness of a British park. The trunks of the trees are dry; there is no humid moss about the roots.

The bush road winds its lonely way through the forest in many a curve, every succeeding horse and vehicle helping to give it more defined form. When wet weather comes, the massive lumbering bullock-drays form deep holes and ruts in the track, and lighter vehicles have to spread out in different directions to avoid the old road. It is no uncommon sight to see seven or eight different tracks taking their several ways through the bush in all stages of development, from the almost completed road to the barely perceptible wheel-marks on the grass. Sometimes the traveller comes to a wide open space, with tracks winding tantalisingly to right and left, and if a "new chum," or stranger, he is sadly at a loss. They stretch out before him like the fingers on his outspread hand. This one does not lead in the right direction; that one does not seem well enough trodden to be trustworthy. He would take the middle-finger track, if a little further on it did not suddenly turn in a suspicious fore-finger direction. The thumb starts well, but after all it is hardly so taking as the little-finger track. Yes, it will do; and yet the fourth finger is the very way he wants to go. It appears to keep a straight course. Tut, tut! it gets fainter and fainter. Oh, if there were only a hut to inquire at! The stranger is sorely

puzzled, but in the end trusts to luck, little knowing that the tracks all harmoniously blend at no distant spot, like the converging lines of a railway junction.

A bush road is generally lonely, and you never meet any one except an occasional swagman, stock-rider, bullock-driver, or commercial traveller. The swagman or tramp is a kind of demoralized gaberlunzie, who trudges about from squatter to squatter, and from township to township, begging food or assistance on his journey; which journey is endless, and continues from year's end to year's end. The professional swagman walks to live. One species of tramp is the "sundowner," so called from his habit of appearing at a squatting-station about sunset, and asking food and shelter for the night. The generous "open-door" hospitality of the early days, which has latterly been abused, is fast disappearing from amongst the squatters, and instead of his usual cold mutton, the swagman now gets the cold shoulder. Sometimes the tramps accept work once a year, about shearing time, at one or other of the sheep stations, or seek occupation in a country town; but as a rule they are migratory and lazy. An uninitiated person is very apt to confound the swagman with the foot-passenger or unemployed mechanic travelling in search of work, their equipment being the same—a "swag," or strapped-up bundle of sleeping-blankets, slung over the shoulder; a "billy" or tin can in which to make tea or coffee while camping; and a small "pannikin" to drink water out of at any creek or spring. Now and then you see sailors and ship-stewards "swagging it" through the bush, runaways from some lately-landed vessel, but the eye at once detects them as amateurs; they have not the swing of the professional loafer. As for the stock-rider, you can hear him for a long distance waking the echoes of the bush with loud pistol-cracks, as he swings the short-handled, long-thonged stock-whip round his head. He rides up to the tail of a drove of cattle, managing his horse with great facility and grace, though stock-riding is one of the most arduous and difficult of occupations. He is generally dressed in low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, loose flannel shirt, tight white trousers, and high top-boots, with a handkerchief of some sort tied round his neck —a trifle like the pictures one sees at home of the stockman, but some degrees less spick-and-span looking.

While driving along you will sometimes observe in the distance a cloud of white dust, and hear the creak of wheels, with loud shouts and whip-lashes, which announce the ap-

proach of the bullock-driver and his team. In a short time you see emerging from the cloud a string of six, eight, or ten long-horned bullocks, with heavy hanging heads, and a slow swinging gait of some three miles an hour. The oxen are yoked to a long dray with small, broad-tired wheels, the whole affair having quite an Eastern appearance; but instead of a turbaned individual with a goad, you have a seedy, dust-covered man in a slouched hat. He carries a long whip, its trailing lash some eight feet in length, with which he flips the haunches of the furthest bullock. "Hoick! hoick! get up, Diamond! Now then, Daisy! come hither, Strawberry! Hoick! hold off, Brandy! Hoick! you short-horned Whisky, come up! Nobbler, what do you mean, eh? hoick! hoick!" He seizes the long-handled whip and gives each a cut in turn, with the addition of high-flavoured epithets, the bullock-driver being chargeable with a large amount of vocal sin. The commercial traveller is much the same kind of person as at home. He rattles through the bush in a waggonette with two horses, his tin boxes of samples strapped behind, and his "man" driving on the seat beside him. In warm weather the commercial throws off his coat, pulls out his meerschaum pipe, and buries himself in the newspaper; even *he* can throw off ceremony in the bush. Then there are the public coaches, owned by Cobb & Co., that spank along with their team of four horses, passing you with a cheery salute from the driver, and hand-wavings from the box-passengers—a pleasant break in the bush monotony. At night these red coaches flare along with a circle of immense lamps over the driver's head—a halo of inverted coal-scuttles that gleam over the horses' backs, and shine away forward into the darkness, revealing the track, and keeping the coach clear of obstacles.

At Branxholme, a small village, we gave a concert; but the only place we could get to sing in was a little wooden schoolroom that stood solitary some 300 yards away in the bush. The room was so limited that tickets had to be sold at a table in the open air. Twenty minutes, ten minutes to eight, and yet no audience. It was not till eight o'clock, when the shades of evening had set in, that the people began to assemble. Here and there figures passed and repassed through the trees, disappearing and reappearing, but all the while gradually nearing the schoolroom. At different points persons seemed to be starting up from the earth, so noiseless was their approach. On all sides we could hear the soft thud of horses' hoofs on the

grass, and the jolting rumble of carts. Inside was about as strange a concert-room as could well be imagined. The audience were seated on school-desks and forms, while we had to sing on a platform composed of a brandy-box covered with a tablecloth. The lighting consisted of our two coach-lamps, one each end of the "stage," supplemented by one or two candles stuck in bottles, which we asked the front-seat people kindly to hold in their hands. The room was soon filled to overcrowding; but upon the doorkeeper jocosely announcing to those outside that they could go "Up the chimney for a shilling!" some half-dozen people rushed in and immediately took up position in a large capacious fire-place, while the rest swarmed noisily outside, and looked in at numberless holes and broken windows. At ten o'clock the concert concluded, and the audience slowly dispersed amongst the trees, with cart-rumbles, hoof-falls, and phantom flittings as before.

The town of Hamilton came next in our route, the chief town of the extreme western district of Victoria. It is finely built, and its streets are thronged with fashionably attired damsels. Melbourne sends forth every summer a large number of young ladies to this pastoral metropolis, where they can lead a rural life without relinquishing town luxuries. As an example of how small matters show themselves in a limited population, we may mention that one morning the landlord of our hotel lamented to us the fact, that the town was about to suffer a severe pecuniary loss, a family being on the point of leaving for Melbourne, whereby a sum of £2000 would be lost to the community annually. An individual on the staff of the local paper was also grieved at the railway now being projected to Hamilton. "It will do no good," he said; "it spoils trade: it comes here with its refreshment rooms, and its tea and coffee at twopence a cup. It knocks all our business out of gear, too; and" (with a touch of pathos) "it brings in here the Melbourne papers only eight hours after publication!"

A thrilling incident had lately taken place in connection with the Hamilton reservoir. The simple tale was told us by a friend. A certain local black man, an aborigine, loved a "gin" or black woman. He had a strong attachment for her—he could love no other—there was no other within a radius of 150 miles. He had also a great love for whisky, and allowed the "gin" to join him in his libations. They were often to be seen in a happy state, wandering hand in hand amongst the scenery of the neighbourhood. One dire afternoon the "gin" came run-

ning into Hamilton, wringing her hands in violent anguish. "Oh! black man gone—me see him no more—he angry with me—he drown himself in the dam for me! oh! oh!" The alarmed inhabitants dragged the dam for two days with no success. Thirst prevailed all over Hamilton. At length the people determined to get at the bottom of the mystery and the reservoir: they commenced an elaborate systematic drainage. When the dam was emptied they found nothing but the blackest of mud, which they hoped might have been the black man held in solution. The minds of the Hamilton folks were agitated for many days, but at length word came that the long-sought-for savage had been found drunk, along with his "gin," in a low public-house in Warrnambool.

Between Hamilton and Ararat we saw the lofty peaks of the Grampian Range, with Mount Abrupt towering up on the southern extremity. This range is about as peculiar as any in the colony, being serrated in an extraordinary degree, and appearing like a series of detached peaks strung together and welded at the base. Our first view of Ararat was striking. We were bowling sharply up a gentle slope which led through a deep cutting of red soil on the brow of the hill, when the town rose swiftly up and filled the gap into which we were driving—the embankments on each side of the road forming a coloured framework to the scene. At Ararat we struck the Middle Diggings. This region is a collection of hot, bricky, inflammable-looking townships, generally composed of one long stretch of shops and chief buildings, with other houses straggling out here and there, as if they had lost heart at not finding room in the chief street, and had become quite reckless and careless of appearances. In or near each town is the "Chinese camp," which presents the common features of poverty and dirt. These are paradoxical to the nature of the people themselves, who are generally more sober, industrious, and saving than many European miners. The huts are occasionally relieved by Chinese cottages, decorated with gay verandahs and variegated lamps; but these are owned by long-resident nabobs, who have plodded along for twenty years, and have about £10 in the bank! Of the 40,673 miners in Victoria, 11,216 are Chinese. Some mining-towns are flourishing; but as a rule quartz is worked now in as unexciting and systematic a way as coal or iron. The miners get settled wages, and there is none of the old romantic fever. The men go about regretting the "good old days," when alluvial digging was in its heyday, and when "any man,

though he had his hands in his pockets, could turn up a nugget with the toe of his boot!"

Stawell, or Pleasant Creek, was a prosperous mining town, with very little of the rural in its immediate neighbourhood. At the hotel there was great scarcity of milk. Every morning a boy had to gallop on horseback into the country for milk, with two specially-made cans strapped to the saddle. Near Stawell is a small Scottish community, which some years ago was very exclusive. An Irishman, it is said, came one day to settle in the place. Next morning a deputation of indignant Scots waited on him, demanded he should either put Mac to his name, or leave the district. He chose the former alternative, and was ever afterwards known as MacFlaherty! Landsborough was our next stage—a decayed mining town—a musty, canvas-flapping place. You could almost fancy you saw its ribs. In former days it was three times the size, owing to a great flock of tents that fluttered down some years ago during a famous rush. These have all fled and gone, leaving the old nucleus of bark huts and stores. Some of these wooden houses are more comfortable as to their interior arrangements than one would imagine. They have respectable furniture, and of course a piano. We say of course, because, as in most mining towns, nearly every person has a piano. During the gold rushes, when a digger became possessed of a "pile," he would perhaps commence by having a good lengthy drink, but he would assuredly at one time or other purchase a Collard or a Broadwood. As often as not the instruments were second-hand, tuneless, and thrummy; but what cared Alluvial Jack or Auriferous Bill? The piano had a shape to it, had a good shiny case, and was altogether about the right sort of length for them; so out came the roll of notes, and the piano went home.

Avoca was another gold-digging, with an uncomfortable hotel. In my bedroom I could see the stars through the big rents in the ceiling, and the draught was almost unbearable. The wall, however, was cheerfully ornamented with a large emblazoned card of a life insurance company—the other decorations consisting of large greasy smudges and long streaks of smoke, caused no doubt by the close proximity of the candles of infuriated mosquito-hunters. We next visited the townships of Talbot, Maryborough, and Dunolly—the latter a celebrated nugget-ground.

At Dunolly we came across the locust plague which had been

devastating Victoria for several months. The locusts are about the greatest curse the colony has had for years. One clergyman was heard to declare firmly that the crossing of the locusts over the South Australian border had been contemporaneous with the passing of the new Education Bill, which to him contained some objectionable clauses. Two days previously the shopkeepers of Dunolly had unanimously put up their shutters and closed business because of them. Clothing hung out to dry was subsequently found to be pierced and riddled, window-blinds even not escaping. It seemed like a heavy snow-storm, each flake animated, fluttering, and whirring. The sky was laden with wings. Every step you took startled fresh clouds of the insects. They were about an inch and a half in length, somewhat like a grasshopper, and armed with two large, powerful, propelling saw-legs. The insects when we saw them were pursuing a southerly course, and many were the schemes put forward to get rid of them—some advocating the introduction of certain well-known locust-birds, others purposing to dig trenches and build long lines of fires, as the most effectual means of riddance. The locusts, by the way, did not hear the conclusion of the argument, as they went steadily forward, and landed in the sea near Geelong.

We have now come round, in the course of our circular tour, to Daylesford, seventy-eight miles from Melbourne. It is a town hidden amongst hills. It has a pretentious pink hospital, an unassuming mechanics' institute, and a small theatre. We performed in the latter building, which at this time was in a most wretched condition. It belonged to a second-rate public-house, at the back of which the theatre rose in all its brick simplicity. It was with great difficulty that we could get it ready for the evening. The interior was dingy, with cracked, mouldy walls, pasted over at places with flaring posters of dramatic companies. The public had to sit cheek-by-jowl with bare bricks and broken laths. In wet weather, the roof was so leaky that the rain formed in large puddles on the floor, and the audience had to put up their umbrellas! We found good halls in most places, but this was an exception.

Between Buninyong and Ballan we passed the township of Mount Egerton, the locality of one of the most daring bank robberies in Victoria of late years; while we struck the Melbourne high road at Gordon, where a bank manager travelling with a large sum of gold was cruelly murdered. Bacchus Marsh, our final stage previous to entering Melbourne,

was approached through clouds of locusts and thistledown—two curses of the colony combined. Many a one laments the ill-judged patriotism that induced an enthusiastic Scotchman to plant his national emblem in Australia. It has thriven but too well. Every wind blows its seed broadcast. The thistle nuisance has reached such gigantic proportions that a special Act of Parliament has been passed for its suppression.

Bacchus Marsh is reached in all directions by rather precipitous descents, and lies in a natural basin, surrounded by a girdle of sloping embankments. As the place seemed built for a flood, we commenced condoling with several of the inhabitants upon the great discomfort they must suffer from the inundations during the winter time; but judge of our astonishment when they told us it was the driest place in all the colony. We accepted the fact as one of the numerous paradoxes which are poked at you by the Australians. They delight in heaping up wonders for you. "Our seasons and months do not agree with yours; our cherries, as you will observe, grow with singular perversity stone outermost; our north wind is warm, and does not breathe of snow and icicles like yours; and our gum-trees shed their bark instead of their leaves."

The hotel we were living at was the scene of a little unpleasantness, for during the day the landlord got drunk, and had a fight with his groom for some trivial offence. The two combatants came swooping round the corner, the stableman lamenting a large portion of his shirt, and the landlord dancing about frantically with a beef-steak clapped to his eye. We ran in and hurriedly paid our bill to the landlady, who was in great fear of her husband. We determined to leave in the early morning, and went to bed as soon as possible—but not to sleep! The landlord had locked himself into the bar, and was swearing through the key-hole at everybody and everything in a gloriously uninterrupted manner, and it was not till after much coaxing, and at an early hour in the morning, that he was got out. We had then a short sleep, an early start, a breakfast half-way, and a dash into Melbourne near the close of the afternoon. So ended our eight weeks' tour of 600 miles.

CHAPTER V.

OVERLAND FROM MELBOURNE TO SYDNEY—A BUSH CONCERT —BEECHWORTH—"CAMPING OUT"—WAGGA WAGGA—FUNERAL OF AN EXPLORER.

Our projected overland journey from Melbourne to Sydney seemed to strike all our friends as a remarkable proceeding. They protested strongly against it—some of them conjured up bushrangers, who, of course, were long extinct in "respectable Victoria," but were still to be met with in the crude unsettled districts of New South Wales. Others spoke of rough roads and bad accommodation; but in the end, finding us determined, they changed their friendly remonstrances into suggestions, one enthusiastic individual writing us out a voluminous list of articles required for travelling. This wonderful document, amongst a host of items, urged coils of rope, advised hatchets, counselled tin cans and soup-basins, proposed nails, hammers, and screw-wrenches, and above all things impressed upon us the necessity of taking feed for the horses and food for ourselves!

We set out on the 17th of March 1873. It is best to be precise, though our journey was perhaps less eventful than an exploration into the interior. Our procession swept out of Melbourne. First our big dog Uno, bounding and barking with joy; then two of us riding on horseback; then the coach with its white cover on the roof, its team of four-in-hand, and Patrick holding the reins with an air of great dignity; and last, not least, the buggy, containing the respected persons of Pater and Mater. It was a hot-wind day. We had before us an implacably straight road, swept by a succession of dust-storms, which veneered horses, coach, and human beings with a white impalpable powder. On each side spread long grassy plains, sprinkled with homesteads, hay and corn stores, small public-houses, and blacksmiths' forges. It was a dreary, dusty drive for the first twenty miles or so, after which we left the hot plain and came under the shelter of swelling wooded knolls.

We rested at Kilmore, thirty-seven miles out, an agricultural

town, with 1600 of a population, mostly composed of Irishmen. Being St Patrick's Day, there was great celebration in Kilmore, two straggling, tuneless brass bands promenading the streets through the day, and a ball taking place in the evening. The town was further excited on the following morning by a trotting-match between a local pony and a presumptuous stranger mare—which event had some hundreds of pounds staked upon it. Towards noon the revellers of the preceding night emerged from the various hotels and lolled about the street corners, their intelligences in a very dim twilight state. Most of them, however, were sober enough to bet upon the race—one bemuddled man amusing us by persistently stuffing as his stake a handful of pound-notes into another's eye. In the afternoon the street was busy with the people returning from the race-course, the event having proved in favour of the Kilmore pony. The matter was on every tongue—groups of people discussed it in the roadway—horsemen stopped each other to congratulate or condole—while one excited equestrian dashed breathlessly up the street, yelling out the good news to the open-mouthed shopkeepers, who popped out feverishly on each side as he passed.

Then we went on to Seymour; thence again some twenty-eight miles to Longwood, so called from the seemingly interminable forest that leads up to it. The day was warm, and the road wound through continuous tracks of white, barkless saplings. There were as a rule few human beings visible, save where we came upon a small hut, when a bevy of wild children, followed by a bronzed mother, would scamper out to see the passing vehicle. Some of these cottages were curiosities in their way. They were composed wholly of large sheets of bark tacked together with canvas, the culinary and domestic operations being performed at the foot of the nearest tree. The inhabitants of these bark huts gain a livelihood by cutting and felling trees, which they cart in drays to the nearest township or railway station. Longwood seemed to the eye as if half-a-dozen cottages had sworn to a hotel and post-office that they would keep them company, and not leave them in the wilderness alone.

From Longwood to Violet Town was a heavy drive through sandy tracks, with the dust spouting from the wheels. A hotel, store, and post-office, in one block of buildings, constituted the whole place. As the daylight faded the chilly wind blew in deep gusts from the dark forest, and camp fires blazed out in

various quarters. A number of farmers from Major Plains, twenty-five miles distant, had encamped across the road from the hotel, and were busy boiling tea in large "billies"—meat, fowls, and bread plentifully supplying this practical matter-of-fact pic-nic. The passages of the small hotel swarmed with large-bearded, red-faced bushmen, blue-nosed coach-drivers, and commercial travellers. Huge logs blazed and crackled cheerfully in the large open fire-places. At dinner, we encountered some magnificent specimens of the colonial farmer—one a tall, strong-built Irishman, who treated his left-hand companion, a member of Parliament, to a very lucid description and condemnation of the Victorian Land Act, but who spoilt the effect and interest by declaring at the end that it cost him £200 a year for his "nobblers" or drams, and that no man could possibly say he was earning a living who banked less than £1000 per year.

We had some difficulty in getting quarters here, as the hotel was full. One limited room was occupied by six low trestle-beds placed side by side, and filling up the entire floor, so that to reach his humble couch the furthest sleeper had to step over five beds. "Shake-downs" or mattresses were also laid down on the floors of the other rooms. As we had determined to sing in every place, large or small, we gave our entertainment here. The largest room in the hotel was arranged in imitation of a hall. The table became the platform, and all the chairs about the house were gathered together. The lounging benches that stood in the verandah were brought in; tub-stools came from the kitchen; and rough pieces of timber, or halves of saplings, were laid on boxes with the rough, rounded side uppermost. By a little squeezing and good-humour on the part of the audience, a large number of people managed to get in. Most of them had come from many miles round. In all these country-places we used our "wee peeawny," as an old Scotsman called it. This was a square little instrument, four octaves and a half, made to our order by Wornum, of Store Street, London. Since then it has been all round the world—been baked beneath the suns of Queensland, and frozen amid the snows of Canada—been handled by Yankee "baggage-smashers" or railway-porters—has tumbled off carts and fallen downstairs; and, in short, has conducted itself in a roving way, such as no piano, I am perfectly certain, ever did before. It served us well, and kept marvellously well in tune. We packed it in a canvas cover, with leather handles to it, so that two of

us could carry it. The three legs were previously screwed off and enshrined in green bags. Within three or four minutes from the final chorus of "Auld Lang Syne," the piano was strapped up ready to go on the back of the coach. We regarded it as a valuable member of our family.

This township was a good sample of many others. They are all alike. You emerge from the bush into suburbs of stumps and felled trees, the first indications of progressing settlement—then you catch sight of a brick store with a wooden verandah in front—next, the humble post-office—finally, the low-roofed wooden hotel, with a swinging signboard, a group of coach passengers or riders, and horses fastened to the hitching-posts or railings. You pass these and come again into the vicinity of stumps; you cross a creek on a little bridge which is painted white to make it visible in the dark; then you disappear once more in the solitude of the trees. These townships are as much bush-girt as islands are sea-girt.

The hotel yard next morning was full of Cobb's mail-coaches, bound for various parts of the country. Soon with a clatter and a rush the coaches left. We had intended following the mail for the purpose of obtaining the shortest route to Benalla, but the information which we received about the road was so precise, so minute, and so intelligible, that we determined to proceed upon our own responsibility. This ended in our being lost five hundred yards from the town. We wandered for miles without seeing face or habitation, dashing on in great anxiety, losing tracks and finding fresh ones, till we struck a small hamlet. Here we gained some more precise and minute information, which sent us through innumerable paddocks with immense slip-panels, every individual bar of which had to be carefully taken out and replaced upon each occasion. We made a journey of seventeen miles extend to one of thirty.

Near Oxley, some few miles from Benalla, there was an encampment of blacks, and a company of four children and two women soon introduced themselves. One of the lubras was old, and very black, but with a blacker eye, which she had received during a recent "corroboree" or committee meeting of the natives. This assembly takes place once a month at every full moon. The old, plump, black woman had the usual flat nose, but it seemed to have acquired flatness beyond that of nature's bestowing. Her hair was long and glossy, and she was dressed in loosely-tacked corn-sacks. The other lubra was younger, and had white pearly teeth; she carried a baby

slung over her back, the little one fast asleep. The children were from six to twelve years old, and scampered about in costumes that seemed only a formal yielding to social requirements. The aboriginals are made to work at the Oxley Hotel, where we were staying, but they are somewhat lazy; and it was amusing to see the length of time they took to clean a candlestick, shake a hearthrug, or wash a plate. They presented us with a live opossum, which we kept as a pet for weeks afterwards. It was quite tame, It used to climb our knees, jump on the top of our heads, hang by its tail from our forefinger, scamper about the house, and scramble up window-curtains. It was, of course, no favourite of the landlady we had in Sydney, and one day we found it curled up dead, evidently poisoned, in a corner of our room.

We visited Wangaratta, and then went on to Beechworth. For some hours we went over a mangled and mutilated road, recently swept by floods of rain. Then the country began to rise, and we commenced the eight-mile hill, or series of hills, which lead up to Beechworth, and which seemed, in our ignorance of the road, to be endless. We almost expected to see a thunder-cloud trailing along the main street, or driving mists obscuring shops and houses. Beechworth is the chief town of the extensive Ovens and Murray District, and stands some 2000 feet above Melbourne, which is 185 miles distant. The air is pure and bracing. It is thought that when communication is facilitated, Beechworth will be greatly resorted to by those whose constitutions have been weakened by the warmer climates of Melbourne and similar low-lying districts. There is little if anything of digging to be seen. The only instance of gold-research we came upon was two Chinamen puddling away in a yellow debilitated creek, which humbly crept, as if in fear of being caught intruding, through a steep gully, the sloping sides of which glistened with glazed boulders and masses of volcanic stone. This ravine meets you just upon entering the town, and strikes the key-note to the general appearance of the country in this district, which is rugged, picturesque, and said to be rich in mineral wealth beyond that of gold.

Leaving Beechworth, an abrupt turn of the road brought us in sight of Yackandandah, lying far below in a level plain. This portion of the country goes by the name of the Valley of the Murray, and is famed for vine-growing. The landscape was thickly dotted with luxuriant vineyards, laid out in long symmetrical rows, and gleaming with the rich yellow tints of

autumn. Orchards, too, are numerous, and fruit plentiful to a degree, cartloads of peaches having rotted away in heaps by the roadside.

Between Yackandandah and Chiltern we came across a troublesome piece of road known as the "Gap," consisting of a steep precipitous rough-made track, winding down the side of a hill. It is the bugbear of the district. After long suspense we reached the level ground, but had scarcely gone twenty yards when the "kingbolt" of the coach (the pivot run down through the front axle) snapped in two, and with a crash the pole flew up into the air, smashing one of the horses' mouths, and elevating the swingle-bar high above the leader's back. With the greatest difficulty the animals were brought to a stand-still, and had it not been for two strong supplementary leather belts round the axle, the horses would have departed at full speed with a legacy of wheels. After half-an-hour's leverage with poles and saplings, we put in a spare bolt which we carried with us, and resumed our journey.

Two days after leaving Chiltern we crossed the Murray at Wahgunyah. In nautical phraseology we were twenty-three days out, and we gave a cheer as we passed into New South Wales. Eastward, on the north bank of the Murray, we drove forty-one miles to Albury, bowling along in an exhilarating manner, now and then startling great mobs of horses, who would snort and kick up their heels preparatory to a glorious stampede through the bush, and ofttimes charging through a herd of cows, who in turn would lower their heads with a look of courage, and then turn tail and amble ingloriously into a ditch.

Albury is the largest town on the River Murray, and has a population of 2000. Its principal industry is the manufacture of wines, and the fame of Albury has spread on bottle-labels from one end of Australia to the other. Near the river, upon an open space of ground, is erected a graceful marble obelisk to the memory of Mr Hamilton Hume, who discovered the River Murray in 1824, during his famous expedition from Sydney to Port Phillip. Our hotel accommodation in Albury was none of the best. Exteriorly, the building looked first class, and the interior was also excellent. But the people owning the hotel were marked parvenus. The hotel seemed to be in reality a place for the comfortable residence of the landlord and his family, the guests being continually in the way, and tolerated only as an unavoidable and inconvenient

way of making money. Our "farewell" to the hotel had a touch of gladness in it.

We are off now to Wagga Wagga, ninety miles north. It is a hard two days' journey, but the horses are fresh and well-rested. We make a start as usual in the early morning; all the forenoon we wind monotonously through endless sheep-runs, with no companions but the tuneful magpies and occasional clusters of sheep. At midday we pull up at a creek and camp for a couple of hours. We unharness the horses, and tie them to the trees round about us—then one of us runs down to the creek to fetch water, another spreads a white cloth on a sloping bank, and a third scrapes together chips, twigs, pieces of bark, and miscellaneous tinder, making a blazing fire against a tree stump. By this time the supplies are out of the coach—a cosmopolitan diet of canned meats—sardines from Paris, herring from Aberdeen, oysters from Baltimore, and currant-jelly from Hobart Town, Tasmania. While we are occupied with these, the "billy" is bubbling on the fire, and another large can is simmering with potatoes. The horses are busy crunching their maize; our driver is bedding up the fire with logs, and fanning it with his old slouched hat. He makes us some capital tea, which we enjoy with the hot potatoes. Then we stretch ourselves out in the shade, and enjoy a short dreamy siesta, for the day is warm. In half an hour we are up and bustling about, folding our tablecloth, collecting our tin pannikins, hooking our pail and billies to the back of the coach, collecting the horse-feed, and harnessing the horses. We are careful, too, to put out the fire—there is a heavy fine inflicted on any one who leaves anything burning in the bush. The grass is dry, and a spark sometimes will set it ablaze. A brief look round to see that nothing is left, and we are off.

Still the same wearisome scenery—trees, trees, trees everywhere—new vistas opening in front, and vistas fading away behind us. The track was ever winding—you had sometimes peeps of it far away ahead, but the trees would stalk in one by one and hide it; then it would appear once more in a fresh place, and we could see by the strange direction it went that we had many a bend and curve to make before we overtook it. Towards the close of the afternoon, the sun sinking lower in the sky ribbed the track with the long shadows of the trees, and glanced brightly at us through the openings in the foliage. Then the far-off timber seemed to rise and shut out the sunset, the track becoming suddenly dusky, and silence settling on us

all at once. In the midst of the quiet we kept watching the evolutions of the track, and as it slid about we personified it into some obstinate unearthly sprite or other, and we could almost imagine it chuckling at us during some of its more erratic moments. We had wished to reach the Billabong Creek by dusk, but at last regarded it as hopeless. Then a loud shrieking laugh burst out of the bush on our left. It was the vespers of the jackass-birds—a hideous discordant chorus. When this batch finished, another family of them took it up, a little further off; then another further still, and another, and yet another, till the laughs died away in the distance. Then came the faint tinkle of a bell, nearer and nearer, till at last we met a cloud of dust, out of which evolved a bullock-dray and driver. "Far from Billabong?" "No; a few miles." On again, poor sweaty, dusty team, and tired dusty passengers; there's a chance for you yet; and there's the moon just shining over the tree tops; and there, oh happiness! is a light glimmering ahead. Here at last is the solitary settler's house. Invisible dogs bark and howl at us from every point of the compass. We knock!—silence—there is no one at home. We hitch the horses up to a cattle-pen, and wait the arrival of the folks. On the other side of the creek a large fire is blazing, and round it a number of Wagga Wagga men, who have recently been driving bullocks to Melbourne, and are now returning after six weeks' journey. They come to the creek-side and pray across to us for only one thing—they want but little here below, and that little is butter, which we feelingly throw over to them in a piece of paper. By the light of the moon we see two women approaching the house; questioning them, we find they have visitors, and can only accommodate the ladies.

The males "camp out"—a romantic and manly feat in this clear, fine weather. We put the horses into a pen; then make a tent close by with a sheet of canvas, spreading a couch of straw and rushes, and covering them over with rugs and cushions from the coach. This makes an airy bedroom, and the moon shines brilliantly through the sheeting. Oppressed with a general sense of quietness and straw flavour, and soothed by a lullaby of tail-whisking and hay-munching at our ears, we fall asleep, but are rudely awakened next minute by Patrick, who tells us to get up. It is five o'clock A.M.—"next minute" has lengthened to seven long hours. It is still dark; the moon is low down on the horizon; the morning is cold and raw; and there is a brisk fire with a billy on it—our breakfast. We seize

the opportunity of the remaining moonlight to water the horses in the creek—not by any means an easy job, two of them escaping up the opposite bank, and keeping us breathless till they come back neighing for their companions. The moon has now given place to a feeble streak of daylight, and we are greeted by the mocking laugh of the jackass-birds, this time put to the blush by a civilised cock, who crows a most prodigious blast. As we depart we wave a mute farewell to our Wagga friends across the creek, whose fire by this time is faint and flickering. This day is like the last, dull and fatiguing. We have a midday camp as before, and a weary drive in the afternoon. We meet a man about five in the evening, who tells us we are three miles from Wagga. We hurry on, crossing a wooden bridge spanning the Murrumbidgee, and in the twinkling of an eye we are in the main street of the town amidst cheerily-lighted shops and a Saturday-night pavement crowd.

Wagga Wagga lies midway between Melbourne and Sydney, and is the metropolis of a wilderness. It is absolutely isolated from any, even the smallest township. Albury lies ninety miles south, Gundagai sixty-five miles east. Hay is the nearest township to the westward, but it is distant 140 miles as the crow flies; while northward there exists nothing but scattered settlements, with which there is no regular communication whatever. A person wonders at a town existing in such a lonely part of the country, but it is in reality an emporium for the convenience of the wealthy squatters residing in the neighbourhood. North, south, east, and west their large tracts of country run, the richest and most extensive in the colony; and it is quite refreshing to get hold of some enthusiastic inhabitant of Wagga, and hear him roll off the thousands of acres possessed by Mr Black, and the miles of territory owned by Mr White. The wives and daughters of these rich landowners make inroads into Wagga Wagga upon the receipt of the latest fashions from Melbourne or Sydney; while their lords and masters support local races, public balls, meetings, and charitable entertainments.

There are some fine churches in the town—the Church of England, Wesleyan, and Presbyterian, having each a place of worship. Besides the places of worship, there are other public buildings. There is the Masonic Hall, said to be the largest concert-room out of Melbourne, with a sumptuous proscenium, and a stage loaded with scenery. There are, however, scarcely any seats, and persons using the hall are compelled to place

planks over barrels, boxes, and brandy cases—a style of seating very laughable in such a pretentious structure. Another public building, which is among the "lions" shown to the visitor, is the hut once inhabited by the Tichborne claimant. The mean-looking hovel, now rented by a tinsmith, is jammed in between a larger shanty and a public-house in one of the by-streets. As a matter of course, you find the usual persons who parasitically attach themselves to famous or notorious characters. Smith knew the Claimant, and so did Grazing Tommy; Bilkins supped with him, and Wilkins drank with him; Barber Brown had his butcher meat from him for years; Robinson worked with him for months on end; as for Jones, you might almost say he lived with him; and, in fact, they all knew him, and a rare good fellow he was. It would surprise even "Tichborne" himself to know the number of bosom friends he left in Wagga Wagga.

On the way to Gundagai we were kindly invited by a squatter to spend the night at his house. Our journey from this station next morning was one of the most dangerous we had yet experienced. The private path leading to the main road had never been travelled by a coach and horses before, and ought never to have been, for the country was altogether unfit for conveyances of any sort. Deep gullies, rocky precipitous banks, and morasses covered with long waving grass followed each other in constant succession. At one time the wheels were covered almost over the axles with mud and water, and at another the coach was tilting on one of numerous acute sidelings; while the steep gullies would send vehicle and horses bundling together into awkward narrow creeks, which necessitated vigorous struggles to regain *terra firma*. This lasted for a number of miles, during which our driver Patrick coolly whistled his Irish airs, though he confessed afterwards to being somewhat frightened.

Gundagai is an extraordinarily clean-looking place, perched upon a hill-side, looking down upon some flats. These were marked with deep furrows caused by the heavy trunks of trees borne down by the floods. The flats are crossed by a bridge, three-quarters of a mile long, including the approaches upon either side. This bridge, which cost £45,000, connects North and South Gundagai, and is much appreciated in the winter time, when the water rises to the level of the footpath. Gundagai as at present seen is Gundagai No. 2—Gundagai No. 1, which was situated upon these flats, having been totally

destroyed by a fearful flood in 1852. A young squatter here gave us a reminiscence of the calamity. "It was an awful time," said he. "My father acted as minister of the place, and read the burial service over forty-five persons. Our house only escaped by a miracle. We had to stand on the window-sill with poles, and stave off the big trees and rubbish. But the logs kept battering against the house, and letting in the water. For a long time we could hear the chairs and tables washing about inside, and our grand piano bumping in every direction. Then after a bit the house fell away piecemeal, and it was all we could do to escape with our lives."

Yass, another town further east, was reached by a weary, weary drive of two days. There was no incident to lighten the journey, save when we came suddenly upon a large open glade covered thickly over with a dense flock of cockatoos, chattering away in undisturbed seclusion. When we broke in upon them, they rose in a large white cloud, circling and shrieking, and latterly flew to the shelter of the forest, where they clustered thick as orange blossom on the trees. Yass is built upon the borders of Yass Plains, a series of undulating downs, covered with rich grass, which, when we saw it, was somewhat browned by the sun. The sights of the town are its fine public buildings, the River Yass, and the great iron bridge which spans the river. The town is now fully fifty years old, and has that settled appearance which age of necessity brings. This half-a-century existence is unknown south of the Murray, and was a new thing to us.

The first person who travelled Yass Plains was Hamilton Hume, the explorer; he discovered this portion of the country during his famous expedition. For many years he resided in quiet seclusion at Yass, spending his old age in a neat rustic cottage, fondly pointed out to strangers by the inhabitants, who entertained for him high esteem and reverence. Strange to say, the moment we were entering Yass, the funeral of the venerable explorer was leaving it for the cemetery, which lay outside the town. The hearse was followed by forty vehicles, buggies, farmers' carts, light waggons, and carriages, belonging to doctors, squatters, hotel-keepers, shop-keepers, and tradesmen generally, the rear of the procession being brought up by a hundred horsemen, riding in couples, and representing even more fully every class of society, from the rough uncultivated bushman to the landed aristocrat. The spectacle was one of great interest, and approached the historical. Most of the

shops in the town were shut up, and the place altogether was straining every nerve to show respect.

A day's journey brought us to Goulburn, where we took the train to Sydney, a journey of 130 miles. All night we went booming over bridges, thundering through tunnels, and dashing between cuttings ninety feet high. The day dawns upon a landscape of villas and old-established houses. On we go, past chimney-stalks, manufactories, straggling streets, and stray steeples; through suburban stations, with busy porters and early business men. At last we see through morning mist a grey expanse of houses, and in a few moments are landed at the Sydney station. This ended our six weeks' overland trip, during which we travelled over 500 miles.

CHAPTER VI.

SYDNEY AND SYDNEY HARBOUR.

SYDNEY, the capital of the vast colony of New South Wales, is eighty-eight years old. The first expedition landed in 1788, and chose the now world-famed Botany Bay as the site of the new settlement. Port Jackson, however, was afterwards found more suitable, which can readily be believed, as no better harbour has been discovered in the colonies. Entering from the sea, you pass through the Heads, two high precipitous cliffs, the southern point crowned by a lighthouse. The sea rolls through, and breaks on a headland inside. The steamer you are in appears to be running upon the rocks, when the South Head moves past and discloses the full sweep of the harbour to the left, the view more resembling the windings of some mighty river than the ramifications of an inlet of the sea. After steaming for four miles you arrive opposite Sydney, which lies on the southern shore, street rising above street, with spires and steeples, —the water's edge lined with high warehouses, Government buildings, and Customs offices, which are almost hidden by the dense fringe of shipping along the quays and wharves.

Sydney is three and a half miles long, and three miles wide. The population, inclusive of the suburbs, is 134,758. George Street and Pitt Street are the chief thoroughfares, and were named after George III. and his Prime Minister. They run parallel with each other, and are intersected by King, Hunter, and Market Streets. Generally speaking, the thoroughfares of Sydney are narrow, cramping the traffic and crowding foot-passengers. "Yes, yes," a citizen said to us, "our streets are no doubt far from wide, but see the advantage in point of shade!" You feel nervous about the wheels of your vehicle, or the legs of your horse if you are riding. On the pavements of Pitt Street, you are either elbowing plate-glass windows or slipping off the kerb-stones. George Street is far more modern in appearance, and has a newer portion of commendable width. You feel the buildings would show to better advantage if you

could get a few feet further from them; they always seem to overshadow you. Sydney is a condensed city. The narrowness of the streets is perhaps to be accounted for by the practical, matter-of-fact nature of the first settlement, and the limiting influence of the water-frontage, the city being built upon a kind of peninsula, surrounded by indentations of the harbour. There are portions of Sydney that remind the stranger of familiar home streets; terraces and blocks of buildings that resemble the older fashionable squares of London or Edinburgh; while some of the by-streets are long, narrow, tortuous, and dirty, full of antiquated houses, with flights of coarse boulder-like steps.

We took lodgings in Wynyard Square, a locality of boarding-houses, boarding-hotels, and white-porched private dwellings. Our landlady was as smirking as possible, with excessively fashionable daughters. She was generally agreeable, but upon any disparaging remark being made as to the size or quality of chop or steak, she flared up as to her high birth, and wondered what her ancestors would have thought of this keeping of boarders!

We have not been long in Sydney before we bestir ourselves for sight-seeing. The first building that strikes us is the fine new Post-Office, with its high granite-pillared front. Then we walk along George Street, passing giant warehouses, large insurance offices, and the chief hotels of the city. We come to a wider portion of the thoroughfare, near the market. Here there is life. We see a stream of traffic, with every description of vehicle. We see a blind man groping along with outstretched palm, and a card, "Sight lost by blast in gold mine;" a man selling sixpenny maps of New South Wales; boys shouting the daily papers, "'Airuld" and "Empi-i-re!" and a manual fire-engine, "No. 2," hauled by one horse, going off to some smoky chimney. What a splendid structure that is on our right, with a lofty symmetrical tower! "Boy, what is the name of this large building?" "Tow Nall, sir." The Town Hall? This then is the pride of Sydney, the theme of every one's conversation. It has a good deal of confectionery ornament about it, and no massiveness, but is possessed of great beauty. Look! a heavily-built fashionable carriage rumbles past, a relic of a bygone generation; then a neat private two-horse carriage; hullo, it's a hackney cab, a cab for hire! how clean and tidy it looks! See! would you recognise in that fresh, shining, new-cushioned, hansom-cab, your old friend the London conveyance? No; not a bit of it. We meet a Scotsman, an official in the Mint, who takes us through the building. Passing an

armed patrol at the door, we enter the furnace-room, where we are as interested as chemical smells will allow us. In another department, machines flatten bars of gold into thin plates, which are then punched into circular unstamped coin. We see one man take a pot full of sovereigns from the annealing furnace, cool them in water, and dry them in a sieve of sawdust. Some of the pieces fall out and roll into corners, but he takes no notice, and goes on shaking the remainder. There are no cracks in the floor. Another man sits at the die-press with a fortune in a tray, and some hundreds of blank coins in a drawer beside him. We are quite bewildered in this room with elaborate machines—machines that seem to think—machines with long brass fingers that poise the sovereigns, weigh them, and drop them into one of three openings, "light," "heavy," and "true." Strange to say, with all the improvements, ten to fifteen per cent. of the sovereigns have to be re-melted, and fifty to seventy per cent. of the half-sovereigns. The Scotsman who shows us round mentions that the workmen are of good character, and treat the gold as an ordinary metal. He spoils the sentiment, however, by immediately proving to us the impossibility of any of the hands stealing. They each get a certain amount of gold to operate upon, accompanied with a slip of paper stating the purpose and value. This slip the workman returns to the office, along with the exact weight of gold in sovereigns or otherwise. Those of the men whose work causes necessarily an escape of gold-dust have half-an-hour allowed them to sweep the floor and make up their weight.

Then we drive out to Randwick, a suburb, where we go through the Asylum for Destitute Children, an institution which stands on an elevated airy site. We see ward after ward, and row after row, of clean little white beds; view a host of young folks at dinner; hear the capital band of the institution playing in the quadrangle garden; walk into the hot-smelling kitchen, savoury with immense soup, beef, and vegetable cauldrons; and finish our visit at the playground—a swarming jubilant scene of jollity and gymnastics. There is a splendid race-course at Randwick, much patronized by the governor, Sir Hercules Robinson.

In the evening we visit the School of Arts in Pitt Street—an institution possessing an exhaustive library, an extensive reading-room, and a capacious hall, in which latter we sang for seven weeks in Sydney. Going down the street about eleven o'clock

at night, we see a public-house and oyster-saloon still open, with a vagrant band playing in front, the gaslight sending the shadows of the performers looming up against the closed windows and shutters of the buildings across the way. Turning from Pitt Street to George Street, we come into a quieter neighbourhood—no flaring taverns, no open shops. We see a dim cab-rank, with the dark figure of a perched-up driver dozing over his hansom—a phantom policeman statuesque at a corner—a spectre billsticker putting up on a dead wall the sheets of a large poster; and a string of sailors, arm in arm, spread over the pavement, shouting capstan choruses.

There are 120 churches in Sydney. Our lodgings were close to Church Hill, a rising ground, owing its name to the number of sacred edifices clustered round it. Every Sunday morning bells rang out in great variety of tone. One chime, about ten o'clock, ere the other peals set in, floated out sonorously the melodies of psalm and hymn tunes. Of the Presbyterian churches Dr Lang's is the oldest—the "Scots Kirk," as it is called, an ancient building with a stunted short spire and a very uncomfortable interior. The foundation-stone was laid on the 30th November 1833. Dr Steele's church is an iron one, made and used in Glasgow, then exported to Sydney. The Rev. Mr Thomson's church is well built and very spacious; but as the worthy clergyman had lately been created the Principal of a newly-formed St Andrew's College, Dr Steele preaches in his stead, the two congregations uniting in the more substantial building. The town churches are not so flourishing as one would expect. People say the congregations have drifted to the suburbs. The Rev. Dr M'Gibbon's church in Wooloomooloo had been recently built to accommodate the outlying population, and has been so far successful. There is, too, a healthy congregation in Balmain, under the Rev. Mr Cosh, a spirited worker, lately missionary in the South Sea Islands.

We were invited by the veteran Dr Lang to take tea with him, and we had a most interesting evening. We were carried away back in the annals of Australia. The Doctor's talk was of a bygone generation—of the early strifes, politics, separations, Parliaments, and Governors of the colonies. He came to Sydney in the month of May 1823, and ever since has identified himself with New South Wales; the review of his career would almost be that of the colony. He has been in Parliament, and mixed in the heat of politics; he resigned his seat in the Legislative Assembly about the close of 1872.

The separations of Victoria in 1851, and Queensland in 1859, were a great deal due to the unflagging energy of Dr Lang, who has also been foremost in the cause of immigration. Though an old man over seventy, he still takes part in public affairs, and is now preparing a fresh edition of his excellent *History of New South Wales*, one of the numerous works he has written on the colonies.

On Sunday evening we went to St Andrew's Cathedral, Church of England, situated in George Street, where we heard a most excellent service. In King Street is a dingy brick building, one of the most fashionable places of worship in Sydney—St James's Church, to which I saw the Governor and his lady driving in an open carriage. Pitt Street boasts a large Independent Chapel, which has a popular preacher and a crowded attendance, the body of the church and the immense gallery that surrounds it being always densely thronged.

The public parks of Sydney are unequalled. Hyde Park is a reserve of some forty acres almost in the centre of the town, adorned with a statue of Captain Cook, the foundation-stone of which was laid by the Duke of Edinburgh. The more recently-formed reserves are the Prince Alfred Park, Belmore Park, and Moore Park, the latter occupying 500 acres to the south-east. A short time ago this park was legally reclaimed to the town by a Mr Moore, then mayor of Sydney, the land having been regarded as the property of an influential capitalist. The Domain is a charming piece of ground, 138 acres in extent, on the banks of an inlet entitled Farm Cove. The Botanical Gardens, close to it, have been established for thirty-five years. They are positively lovely, with their bewildering profusion of palms, bananas, cactuses, fern-trees, and an infinite variety of tropical plants. Tasteful gravel walks wind about the grounds and skirt the dark blue waters of the little bay. Really a place to dream in, on a sunny day, under the shadows of the broad-leafed vegetation; with perhaps a trickling fountain on one hand, a rustic bridge on the other, and avenues stretching away before you to still further shady seclusion.

As to Sydney Harbour, the praises of it rang in our ears when we first landed in the colonies, and we heard accounts of it from all sources in all kinds of places. We soon went to see the much-talked-of wonder. At first we craned our necks from the top-storey window of our lodgings, but we could only see a small triangular patch of water almost filled up with the masts

and yards of ships. And yet our landlady claimed a View. Every hotel and lodging-house, if it commands but a speck of water, advertises a View. We even saw one or two houses overlooking the harbour on tiptoe—that is, with about twelve feet of solid masonry as a foundation, and the front door reached by a narrow flight of steps. In Melbourne, people demand your opinion of the city. In Sydney they ask, "What do you think of the Situation?" Had it a political significance they would not ask it with more earnestness. "What about the situation? Have you been down to the harbour to get the View? Have you been right up to the tip-top of the lighthouse and seen the View? Have you been over to the North Shore and gazed at the View? Have you been in one of our steam ferry-boats and seen the View?"

A sail round the harbour and a pic-nic in one of its hundred pleasure grounds! What could be more delightful? A kind, attentive Sydney friend proposed and projected this, getting together an enjoyable company of folks, and chartering a small steam launch of ten tons burthen, which one forenoon awaited us at a convenient point of Darling Harbour, on the western side of the town. The sky was clear, with not the faintest fleck of cloud—a state of the atmosphere very common in this part of the world, almost worth travelling 12,000 miles to see. I believe it would pay Mr Cook to project Excursions to the Blue Skies of Australia and Back. The water also was a deep blue, not only afar off, but blue even to where it lapped the stone steps of the quay; dipping it up with your hand, you almost felt disappointed to find it colourless. After we had seated ourselves on the cushioned seats in the stern of the launch, the fore-part was loaded with boxes of provisions. We went up as far as Cockatoo Island, famous for its Fitzroy Dry Dock, a Government establishment for overhauling and repairing vessels, where we saw a French man-of-war on the stocks. Then we turned eastward again, passing Dawes Point, with its battery of a few guns; Sydney Cove, with its important circular quay, 3100 feet long, constructed by convict labour; and Farm Cove, a charming bay, backed by the Botanical Gardens and the elegant residence of the Governor. Here were a number of small craft fitting out for the suppression of the slave trade in the South Sea Islands. Passing "Lady Macquarie's Chair," a stone seat carved out of the solid rock, we sailed through Watson's Bay; then doubled the rocky point on which the sea breaks coming through the Heads,

once the scene of a terrible shipwreck, with no survivors. Our little steamer tumbled about here, but we soon got into smooth water in the Middle Harbour, the high-wooded banks of which resembled the scenery of the River Hudson in America. We had a glimpse of Manly Beach, styled by Sydney folks "the Brighton of Australia," and Clontarf, the pleasure-garden where the Duke of Edinburgh was shot by O'Farrell—our sail concluding in Pearl Bay, where the steamer rasped and grounded some distance from the shore. A boat came off and took the ladies round a projecting point. Then one of the gentlemen swam about, viewed the situation, and got on the rock along with a brother *sansculotte*. Both set to work pushing off, those on board canting the vessel over, till at last the launch slid away, one of the gentlemen clinging to the gunwale, and the other being left a knee-deep, melancholy, shivering white figure. When the boat came, he was right glad to be relieved, as for most of the time he had been standing on oysters. Safely landed, we beheld a table on shore spread with every imaginable delicacy—a sumptuous feast, which was discussed amid laughs over our adventure, exclamations as to the beauty of the day, and admiration of the lonely loveliness of the scenery. After three ringing cheers for our host, we all got on board again, arriving at Sydney in the twilight.

On a later occasion we went round the harbour fortifications, constructed after the plans of Sir William Denison. There are two batteries on the Middle Head, with seven 68-pounders at a height of 107 feet; at Bradley's Head there are three guns at a height of ninety feet, and at another point six guns at a height of 200 feet. These are on the northern shore, but there are also fortifications near the South Head, with long sunken trenches of masonry for the safety of the gunners.

Nor must we forget the walks around the harbour. The best of these is the South Head Road, which takes high ground and leads to the lighthouse, following the windings of the bays—a nice, smooth, red, sandy road—commanding the unsurpassable View. There is another walk down by the shore from Sydney Cove to Woolloomooloo Bay, constructed by order of Lady Macquarie about the beginning of the century, almost equal to the former road in point of beauty. A third walk can be had in the Domain close to the town. The South Head Road is for an extended airy horse-ride, Lady Macquarie's walk for a stroll, and the Domain for a fashionable drive. Oh, the strolls, the

rides, the drives!—leaving the smoke, noise, and crowd of the city, and in a few minutes breathing suburban air on the heights around Port Jackson, with the endless minute beauties of the harbour combined into one grand picture. Before you stretch lovely bays, rimmed with beaches of dark yellow sand—miniature capes, headlands, and peninsulas, furry with shrubbery or velvety with lawns. Elegant mansions are shining out in the strong sunlight—the water is smooth and dotted with vessels, some being tugged out to the Heads, some sailing in under easy canvas, some lying moored off the different points of land. The harbour is spacious, but you have never the idea of a bare expanse of water. The opposite shore is always near. You can recognise this house and that house—you can see horsemen riding and vehicles running—you can almost distinguish the people stepping into the ferry-boats.

One sunny afternoon a gentleman drove us down to the Domain, and upon reaching a part overlooking "Lady Macquarie's Chair," he drew up and sat silent. Other vehicles arrived, and the folks ogled one another, looking deeply interested. We asked what it all meant, and were told this was the "gazing place of the fashionables," where they assemble in fine weather, and take stock of each other while ostensibly viewing the harbour.

There is one thing you make note of before you have been three days in Sydney—the number of middle-aged people who have been reared in the colony, whose fathers were born in it. Considering the length of time that New South Wales has been established, there is nothing strange in this; but it seems peculiar after experience of Melbourne, where nearly every mature man carries about with him the date of his arrival in Australia. Walking Sydney streets you miss the Chinese flavour in the crowd; John seems to have no foothold, no opening for his specialities as in Melbourne. You see a preponderance of the Jewish cast of countenance. In Sydney, also, there is an old established criminal class, which Melbourne, being a younger city, does not possess. This sediment, this vicious substrata of society, is very appreciable, both in the streets and in police reports; a Sydney crowd can muster its roughs with any place we have seen. There is one deplorable character to be met with, the "larrikin," who is indigenous to the colonies generally, though Melbourne is more particularly his home. He is a wild youth, a creature bred by the absence of parental control—a lower-class youth, but not necessarily very poor, very

wretched, or very young. You would not know him if I were to call him a street arab, a rowdy, or one of the "great unwashed." Like some foreign phrases, he is untranslatable. His misdeeds are unique, and excel those of inebriated medical students in bygone days. The larrikins, in gangs of twenty and thirty, break street-lamps, wrench off knockers, tear down fences, mob and maltreat policemen, hustle respectable people at noon-day, and at night assault some sober citizen and rob him. Taken in a mouthful, this reads like exaggeration, but scarce a week passes without some larrikin outbreak. Even while writing these lines, I see by the newspapers that a band of youths in Maryborough, Queensland, broke through the windows of a schoolroom, smashed up the forms and desks, split up every penholder with a knife, poured the ink bottles over the maps, ripped up the large globes, and did damage to the amount of £40 sterling. The larrikin nuisance has become a deep social question.

Sydney folks delight in holiday-making. We were in Sydney on the Queen's Birthday, and beheld the people in their pleasure-garb. We seem to see yet the smiling faces, the gay dresses, the baskets of provisions, the good humour of the crowds wending their way to the steamboats or packing themselves into omnibuses. Steamers moved in and out, freighted with their hundreds. The ships in the harbour fluttered with flags—cannon fired from the batteries—church bells rang—banners waved from the hotels and public buildings. Crowded vehicles were driving off to Botany Bay, Bondi, or Coogee Bay, with hampers of eatables roped behind. Horsemen and pedestrians were travelling to see the grand review of 1700 volunteers in Moore Park. Sydney went out of town in a whirl of gaiety.

There are eleven suburbs. Newtown, Glebe, Waterloo, Redfern, and Woolloomooloo are situated close to Sydney, and connected with it by ligaments of streets. Balmain is a high picturesque suburb, occupying a point of land, with streets sloping down to the harbour, and peopled chiefly by the middle classes. The principal work here is Mort's dry dock, 365 feet long, and 70 feet wide, which employs, with a large shipbuilding yard, nearly 800 men. The other suburbs are Paddington, two miles east, possessing the large Victoria Barracks; Randwick, with its racecourse and asylum; Camperdown, three miles up the Parramatta Road; Burwood, a railway station six miles distant; and Hunter's Hill, a fashionable resort on the Parramatta River.

Parramatta, distant fifteen miles from the metropolis, is too

far off to be considered a suburb, even if it had not a municipal and historical importance. It is an old town, settled in 1790 under the title of Rose Hill. The town lies in a hollow surrounded by low knolls. The streets are wide, the houses old, and the whole place quaint. Not a few spires are visible, some new, some ancient, and about the oldest is the square-built castellated tower of the Presbyterian Church, a plain building with a good congregation. The hotel we lived at was a family hotel. Tropical plants surrounded the house, and a rich orange tree was pushing its way into our bedroom window. And talking of oranges, who has not heard of the golden fruit of Parramatta? The orange groves are a sight to see—long straight rows of small trees speckled with flaring yellow fruit, drawing down the boughs with their abundance, and filling the air with fragrance—the oranges delicious to look at, but still more pleasant to be plucked fresh from the tree, and tasted in all their pure beady juiciness.

In Sydney we were favoured at first with fine weather. Then came a change—gloomy days, rainy nights, accounts of floods, coach accidents, and delayed mails. This was followed by bright skies again. And so the pleasant days wore on, till we left the old, grey, historical, rapidly-modernising city, and sailed for Brisbane.

CHAPTER VII.

BRISBANE—THE WILDS OF QUEENSLAND—THE GYMPIE GOLD FIELD—THE QUEENSLAND BLACKS.

In July of 1873, we sailed from Sydney to Brisbane. Steamboat life is the same here as at home. You have the same close cabins and saloon, the same red velvet-cushioned seats, the same sickly-smelling zinc-covered stairs, the same stokers, and the same broad-speaking Glasgow engineer—but not the same captain. The Australian skipper is a distinct species of being—there is nothing at all sailor-like in his appearance. When you have singled out from the crowd on the wharf some stout florid commercial traveller, and said to yourself, "That is the captain," behold! a meagre gentleman in a black coat, a white shirt-front, a coloured necktie, and a straw hat, steps on board and shouts his orders to the un-nautical crew. You are also astonished at the mate, with his trim suit, trim whiskers, rings, and gold chain, and you are equally amazed at being served by stewards with elegant moustaches and hair parted down the middle.

Sydney to Brisbane is a distance of 500 miles, which took us fifty-four hours—not a very high rate of speed. We left at six o'clock in the evening, and rose in the morning to a fine sea-picture. The sky was blue and cloudless. The scenery was bold and mountainous. The coast was outlined in foam. The green seas were breaking upon the shore, washing and swirling round the rocks, climbing up the shaded sides of the cliffs, and bursting in the sunshine on the summit into clear masses of spray. Scores of porpoises leapt about the ship—an exciting, inspiriting scene. The journey on the whole was pleasant, and the passengers agreeable. We became acquainted with a young Melbourne gentleman, and contrived to pass the time with him in interesting discussions. His doctrines, however, were somewhat unique, and he maintained his views in a lofty philanthropical manner, supporting his arguments as if they were so many paupers. Between us we effectually disposed of the

National Debt, the Land Question, and the Divine Right of Kings. The captain was genial, though at table he proved himself a perfect Munchausen, pouring into unsuspecting ears the most absurd improbabilities—all, too, with such an air of candour that it threw folks off their guard. We had heard of his powers ere we came on board, but he almost managed to hoodwink us with his fictions while apparently busied in something else—handling his knife and fork, or crumbling a piece of bread—his most flagrant efforts being made under cover of reaching for the cruet-stand. He commenced telling us in his usual off-hand ways :

"Fine flavour this tea—best tea I've tasted for weeks—(a sardine, steward !)—it was lucky I got it as I did—the Marquis of Normandy, Queensland Governor, you know, had—(a-hem, hem ! something in my throat, I think !)—had ordered a large quantity of it from Hong Kong—the finest Bohea, mind you (another cup, Williams)—he bought more than the family could use ; so (I'll take the butter, please)—so I got three chests of the tea from the Marquis, and—and——" "Ah, captain," said we, shaking half a dozen remonstrative fingers—"ah, captain, how could you?" He gravely winked, and answered in a whisper—"Gentlemen, you've found me out, but—but—you'd wonder how many believe me !" During the rest of the time the captain devoted himself to a convalescent English curate and his brother, giving them a comic account of the coast—how Smoky Cape got its name from the fumigation of a cave full of escaped convicts—how the Solitary Islands were inhabited each by one man—how Cape Byron was so called because a relation of the poet Wordsworth lived there—and how Point Danger, strange to say, was the safest promontory on the coast, with other facts that eventually opened the eyes of the two mild people.

In time we sighted the Dividing Range, the border-line between New South Wales and Queensland, with Mount Warning in the foreground, a sharp fantastic peak 3833 feet high. A few hours afterwards we sailed into Moreton Bay, the entrance to the River Brisbane—a wide expanse of water, which formerly gave its name to this large district. The Moreton Bay District became Queensland upon the separation from New South Wales. On this occasion we sailed up to Brisbane in the evening, but subsequently we came through the bay by daylight, steering through a long double line of black and red beacons, passing a large training-ship for the irregular youth of Queens-

land, and viewing the island of St Helena, a convict station so called in bygone days when a black, by name Napoleon, was put on it for some offence. We did not get this fact from the captain!

The River Brisbane is very broad and winding, and narrows very imperceptibly. High banks stretch up on either side, with green and yellow squares of cultivation, and occasional patches of sugar or tobacco. Nearing Brisbane, you have numerous views of its suburbs. While you are admiring the prospect, there is an abrupt turn, and a high knoll interposes itself. Soon there is a break in the river-banks, and the houses re-appear in quite a different direction altogether. Again a high slope glides past, and again the houses pop in sight, looking as when you first saw them. Then the vessel swings round, and the suburbs disappear behind four or five hundred yards of dull lifeless banks. These taper down, and we have more windings and more glimpses—glimpses ahead, astern, and abeam, till finally we steam round Kangaroo Point, a sharp elbow of the river, and come in view of the metropolis.

Brisbane, the capital of Queensland, lies twenty-five miles from the mouth of the river. It is a new-looking town, with fine wide streets. There are four divisions—North and South Brisbane, separated by the river; Kangaroo Point, a small peninsula formed by an eccentric turn of the stream; and Fortitude Valley, a suburb to the eastward—the total population being 20,000. The chief street has an irregular sky-line, few of the buildings being alike in size or structure. But there are many fine stores and warehouses. From the verandah of the Royal Hotel we have a good view of the town. Immediately opposite stands the gleaming white post-office, surmounted by a gilt-lettered transparent dial and a small peal of bells. Next to it, the police station, a low, white-washed building, with an interested crowd always hanging about. On the other side of it we see, over the new telegraph office, a cluster of masts and yards, the shipping on the river, with a flapping red pennant standing out against the green banks on the opposite side. To our right and left stretches Queen Street, the principal thoroughfare, with a cab rank in the middle, and Albert cars or Melbourne cabs flying up and down. We see, too, great numbers of blue and white sign-painted verandahs, a family resemblance in them all. From the rear of our hotel we look across an array of back-yards and gardens, with waving banana-

trees. The street is busy with horsemen ; with big red coaches, rumbling to the post-office with the mails ; and drays with twelve, fourteen, and in some cases twenty bullocks attached. Aboriginals, male and female, and Polynesians from some up-country sugar plantation, stroll about, with blue-striped trousers, short coats, and umbrellas ; while little boys are to be seen chewing away at sugar-cane, two and three feet long, using it as a walking-stick and eating the upper end. There is an hour in Brisbane when the *élite* of the town drive out ; when Mr Acres, the squatter, leaves his private apartment in the hotel, and exhibits his landed self in a buggy ; when the Reverend Blank unpaddocks his horse, and canters round on visits ; when the fashionable father rides alongside his fashionable daughter ; when Mr Innkeeper, Mr Grocer, and Mr Draper air their respective families in their several "sociables ;" and when every person is showily dressed, every horse sleek, and every vehicle speckless.

The Parliament House is the grandest building in the city, a three-domed structure, which occupied seven years in its erection. A broad flight of steps, inlaid with mosaic work, leads up into the interior, the head of the staircase ornamented with a stained-glass Queen Victoria. The Upper House is an airy light-painted hall, with a blazing coat of arms at one end. The Lower House looks a trifle less sumptuous, the Speaker's chair, however, being an admirable specimen of colonial wood and colonial workmanship. The library, solely for the use of the members, is large. There is an ornamental glass case containing works relating to the late Prince Consort, presented by the Queen, who has with her own hand written the presentation pages. The Houses of Parliament overlook the Botanical Gardens. These form a pleasant walk by the riverside, and have one peculiar feature—a bamboo grove, which is really exquisite, the lofty bending stems meeting from either side and forming a leafy corridor.

Scotsmen are very numerous in Brisbane, and we received much kindness from them both in public and private. We sang in the School of Arts, which has a fine capacious hall. There is also, in connection with it, an excellent library and reading-room, where, in addition to the English papers, you can read the latest expensive scientific work or fashionable novel, and see the leading illustrated papers of Britain, Germany, and France.

The river at Brisbane is a quarter of a mile broad. Small

steamboats run to Ipswich, fifty miles further up, their large red churning stern-wheels giving life to the river. These, with sailing-barges and wood-rafts, make up the usual every-day traffic. The Australian Steam Navigation Company's steamers call in once or twice a-week, and occasionally ships from foreign ports, though these latter are generally of limited tonnage. The larger vessels have to lie outside the bar at the mouth of the river. At the west end of the town a massive iron girder-bridge crosses the river. It is almost finished, and will cost £100,000.

To have a satisfactory view of Brisbane and neighbourhood you must ascend the heights behind the town, from whence there is the full sweep of a verdant country, with near hills and the far-off shadowy peaks of the Dividing Range. You see the river winding towards you through the landscape, till it loses itself amidst the bright expanse of new painted fresh-looking buildings at your feet. Then, gliding past the palatial seat of Parliament, it glistens here and there in the gaps between the houses, twisting and turning away on your left, imbibing the full-flowing Breakfast Creek, and suddenly disappearing in one of its many windings to the sea. Both on the north and south sides of the river there are numerous charming walks—quiet meditative nooks, rural roads, or busy streets—variety enough to please every one. We passed altogether a pleasant fortnight—the weather being generally mild, as befitted the winter month of July, with a noon-day glare of hot sun, to remind us of the semi-tropical climate.

Brisbane is a flourishing town in every sense of the word. Nine out of ten houses are freehold, and there is a well-to-do appearance about the people. Tradesmen are confident, and the folks generally are hopeful. It is a really fine city, the capital of a young and thriving colony. Queensland, which for a time formed a northern district of New South Wales, did not come into separate existence till 1859. Like all growing settlements, it has had its difficulties, and these of no common kind. At first, it had a season of fictitious prosperity, flourishing on borrowed funds, precociously raising a national debt. But in 1866 there came a serious commercial crisis, paralysing trade, and creating a panic. People every morning scanned the newspapers for the latest failure. The affairs of the banks went into chaos, and no business was transacted. An "A. S. N." captain told us that, while collecting passage-money on the steam-boats, he had bundles of useless cheques lying on his

hands, signed by persons "right as a trivot." All ended happily, however, for the banks paid up every farthing.

In the midst of the crisis the public works stopped, and the Government railway extensions came to an abrupt close. Hundreds of labourers were discharged—crowds clamoured in the streets—half-starved people invaded butcher and baker, demanding meat and bread. Riots were feared, and the community was in agitation and disorder; when, in the nick of time, like the opening of a door to relief and safety, there broke out the great Gympie gold diggings. Away north, up amongst the hills, rushed the starving hundreds, finding food and employment, and forming the foundation of one of the most prosperous townships in the colony. This gold-rush, bringing miners from all portions of Australia, brought also a great addition to the Government revenue, and it would not be too much to say that Gympie saved Queensland from bankruptcy. Lately tin has been discovered in extraordinary richness at Stanthorpe and other places in the southern districts. Coal and copper also have been found at different parts, awaiting larger development in the future. Nearly all kinds of grain are raised, and nearly every species of fruit. Wool, the chief product, is grown on the famous Darling Downs and the wide western plains. Everything betokens prosperity. The infant colony has at length grown to a vigorous youth. It has had its juvenile ailments, commercial croup and monetary measles, but is now convalescent, and will advance to successful maturity.

From Brisbane we went north to Gympie, the hardest four days' travelling we ever had in Australia. We still possessed our coach and team of horses, having shipped them with us from Sydney. About six in the morning we left the Royal Hotel, with something like a cheer from the stableman and waiter. During the whole of the day we had a weary, lonely bush road. Forty-three miles out, and towards evening, we reached a wayside inn, kept by a Perth woman. Here we had every attention and every possible comfort, for she was a "real nice body," and bustled about in a heart-warming Scottish fashion. The house had a fine situation. Standing outside, we looked across the road—then across a paddock filled with horses—then across a creek running through a small gully—then over a black sea of tree-tops, till we saw, rising sheer from the surrounding country, two strange isolated purple peaks, lit up in the bright sunset—one a naked cliff, the other a precipice

grafted upon the summit of a hill. They can be seen far out at sea. The name of Glass Mountains was given to them by Captain Cook.

On the second day of our journey the road was rougher and the scenery grander. The vegetation was more tropical in appearance, with luxuriant growth near the creeks. A passage in many places had been cut through the dense scrub, and once or twice, while resting the horses, we tried to grope our way through the prickly maze but failed. On each side of us rose high banks surmounted by lofty trees, which towered up like walls. Coach and horses seemed to dwarf as we passed through this precipitous vegetation. The air was filled with forest fragrance. The thickset, straight, tapering timber was interwoven with parasites, like natural trellis-work, with long leafy tendrils trickling down from a great height. On every side flourished the iron-bark, blue-gum, Moreton Bay pine, and the Bunya Bunya pine—the latter a splendid tree, rising to the height of 150 feet. There were bushes, too, with blue, yellow, and red blossoms. Birds whistled, some of them with quaint songs, one having great resemblance to a vigorous kiss or "smack." Just before reaching the mountainous portion of the journey some rain fell, creating a steamy marshy smell.

We had to walk for many miles this second day, urging the horses three yards at a time up the long hills. "Folks generally swear here," said Patrick with an air of information, at the foot of a formidable ascent—"a good long oath; it makes the horses go better." No doubt; but—hum—we could never think —ahem! of— The very thing! use the names of Scotch songs. We started up the hill. "Jo-o-ohn Grumlie!" shouted one; "Ye Banks and Bra-a-aes!" shrieked another; "Get up and Bar the Door—oh!" yelled a third, frightening one of the leading horses, who sticks manfully into his collar. On we go. "Oh, why left I my Ha-a-ame!" takes us an immense distance; "Castles in the Air!" gets the coach up about fifteen yards; "We're a' Noddin'!" delivered with impassioned fervour, makes great difference in the speed; "My Heart's in the Highlands!" in despairing accents, sends us half-way up a slope; while "Tam Glen," "Ower the Hills an' far Awa-a-a!" in fierce excited tones by the entire company, bring us hoarse, perspiring, and exhausted to the mountain's brow. Near the top of another ascent, the "Devil's Elbow," we fairly stuck. We found it no use to shout or lash or shoulder the wheels. The poor brutes spluttered and tore up a foot or so; then came to a halt. We

had to unharness them ; there was no help for it ; twilight would soon be setting in. So we left our driver Patrick in charge of the coach, and trudged with the horses seven weary miles to Cobb's Camp, a wayside house, where we arrived amid rain and darkness. This inn was kept by a German, an honest, good-hearted man. We housed the animals, and made arrangements for additional horses in the morning. After tea we found the host and hostess in the verandah peering out into the darkness for the expected horse-express going down to Brisbane with late letters for the home mail. The man was behind time. The night was wet, black, and stormy. The rustle and creak of the trees, the hiss and beat of the rain, prevented us from hearing distinctly, as we strained our ears for some sound of his approach. Once during a lull we made sure we heard the thump of horse hoofs, but the wind swept by and we lost them completely. He was up and close upon us with his white horse before we knew, and in a second he was off and into the bar, where he undid his dripping glazed coat and told the folks the weather was bad, and that the roads were bad, and that the fall he had was bad, and that the same horse had rolled over him twice before, and that altogether he felt like taking a glass of brandy. He stayed all night, and left with his saddle bags early in the morning.

We left not long after him, taking two fresh horses, and finding Patrick comfortably asleep inside the coach, covered up with rugs, with a portmanteau for his pillow. This day's travelling was unspeakably rough, with descents over rocks and boulders, the coach running through the high grass, and shipwrecking upon sunken roots of trees. In the midst of the wilds a tall, fierce, half-naked black started up in front of us. "Lickspince" (sixpence), said he—"Give song," said we—and to our utter amazement he burst forth into a grotesque, barbarous version of "Auld Lang Syne," which he had no doubt heard sung at nights round the fireside of some lonely Scottish shepherd on one of the great outlying sheep-stations. We met, too, a perspiring, red-faced man "swagging it" from Gympie—a plasterer, who was disgusted with the place. "Fancy," he exclaimed, "they wanted me to work for 8s. 4d. a-day—the place is going to the dogs!" We made only a stage of eighteen miles this day, so heavy were the roads. We stayed all night at a small inn. One of us had to sleep on a table, while I lay on the bar-room sofa, having for lullaby a game of "euchre," played by the maudlin host, a passing drayman, and our driver.

In the dark of early morning we started upon our final stage,

resting during the forenoon at another of those numerous small wayside houses. This one was interesting from the number of blacks round it. They seemed to be free and untrammelled in their ways—few of them had on more than a shirt. One old man was sitting on his skinny haunches tearing up chips of wood with a three-pronged fork to form stuffing for a mattress. Another was polishing with sand a brass breast-plate inscribed "King George and Queen Anne of Woombill Creek," the badge of the tribe, presented to the royal pair by a squatter. An old woman with only two teeth, like long tusks, in either corner of her mouth, danced and screamed round us with a long stick, her canvas cloak fluttering in rags. In a hut at the back of the house a number of drowsy blacks lay toasting their toes round a wood fire, the smoke of which hung heavily inside, and curled out from the chinks between the sheets of bark. Altogether it was a strange spectacle.

In our last stage we had a great extent of flat, boggy ground to go over—narrow lanes hemmed in by the same thick undergrowth as before, with mud three feet deep, through which the horses floundered and the vehicle proceeded by slow plunges. Once we heard far-off shouts mingling with whip-cracks, and "Cobb's coach," the public conveyance, came rolling and pitching round a corner, the driver saluting us with, "Keep up your spirits, there's only the Devil's Backbone now; good morning!" And truly this last slimy, slippery ascent merited its name. The gradient was so steep that the horses could not pull the coach up more than a few feet at a time—even though we had all leapt out, and were each pushing desperately at a wheel, with Patrick in front tugging frantically at the leaders' heads. We sighted Gympie at four o'clock that afternoon, and never was town so welcome. We were covered with mud from head to foot, and as we walked up the main street, a rumour spread that "they had arrived too late for their concert." But we set to work, had tea, put the hall in order, and at eight o'clock stepped on the platform.

Gympie, the leading gold-field of Queensland, has been in existence since October of 1867. A miner named William Nash, travelling in the district, chanced to rest one evening at a creek, and while his tin can was boiling on the fire, he went up the gully prospecting for gold. Finding good "indications," he joyfully bundled up his things and started off to Maryborough; bought a dray, tent, tools, and provisions, and started back again, followed by hundreds of people on foot and

horseback. The place had flourished for a month or so, when a quartz reef was opened up, and after a day or two another and another, till the alluvial diggings were almost deserted. Gympie is now a prosperous reefing district, and, as might be supposed, is still very primitive in appearance. All mining towns have three stages of development—first canvas—then wood—then brick. Gympie is now in the climax of the wood metamorphosis. Nearly all the houses, shops, stores, and churches are constructed of wood. The principal street is Mary Street, an irregular thoroughfare winding up one side of a hill—the shop fronts in every shape and design, with wooden cornices surmounted by flagstaffs, and the street resembling from a distance the long straggling lines of booths at a country fair.

The places of worship are St Patrick's Roman Catholic Church, St Peter's Church of England, the Presbyterian Church, the Congregational Chapel, and the Primitive Methodists' Meeting-house, which latter stands retiringly in a by-street, and is already historic. It has the honour of being the first place of worship erected at Gympie, and went and still goes by the name of the "Diggers' Bethel," which title is painted on a sign over the door. The Presbyterian Church has a decayed look about it, but there is a cheerful new wooden building erecting close by. The older structure claims great antiquity —telling posterity, in large letters, that it was founded in 1867. It is, however, older than most of the stores in town, few of them existing earlier than 1868.

Crossing Nash's Gully, which intersects Mary Street, and which is the spot where gold was first found, a short walk takes you over the Caledonian Hill to Monkland, a suburb of Gympie, about as broadcast a place as can well be imagined. A person could believe there had been at one time a metropolis of huts, and that in the course of some wide-spread devastation only every sixth or seventh hut had been left standing. Monkland is plebeian, but it is the busiest part of the gold-field; Gympie is the shopping and fashionable quarter. There is jealousy between them. The people of Monkland virtually say to the folks of Gympie—"You in the gully there may think fit and proper to form your houses into a street, which is just in keeping with all your other high-flown notions, but we have not forgotten our pristine freedom, and prefer to act in an unconventional manner, building our houses around our shafts and claims."

We lived at a hotel which was a curiosity in its way. It had

a good appearance outside, but was rather incomplete as to interior arrangements. The bedrooms, for instance, were all under one common roof, about eleven feet high, and separated from each other by wooden partitions about nine feet high. A knock at one door elicited "Yes" from half-a-dozen different people. The hotel being full, I had to occupy a newly-formed room. It was merely a portion of the verandah divided off by loosely-arranged planks lined with calico, and the wind blew in coldly from the street. One night sufficed for this, and then I got comfortably housed inside the hotel.

Gympie was at first called Nashville in honour of the discoverer. The convenient French monosyllable dignifies any commonplace name. No one would ever think of Thomson Town or Smith Town, but Jonesville, Brownville, or Nashville are quite euphonious enough for the trumpet of fame. Unfortunately Government altered the title back to the old creek name of Gympie. Nash received fourteen claims, forty feet square, on the line of gold, as a gift from Government, and a further reward of £2000, a standing bonus to anyone discovering a payable gold-field. Nash soon made money, and is now in Maryborough. He has invested in sugar plantations, a safer speculation than quartz-reefing. His example has been followed by the other rich men of Gympie, and cane-growing would seem to be the order of the day.

The population numbers 6000, one-half engaged in mining. We found the Gympie miner to be a thriving individual, with plenty of wages and steady employment. Here we came across that wonderful digger, to be found on every gold-field, who retails to you his narrow escapes from good fortune, telling you what he might have been *if* he had only held on to those valuable shares of his, *if* he had only taken the £5000 offered him for his small bit of land, *if* he had not been an ass, *if* he had kept his eyes open, *if* he had shut his mouth to drink, *if* he had not foolishly speculated with the hard-earned savings of years. This man of buts and ifs is vocally a millionaire—there is an atmosphere of wealth about him. He talks, laments, sighs, looks, and breathes money. You feel as if he had been wronged by the Fates; you shake his horny hand and wish him "Good luck in the future." There are people in Gympie from every gold-rush under the sun. We made acquaintance during our short stay with men from California, from New Zealand, from Ballarat, from Sandhurst, and from the diggings of New South Wales. Whether they were managers, shareholders, or

common miners, they all had an elastic, bounding confidence in Gympie. They based future prosperity on the reefs—deep-sinking was to be the foundation of Gympie's greatness. By all above the earth and underneath the earth, they believed in it. By official statistics, the total of the escort returns (the gold sent down to Brisbane by armed convoy) since January of 1868, amounted to 302,275 ounces, the value of which, at £3, 10s. per ounce, was £1,057,963, 11s. 8d.

Gympie has thriven, and will thrive. The poor plasterer, whom we met in full tramp to other, and perhaps worse fields of labour, was surely benighted as to the prospects of the place. There seemed, in my opinion, plenty of work present and work future—no doubt for the despicably paltry sum (according to the plasterer) of fifty shillings a-week, but still a certainty. Judging from appearances, Gympie has a fair share of building enterprise. The gaps in the streets are gradually being filled up. The tentmaker has relaxed his hold on Gympie, and the carpenter at present reigns supreme; but the bricklayer, plasterer, and stonemason will one day step in and make it a substantial city.

An easy journey of two days brought us north to Maryborough. This town is the port of the Burnett district, and centre of the principal timber trade of Queensland. Coal mines flourish in the neighbourhood. Maize and sugar are grown in large quantities, and cotton in a smaller degree, while there are a great many cattle and sheep stations round about. It lies on the River Mary, which, like most of the Queensland rivers, is wide and full-flowing. There was more life about it than I had expected. Steamers of 500 tons lay alongside the wharves; rows of drays were backed up close to the low-roofed goods-sheds; a party of workmen were repairing portion of a wharf, driving in piles brass-sheathed as a protection from the ravages of the white ant. Here we saw large numbers of South Sea Islanders, who are brought to Queensland by as near an approach to slave-trading as it is possible to reach under the British flag. They are employed on the maize and sugar plantations, and work also on the wharves. There were scores of Queensland blacks, too, carrying cargo to the steamers—brawny, muscular fellows, with brass breast-plates inscribed "King George," "King Billy," and the like, though we were greatly shocked to see royalty tussling with corn-sacks and trundling bales of hay.

We go to see the annual Maryborough races, which are held in

a clearing three miles out of town. The trees are statuesquely grouped about with blacks, who show their teeth in open-mouthed interest. Vehicles of every description are drawn up to the barriers of the course; rust-coloured hacks and sweaty plough-horses are openly paraded. Of course there are thieves, gamblers, and refreshment rooms. "Have a shy at Aunt Sallee!" This effigy is owned by an aboriginal, who offers us a shot, and who throws the sticks with great precision. He demolishes the old lady's pipe, grins till his face bears family resemblance to the dummy, and challenges a gentleman to "play him for a drink." The gentleman loses, and the pair walk off in a friendly way to the refreshment tent. Behind an uptilted cart we see a cardsharper in the hands of the police, surrounded by a boisterous crowd. Pale and damp about the eyes, he tremblingly offers a pound-note for liberty, whispering feebly—"Take it, sergeant, take it; I'll give you more!" Click! go the handcuffs, and the crowd swarms off to fresh excitement. The best race of the day is one hastily made up of "scrubbers," or grass-fed horses. There are about fourteen of them, ridden by jacketless, bare-armed young fellows, with coloured handkerchiefs tied round their heads. They are placed at last in long, wavering line. Once! twice! whoop! away they scamper—an irregular rabble, with their shirts blowing out behind like balloons. The whole of the folks gallop and canter through the trees to the opposite side of the course, from whence we hear vague exclamations, and faint commingled cries from the ragged throng of jockeys. Round they come for the finish! Foremost of all is a butcher-lad on a large heavy-limbed horse, the common mob following in rough style. "Go it, Harry!" "Now then, Dick, lay into him!" "Good for the butcher-boy, he has the cup!" The herd of wild competitors, with sticks, thongless whips, leather straps, and knotted handkerchiefs, lash their horses—vigorously struggling along after the leading animal, quicker and quicker. The butcher-boy, proudly conscious of his position, looks round with a smirk, expecting to see his foes in extremest distance, turns blank and solemn when he finds them near, leans forward in the saddle and kicks behind, hastily unbuckles his waist-belt, swings it in the air, brings it sharp on the horse's flank, makes the animal draw out in splendid style, wins the post, wheels round in front of the grand stand, and is at that moment almost unhorsed by the puffing, sweating, tumultuous rush of his disappointed rivals.

We saw more blacks in Maryborough than in any other portion of Australia. They gathered about the town in large numbers, striding up and down with long spears, waddies or clubs, and boomerangs—hanging about the hotel doors, or clustering round the lamp-posts at street-corners. The older women wore oppossum rugs, had their faces covered over with a thick coating of red chalk, and had a circlet of high feathers sticking up round their heads. I must confess the old women looked unearthly with their coloured faces, but we were told this chalk was the symbol of mourning. All the women own dogs. Whenever you see a number of black females together you see a corresponding gathering of dogs. And how well they are treated! Their mistresses share with them the bread and scraps of meat collected from domestics at the back doors of hotels. And what anguish if ill befall them! One day I saw one of these wiry dogs run over by a fast baker's van. The poor brute howled and doubled itself up in agony, while its old mistress, after great clapping and wringing of hands, set to work soothing the animal and replacing the pieces of abrased skin. All the time she continuously uttered a series of mumblings and broken exclamations, a stray tear or two finding their way through the thick layer of red chalk upon her face. In a few minutes she became overjoyed, for the dog ate a piece of meat from her hand, and hobbled quietly along.

The Queensland blacks are taller and more muscular than their fellows in Victoria. They have a less civilised appearance, and altogether look grander savages. They are sly dogs, too, those aboriginals. One of them was once begging for sixpence, and a gentleman tendered him an old battered threepenny-piece. "No, no, no," said the black, shaking his head and grinning—"no, no—that no good—that congregation money!" They are fond of trading in a small way. One of the blacks at Maryborough offered us a boomerang for a shilling. Before purchasing it we asked him to throw it in proof of its genuineness. Accompanied by a large number of young blacks and a bevy of erect, poker-like females, who smoked and who used spears as walking-sticks, we went to an open piece of ground, where the black poised himself for the throw. He stood there, seemingly undecided. "Go on," cried we. "Old woman," said he. "Where?" said we, looking in every direction before us. "Behind!—boomerang come back!—hurt!" After the old lady had passed, the aboriginal stuck out his elbows on a level with his ears, poising the boomerang on

the back of his left hand, and grasping it firmly in his right. Then turning half round on his heel, he suddenly sent the weapon flying high into the air. It whirled, dodged, curved, went this way, changed its mind, went that way, came swooping down close to the ground, rose high again with graceful sweep, lost a great deal of its vitality, revolved feebly, fluttered down again exhausted, skimmed lightly along the grass, and finally landed a few yards from the feet of the black. We bought the boomerang, and thought we had not spent our shilling recklessly.

The Queensland black is passionate and ferocious. Just a day or two after we had left Maryborough, two aboriginals, Jemmy and Toby, had a mortal encounter on the river-side. Toby shouted across the water to Jemmy, commanding him to bring a boat over. He refused point blank, and Toby went off in a huff, while Jemmy stretched himself out for rest, a gun by his side. Toby went a little further up, swam across the river, sneaked through the scrub, jerked a spear at Jemmy and wounded him in the arm. Toby advanced with club and tomahawk, and Jemmy discharged his gun into Toby's stomach. The latter fell mortally wounded, but rose in a climax of fury, sprung on astonished Jemmy, smashed his brains in with the tomahawk, and then fell dead upon his slaughtered adversary.

Cannibalism is almost extinct now amongst the Australian blacks. If practised at all, it is only by the old men of the tribes. When you speak to any of them on the subject, they personally deny dining off another black fellow. They know the white man's abhorrence of the custom, and accuse some one else. It is always the "other fellow," the "other tribe," that indulges in cannibalism. In a natural state the aboriginals live on yams, cassava root, kangaroo, opossum, and a kind of wood slug or caterpillar.

Frazer's Island, a favourite camping ground of the blacks, lies at the mouth of the Mary River. It was named after Captain Frazer, who, with his crew, was shipwrecked on the island, and cruelly murdered by the natives. Mission work has long been carried on by a Mr Fuller, but the blacks have been wiled away from the station by the wood-cutters on the island, and have lost much of the good effect produced.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROCKHAMPTON—STATION LIFE—QUEENSLAND PORTS—THE DARLING DOWNS—THE QUEENSLAND TIN MINES.

We never had a more perfect sea voyage than that from Maryborough to Rockhampton. We were thirty hours from wharf to wharf—a distance of some 250 miles. During the afternoon of the second day we came in view of Cape Capricorn, a rocky point lying upon the boundaries of the tropics—rounding which we passed through Keppel Bay to the mouth of the Fitzroy River—a range of mountains 1600 feet high, forming a near background. There was not the smallest puff of wind, and the sun shone down oppressively. The sea was smooth and veiled by a faint mist—like a vast mirror that had been breathed on. The shoals, rocks, and sandy spits fluttered with sea-fowl, while tall sober pelicans stepped around in a paternal manner amongst the smaller birds. The river banks were low, muddy, sultry-looking, and hazy—covered with gloomy mangrove scrub, and fringed with tall, close reeds, every stalk and branch vividly reflected in the water. As the sun set, the sky blazed with orange tints, while the long reach of the river, stretching out before us, shone staring white with the reflection of the colourless sky immediately above. Then quietness settled down. The low thud of the paddle-wheels, the metallic "clunk" of the frogs in the marshes, the chirp and whirr of insects, the frequent ripple of hungry fish, and the occasional warning clang of the ship's bell echoing back from the hills, seemed to deepen the general stillness. About seven in the evening we espied, far up the stream, several points of light shining feebly against the yellow belt that circled the horizon; then a dark mass swept past us—a house, followed by more houses, the outskirts of Rockhampton, till soon we were opposite the wharf amid the waving of lanterns, the clatter of ropes, the flaring-up of the raked-out furnaces, the guttering of steam from the blow-holes, and the solicitations of draymen, one of whom conveyed our luggage to the Leichardt Hotel.

Rockhampton, like Maryborough, stands on flat ground, and would have much the same characterless appearance were it not for a mountain range a few miles distant. The streets are exceedingly wide, and the houses are mostly one-storey verandahed buildings, with corrugated iron roofs, slates being liable to crack in the heat of summer. Rockhampton is regarded as the capital of Northern Queensland, and is the port for a large extent of inland country. The produce of the Peak Downs copper and gold mines, distant 250 miles in the interior, finds an outlet here. As to agriculture, there are only a few hundred acres at present under cultivation, the major portion of the country being occupied by sheep and cattle stations. The works of the Central Queensland Meat Preserving Company, a short distance down the river, employ one hundred persons. This large establishment cost £30,000 in its erection, and has in connection with it a village of workmen's cottages. Whether preserved meat finds favour in Britain or not, there is at any rate plenty of it prepared here!

Though it was the month of August, and the winter season, we felt the climate to be warm. The townsfolk themselves complained of the heat, and threw open their houses to the noon-day gaze, reclining in canvas lounges, smoking and chatting in the verandahs. The windows were in reality folding glass-doors. The Rockhampton people certainly know how to combat warm weather. The grocer, the butcher, and the baker are attired in the lightest costumes; the barber shaves you with tucked up sleeves, and shirt open at the neck; and the draper goes about without coat or waistcoat, selling his goods to gaily-dressed young ladies. In the summer season, labourers are allowed two hours' rest at mid-day, to avoid the full power of the sun. I felt curious as to the extent of real summer heat; from the shape and style of the buildings it must be great.

The population of Rockhampton has greatly decreased from what it was during the gold rushes of 1867. There are now about 6000 inhabitants. And while on the subject of population, I may mention that, while coming up in the steam-boat, the captain told us how his first load of emigrants to Rockhampton were forty-five single women—a precious cargo surely. At that time there were only six houses in Rockhampton, and the fair sex were all lodged in one building. In a few days they had all disappeared—one-third of them into service, two-thirds into matrimony. The bachelor squatters used to walk into this interesting domicile and make their choice.

The Fitzroy is one of the largest rivers in Australia, and drains, with its tributaries, an extent of 60,000,000 acres. It is navigable thirty-five miles from the bay, a reef of rocks near the town preventing the passage of any but the smallest boats. Crocodiles abound in the river—farther up, however, than Rockhampton—not insignificant monsters either, as they have been seen twenty-five feet in length. "Big Ben," who was caught in the Fitzroy, and whom we saw stuffed in a museum at Sydney, was twenty-two feet long, and weighed ten hundredweight. He appeared to be a historical character. He had been seen at such and such a part of the river, in such and such a year, by such and such a person, and had crowned himself with fame by on one occasion dragging a huge bullock neck and crop into the river. Now and then large nests are found, and a gentleman one day presented us with an egg out of sixty-six he had discovered the same morning.

The Leichardt Hotel was one of the most comfortable houses we ever lived in. The landlord was exceedingly kind; the table was always excellently furnished; the bedrooms were clean and airy; the coffee-room was large, well supplied with newspapers, and had two large punkahs swinging from the roof, keeping up a cool draught in the hot evenings. At this hotel I had for a candlestick a black man's skull, the candle placed in one of the eye-sockets—a piece of *diablerie* that might have graced the table of Alloway Kirk, and would certainly have raised an extra hair on the head of glorious Tam.

One sunny forenoon we walked out to a garden in the neighbourhood, owned by a German, one of the best-hearted fellows we had met with for many a day. His garden was a rough bush-garden, certainly—with no trim-bordered grounds or gravelled walks—but I never before saw such a variety of fruits and flowers in such a small compass. Our friend met us at the little white wooden gate, dragged us inside, bustled before us into his house, forced us to drink jugs of milk, made us rest our limbs for a quarter of an hour, and then took us round to see his adorable vegetation. Clumps of bananas, clumps of sugar-cane, clumps of bamboo—umbrella trees, with upright stems and outspread shading-branches—bread-fruit trees, palm trees—bunya, peach, and orange trees—passion-flowers; pomegranates, mulberries, pears, strawberries, and vines—cotton trees, tobacco plants, castor-oil trees! cauliflowers! cabbages! How the mind reeled amid the profusion! "Oh, dem veeds!" suddenly cried our friend—"dem veeds!"

and he pulled up a number of large pine-apples, which were growing wild alongside the walk. He called them "weeds"—no doubt because they grew without his permission. They were in the highest degree palatable. We were ushered into the house again, and had another rest, with some more milk to drink, and nice home-made cakes to eat. While we were waiting, the German made up some bright-coloured bouquets; and while we were admiring the flowers, the good lady of the house was filling a basket with oranges. She *would* have us take them, they were so healthy in warm weather. Lemons were even better, she said; and the kind folks stuffed our pockets with them, shaking our hands the while, and hoping we would not miss our way in the bush. The same day our friend, who drove round town every afternoon, came to the hotel, smiling over an armful of flowers. He dropped them on the table and hurried out, returning again with more smiles, and a large canvas bag filled with lemons, which were to be cut up and put in a jug with sugar and water, and were to keep us cool in the hot weather as long as we were in Rockhampton. We gave him our united thanks, thanking him out of the door, and thanking him till he disappeared away down the street. It will be long ere we forget either him or his garden.

There is a Presbyterian Church in Rockhampton, but it might be more properly called a Protestant Church, as it is to a great extent unsectarian. It is a small wooden building, but it holds a good number of a congregation. The regular minister being absent, his place was occupied by a German, Mr Haussmann, son of one of the first missionaries who came out to Moreton Bay. A great many Germans attended the church, and in the afternoon a sermon was generally preached to them in their own tongue.

Rockhampton is famous for two things. First, for its Town Council, which is energetic and spirited beyond the lot of municipalities generally. Secondly, for its railway, which runs as far as Westwood, a small township thirty miles to the south-westward. It is supposed to accommodate the squatters living in the interior; but they fail to see the advantage of sending their wool such a short distance by rail after transporting it on drays for some hundreds of miles.

One day, when we were marvelling to ourselves at being 1500 miles north of Melbourne, a Victorian friend slapped us on the back, exclaiming, "Well, well, who would have thought

of seeing you here? are you thinking of going north at all?" North! This to us who had prided ourselves in coming so far! We were quite taken aback, but we found out afterwards there was a great deal of life in the north. There were some important towns—Bowen, Mackay, Cardwell, and Townsville among the number—ninety miles from which latter place are the famous Charters Towers Diggings—a gold rush which lately charmed away many hundreds of miners from all portions of Australia. Time did not permit of our visiting those places, though we were sorely tempted, having heard repeated and favourable accounts of them from the people of Rockhampton, who regard their city as the metropolis of that vast northern region.

At Rockhampton we made acquaintance with a young squatter, who had just ridden down from his station, 200 miles up the country. Some years ago a large party of blacks attacked the station and murdered the young man's father. The son now conducts the business. He told us that he found station-life to be dull, and preferred the stir of Sydney or Melbourne. True, he read books and newspapers in the evenings, and sometimes visited his neighbours. Another squatter lived "only twelve miles distant," which was reckoned to be almost next door. Sometimes a passing show would call in at the little township—for be it known there is always a goodly collection of cottages and huts in connection with a station. One day a small circus came round, and the manager cast his eye about in a business-like manner. Then he addressed the squatter:—"Ah—hum—yes—I'll fix up my tent here, if you please. I've been turning the matter over, and perhaps it will—yes, it *will* be some slight trouble taking money from each person in the place—so I think it will simplify matters greatly if you just give me a cheque for the population!"

This squatter had 45,000 sheep on his station. He also kept one hundred horses and broke-in forty colts every year. The breaking-in of colts is enlivening work. When one of them is ridden for the first time, there is a pretty bustling scene enacted. The horse makes every possible effort—backing, plunging, rearing, and "bucking"—to get its rider thrown. The "buck-jumper," as a more than usually vicious young colt is dubbed, sets its fore-legs out, puts its head down between them, arches its back, and suddenly springs into the air with a kind of squeal, coming down with all its hoofs in a bunch, and sometimes sending its rider flying over its neck, saddle, girths,

and all. If an experienced horseman and the girths hold good, you can sit the animal out till it gets exhausted. On the station, black boys are made to mount the colts for the popular diversion, but the little fellows are very rarely pitched off. The black man makes a good rider; he clings to the stirrup solely with his big toe, and seems to have excellent foothold, for he sits securely and gracefully.

Sheep-shearing, the most important business of a station, takes place all the year round in Queensland; that is, in one district after another—the great extent of the colony, its range of temperature, its low-lying plains and its high table-land, varying the conditions under which sheep-shearing is conducted. Shearers are paid at the rate of fifteen shillings per hundred sheep, and find themselves. An active man can shear a hundred per day. Sheep-shearing is dry, warm, sweaty work. The hot sheep, the blazing sun, and the hard labour cause the men to stream with perspiration. There is no drink allowed on the station, though hawkers often sell it on the sly. In that case the shearers get drunk, become refractory, and refuse to work. There is plenty of bungling work done. Sometimes the sheep struggles, and its throat is cut with the sharp shears. Sometimes it gets a stab in the ribs, or a severe gash, and then the wound is delicately molified with a blob of tar. It is rough, rough work. Any sort of man—any person lolling about town, any labourer out of work—turns shearer.

The sheep are sold principally to Victorian buyers. What a long dreary drive it is down to the Melbourne market—1200 miles overland! Think even of driving sheep from Cornwall to Caithness—a shorter distance by many a mile. There are never less than 10,000 sheep driven down at a time—nothing short of that would pay. Six men are required to drive that number of sheep to market—a "boss" or responsible man, and five common drovers. The sheep are all branded with the owner's name, and a "T" for travelling. The drovers follow no road, but take the shortest routes by means of the compass—the sheep feeding, of course, on the various "runs" or stations they may happen to pass through. But a courier must go in advance and give each squatter warning twenty-four hours before the sheep enter his run. The drovers are compelled by law, under a heavy penalty, to travel no less than six miles per day—there must be no lingering on the road to fatten up their sheep on other people's grass. Nine weary months are occupied in driving the stock to market! The

carriage of goods from Rockhampton to this station is performed by bullock-drays. The hot weather is the drayman's curse. Away inland they have to drive on and on in search of water. If they arrive at a creek and find it dry, no matter how leg-weary the bullocks are, they have to push on—often ninety miles at a stretch, day and night—a long distance when we consider the slowness of the pace. Very often a bullock drops down dead through heat and want of water. Then it is hauled out of the team and dragged to the roadside, while the dray rumbles slowly past and leaves the body behind—to be found days after with white protruding bones and bare skull. At night the drayman sleeps underneath his dray, and makes himself pretty comfortable too, for he stretches sacks along from one wheel to another on either side, therewith keeping off the wind and rain. The solitary traveller is not so well off, but he manages to build up a small weather-protection of saddles, packs, and bundles, lies down with a blanket round him, places his feet close to a cheerful log-fire, falls asleep, and dreams about the pleasant "damper" he partook of perhaps an hour before. "Damper" is a lump of dough, with a pinch of soda, baked in the embers of the fire.

The blacks were formerly very troublesome on this young man's station, stealing cattle and sheep. They were all dispersed about the time of his father's murder, but were subsequently allowed to come back upon the station. They numbered about 300; in his father's time there were 1000 and more. They are thinned down by a strange organization, the Native Police—"black troopers," as they are familiarly called in Queensland. They are composed of natives from other districts, who are drafted off to track and capture their brethren of another tribe. Blacks are taken, for instance, from the district of the River Murray, and brought over to Queensland. Different tribes have a fearful antipathy to each other. The aboriginals have great clannish vindictiveness. They track other blacks as no white man could. The "black troopers" go in parties of five, with a white man as captain, whom the aboriginals style their "mammie." During the period following a murder, the most common crime for which the black man is hunted, the troopers enter the tangled scrub. They strip themselves naked, leaving nothing on but their caps and cartridge boxes. The white captain waits outside the scrub and watches the baggage. In go the blacks, with loaded guns, and carrying two spare cartridges in their mouths. When they

come upon the tribe, they fire, and off go the unwounded like deer, pursued by the troopers, who very seldom get a second shot. The blacks think nothing of taking life. Last year a man was crossing the Fitzroy in a boat not far above Rockhampton, when a party of blacks rushed round him as he landed on the river bank, and "waddied" or brained him to death with clubs, within sight of an almost equal number of white men. On the other hand, we heard at Rockhampton and other parts of Queensland, dark floating rumours as to the white man's tyrannical treatment of the black.

From Rockhampton we returned south again to Brisbane, visiting three Queensland ports on the way. First Gladstone, situated on Port Curtis, the scene of a great gold-rush in 1858, when thousands flocked as usual from all parts of Australia—when the eager tail-end of the crowd encountered the returning and disappointed head. It was indeed a great failure. Even now, when any gold-rush proves worthless, it is called, in a climax of condemnation, a second Port Curtis. Next came Bundaberg, at this time a two-year old settlement. It lay ten miles up the river Burnett. The day was hot, and dozens of black men sprawled amongst the long grass that fringed the stream. Over our heads there flew occasionally a flock of pelicans, one of which we saw sailing along with an immense snake writhing in its beak.

Another short journey and we were again at Maryborough. Just before leaving this port, five aboriginals came on board, intending to drop off at Frazer's Island, the favourite holiday ground of the blacks. When the steamer reached a certain point of the channel, they went behind one of the paddle-boxes, where they quickly undressed themselves. It requires little time to take off a shirt. One of the blacks, an old grey-haired man, had a large ornament like an immense fern leaf slashed down his back. These gashes were made by mussel shells, and were the distinctive armorial bearings of the tribe. The youngest of the blacks was about ten or twelve years old. The five rolled up their rags into bundles, and tied them on top of their heads, with a knot under the chin. Then, with great gesticulation, they executed a dance on the slippery spars immediately behind the paddle-wheels. After long fidging, twitching, and nasal droning, they dived off, one after the other, into the rushing, glancing foam—not with splash and splutter, but streaking themselves coolly out. The old man had the additional task of pushing before him a bag of flour. The long yellow beach

of the island, more than a quarter of a mile distant, was shining in the slanting rays of sunset, and was by this time thronged with blacks—the women carrying bundles of fishing nets, the men waving their arms and shouting to the swimmers. At different points high perpendicular columns of smoke were rising from out the density of the trees. Looking behind with a glass, we saw five black heads bobbing in the distance, then five dark figures emerging from the surf, scampering along the sand, and joining their companions on the shore.

We had to be in Brisbane on Friday to give a performance on behalf of one of the charities, but we did not find till too late that the steamer's time was altered, and that she was not due till Saturday! The captain, however, was most obliging, for he did not waste a moment, hurried up the loading at the ports, caught all the tides, and landed us at Brisbane in plenty of time for the concert.

One of our horses, "Billy," a strong massive animal, having been affected with fever in the feet ever since the toilsome journey to Gympie, one of my brothers and I had to take him by steamboat to Ipswich, while the rest of the party came on by the coach. This river journey was twenty-five miles of side-splitting fun. The tide was very low, so much so that the little steamer had to be steered on shore at the sharp turnings, and then poked off with poles—a most laughable procedure, the extreme shallowness of the channel inducing the captain and one of the passengers to bet as to whether the boat had or had not scraped on this or that occasion. Passengers, too, were picked up here and there off the river-banks, a small boat for the purpose being towed behind the steamer—giving one the idea of an aquatic omnibus. Once, in going close inshore, we drifted slowly under a large tree trunk that projected from the bank. "Unship the flagstaff!" shouts the captain, signalling to back the engines. A man springs to the bow, hauls away at the pole, fails to move it, rushes for the carpenter, comes back almost immediately in desperation, tears out the flagstaff, turns round, waves it like a standard over a taken fortress, and is caught full in the back by the projecting tree, which takes him slowly off his legs. With such stirring adventures the time passed pleasantly.

Next to Brisbane, Ipswich is the most important city in Southern Queensland. It prides itself upon being the terminus of the Southern and Western Railway. There is here a £30,000 railway bridge, a stone-pillared structure crossing the river Bremer. This railway has a total length of 188 miles,

constructed on the narrow guage system, three-and-a-half feet wide, at an expense of £1,932,887. The single track, which crosses the Dividing Range, itself cost £15,929 per mile. This is the line which runs to the Darling Downs.

The Darling Downs! The words ring in your ears with a sense of pleasure long after you know that this region was named after a Governor. The Darling Downs are a splendid table-land rising fifty miles back from the coast, and reached by a railway that, through dint of wonderful engineering, climbs 2000 feet up the ranges to the high plateau. The fares on the line are fourpence per mile first-class, and threepence per mile second-class. As in Victoria, there is no third-class. The carriages are roomy, airy, well-cushioned, and double-roofed—the upper roof keeping off the direct rays of the sun, and a current of cool air passing between the two. Inside, we observed a characteristic card—"In consequence of damage done to the linings, persons are requested to take off their spurs before lounging on the seats"—a notice, by the way, which a bespurred squatter in the same compartment with us seemed to ignore. The scenery we saw while crossing the ranges was really grand—the railway spanning wide gorges, rushing through steep yellow cuttings, burrowing under great hill-sides that seemed ready to overwhelm us, and winding round the face of deep slopes, with the line running parallel away on the opposite ridges of the ravines. Through the breaks between the deep cuttings we had frequent far-off views of fields and forests—flat expanses of trees spreading out like carpets, wrought with a shady pattern of clouds, and bearing the long-stretching shadows of the peaks. The open grassy country of the table-land contrasted strongly with the wild, timbered, mountainous region we had just left. On we went to Dalby, through miles of splendid downs, whose gentle undulations rose and rose ahead till they hid the far horizon and formed a level line against the sky. Dark belts of timber moved across the landscape, thread-like fences faded away into extreme distance, and flocks of sheep filed off from the approaching train.

Dalby at last, the most northerly town of the Darling Downs. A wide-spread rural town. Houses here—here—and here—at regular distances, with a gap of their own length between—the same wooden, self-contained one-storey buildings that you see all over Australia. We found it bleaker here than in any other place we had been in. The Darling Downs are cooler than

any other part of Queensland. We had a roaring log-fire in the hotel parlour. Our comfort, too, was increased by a humorous, autobiographical waiter, who presented his history along with the various courses of dinner. He served with the soup his butlership to an O'Donoghue in Ireland—he arrived with the joint in New York—by pudding-time he had as a mariner got safely through the bombardment of San Francisco by the "Tuscarora"—and with the advent of cheese he finished a long career of glory in the principal hotels of Melbourne.

There is a mammoth squatting station near Dalby—the Jimbour Run, which embraces 400 square miles, has 300 miles of fencing, and is stocked with 20,000 sheep. The Darling Downs are at present occupied greatly by squatting, but will no doubt be thrown open more generally to the agricultural interest. Victoria and New South Wales are comparatively well settled; but Queensland is a young and energetic country hungering for population. All kinds of manual labour will find in it ready employment. Carpenters, blacksmiths, farmers—are needed in a new country. Clerks and shopmen will not find so ready employment. The colonies can more than supply their own desks and counters. The colonial youth is not very willing to go into the bush, or into a country township. He prefers city life. While we were in Brisbane a large vessel arrived in the Bay with some hundreds of emigrants, and in a few days they were all engaged. The labour market depended greatly upon new arrivals, and was never overstocked. Shipload after shipload of workmen are continually being absorbed into the interior—men who can make themselves handy on the large sheep and cattle stations—who can assist in agricultural and every kind of out-door labour—and who can make up their minds for a little hardship at the commencement of their "colonial experience." Some men hang about the towns in hope of light employment, not caring much to "rough it" in the bush. These men make a failure of emigration, and swell the ranks of the grumblers, who spread false ideas of the colonies. As "Go west" is the cry in America, so "Up country" should be the motto of the Australian immigrant.

We sang in Toowoomba, then took the rail sixty miles to Warwick. At the latter place we met a stock-driver, who, in the course of conversation, showed us a large bump on his head, and told us of a spear-wound in his ribs, both inflicted by the blacks. One day, far inland, he happened to be riding on a

lonely road in front of a friend also on horseback. The aboriginals, who were in ambush, and did not observe this man behind, threw a heavy club at our friend the stock-driver. He immediately fell stunned, and the blacks rushed out to despatch him; but his companion spurred his horse forward, and routed them completely.

We went next to the Stanthorpe tin-mines, forty miles south of Warwick. The road was awfully bad, being cut up by the heavy drays of tin ore, each drawn by a dozen powerful horses. The severe shocks the coach received from the deep trench-like ruts and yawning fissures gradually bent the king-bolt, and Patrick had to stop every now and again to straighten it. At last the bolt gave way, and we had to supply a fresh one from the invaluable tool-box we carried with us. A few miles and it also broke. Then we got a bush-blacksmith to make us a new bolt, but we had not gone far when this one went like the others. We had at last to bind up the underworks of the coach with ropes and chains.

While Queensland of late years can trace much of her prosperity to wool and gold, it is equally certain that she owes, and will owe, much to the discovery of tin. Stanthorpe, on the Queensland side, is the principal scene of mining operations. Two years before our visit it was a lonely sheep-station. A shepherd, who had lived unsuspecting on the spot for years, went mad with disappointment on the discovery of tin. Stanthorpe was at this time (September 1873) the newest place we had seen in all Australia. Gympie was hoary and venerable compared to it. Stanthorpe is situated on the Quart Pot Creek. The main street, in fact the only street, is three-quarters of a mile in length—gutterless, disjointed, a rough, double row of wooden houses winding through an outer chaos of huts and sand heaps. We see a large per centage of hotels—"Bar," "Bar," "Bar," stares at you on every hand. There are few wooden signs in Stanthorpe, nearly all are composed of calico, and you see them fluttering from one end of the town to the other. Among the principal houses are the "Mining Exchange Hotel," the "Woolpack Inn," the ubiquitous "Shamrock Hotel," and the "Sun Burst Tavern," with the rising orb pictured in front like a golden porcupine. We stayed at Groom's Hotel, a building of wood and corrugated iron, and a curiosity in its way. It was purchased at a railway refreshment station, transported many miles by rail and dray to Stanthorpe, and occupied within six weeks of the sale. The landlord

united in his person the respective characters of publican, tin-buyer, and member of Parliament. The town being in a feverish, unsettled state, the hotel was crowded with boarders and busy with loungers. The first day we had dinner in company with an editor, a commercial traveller, a squatter, a printer, and a railway official. We felt we were hob-nobbing with the vital interests of the place. The *menu* was all and more than one could have expected. We had all the delicacies of a town hotel. The landlord had the services of a famous French cook, whose name was a household word in every part of Queensland, but has somehow escaped my memory.

After dinner we view the township. Going up the street we see a "Mining Agency" hut—a "Commercial Agency" shanty—a snuff-coloured shed occupied by a solicitor—Way Hop's grocery, Tong Sing's hair-dressing establishment, Sun Kum Sang's tea-shop, Chow Wing's dry goods store—the Post Office shed—the telegraph office, ten feet by fourteen—a wooden house with the gable knocked out for an entrance, flaunting a sign "Mr Abraham, habit-maker"—a wretched hut, with a glazed cloth for the door, announcing "Fresh Oysters for Sale;" and a "Bill-poster's Saloon," where a raffle is to be held, the bellman ringing and lustily shouting out the prizes. Frequent placards meet our eye—"Roll up, roll up, electors! Use your liberty! Beware of Parliamentary Dodges!" "Jones is selling Drapery cheap!" "Currie and Rice will give their highly-seasoned Negro entertainment!" Turning a corner, we come upon the Quart Pot Creek.

Here truly was a scene of industry!—a veritable hive or unearthed ant-hill. Scores of men in a high state of activity were to be seen in the rough stony bed of the creek. Workmen were cutting down the banks on either side a depth of thirty feet or so, enabling the miners to widen their researches—some were up above, loosening the earth with picks, and some were trundling it across the planks that bridged the workings. Solitary men sat plunging away at horizontal brass pumps, thirteen feet in length—driving wheels, two or three feet in diameter, revolved in the water-races—miners in high boots, with long eight-pronged forks, were busy in the sluice-boxes. The water in the creek is carried off by a flood-race 300 yards long and fourteen feet wide, cut out of the solid rock on the banks. The inflow of creek-water, still considerable, is drained off by two large Californian pumps. These are worked by steam, and constructed on the principle of the jack-towel and

theatrical waterfall. A long, broad, endless leather band, riveted with numerous wooden ledges, like the entrance to a hen-roost, revolves rapidly into the creek, and literally scrapes the water up a narrow enclosed shaft to the required level. The miners get from forty-five to fifty shillings per week. The tin-ore, which resembles turnip-seed, is sold for £62 per ton, and about 120 tons are sent off to Warwick every week.

Returning from the Quart Pot Creek, we encounter stumps, bushes, boulders, fallen logs, barkless trees, heaps of sand, and square white canvas tents fluttering in the wind. Turning a corner, we pass an array of back-yards, filled with broken crockery—piles of champagne, ale and beer bottles—heaps of logs and firewood—huts with palisades round them—horses browsing in small paddocks—hens and goats skipping about—with here and there a Chinaman's cabbage garden. We see a humble brown church, I know not of what denomination, with the orthodox peaked door and windows, and with a bark roof straddled over by a framework of saplings—a thing usually done to keep the sheets of bark from being blown off. The other churches are almost equally ill-favoured, being simply shingled weather-board buildings. The Wesleyans hold service in a shop. Again we have more huts, with smoke streaming from every crevice, caused either by a conflagration or a breakfast—huts with inch-wide crannies—huts built at the foot of naked trees, and constructed of the sheets of bark stripped from their bare desolate trunks. Then houses newly-painted—houses dingy-looking—houses redolent in fresh yellow planks—houses supported on props, and surrounded by props, looking like huge insects about to crawl off. Every man seems to have been his own architect, and, as on most mining rushes, the rough appearance of the houses is more the result of necessity than poverty. People who, to keep in harmony with their dwellings, should be moving in squalor and rags, have pounds of wages and saved money. Many on this tin-field are respectable, well-connected folks, drawn by the temporary excitement to a rough way of living. One hut we entered was lined inside from top to bottom with cuttings from the illustrated papers, while over these again hung a splendid oil-painting.

We gave our concerts here in the Court House, a wooden building raised on props two or three feet from the ground, with a platform outside reached by a flight of steps after the manner of "Richardson's Show." There were not enough

seats in the building, so we had to borrow from various parts of the town. We carried out the prisoners' dock, and made it the "ticket-office"—the public paying their money over the long row of spikes with which the box was guarded. The jury-box was hastily filled by a party of folks who came very early—literally one of the "first families." We sat ranged on the Judge's bench—a "terrible show!" The court-room was crowded and hot, and the windows had to be kept wide open, giving a full view of the performers to the large crowd which had gathered outside. On Saturday night, after our last concert, we had to return all the chairs and forms, as they were urgently wanted on the Sunday. My brothers and I had to reseat two churches before getting to bed that night! We went to the Presbyterian Kirk next day, where we heard a most excellent sermon. The building was small and primitive-looking. The pulpit-step was a plain box with the letters XX plainly visible upon it!

There are 8000 miners in the Stanthorpe district. We saw them during two crucial periods—Saturday night and Sunday morning—and if there was little anxiety in the matter of church going, there was at any rate an absence of rowdyism, while their sobriety after pay-hours was much to be commended. There is a Savings Bank held in the Court House every Saturday night, with an average deposit of £300.

Land is eagerly sought after in Stanthorpe. There was a most interesting scene here in connection with some mining land which had been thrown open for selection. There was such a demand for allotments, that four or five times the number would have been necessary. So many were the applicants, that ultimately they had to be chosen by ballot. When the day came for declaring the successful applicants, the Commissioner's office was besieged by hundreds of men, women, and children. The whole town was there, and the street was filled with people. The Commissioner could not get elbow-room, and had to take refuge on the roof, from whence he read out the list of names in loud stentorian tones!

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW ENGLAND DISTRICT—A BUSH INN—THE HUNTER RIVER DISTRICT—THE HILL END COUNTRY—BATHURST.

LEAVING the lively, piquant township of Stanthorpe, we crossed the Queensland border into New South Wales. On the way the coach became deeply bogged, and it was not till after great labour that we dug it out with sticks and poles. Fifteen miles out we stopped for the night at a small inn known as "Jenner's." Here one of the horses was seized with some internal complaint, and our driver was not slow to exhibit his veterinary skill. The animal's mouth was rigidly shut, but we pried it open, while Patrick emptied a bottle of hot ale and spirits down its throat. In a few minutes the horse shook its ears and was as lively as the rest of the team. Next day we travelled through country covered with stones and boulders. There were hanging rocks, and rocks piled up like rude, old-world altars—boulders perched on the tops of ridges, and boulders arrested in a headlong rush down a hill slope—rocks in every variety of strange beautiful fantastic form. Still further, we passed between the high towering banks of a ravine, with lofty trees shooting straight up into the sunlight from amidst a dense, dark, embowering undergrowth of vegetation. A bush-fire was raging here quite close to us, and the grass was burning to the very edge of the road. One fire was very extensive, the flames leaping round the trunks of the trees and blazing amid grass, bushes, and stumps. Yellow pungent smoke half obscured the sky, and the sunlight upon the road seemed to come through coloured glass. Large patches of country were smouldering and blackened, and the distant ranges wreathed in smoke, like mountains shrouded in mist.

We reached Tenterfield, a quiet border-town. We were now in the New England district of New South Wales. It stands about 4000 feet above sea-level, and has a pure, fresh, delicious climate, though we felt it rather cold. "Cold? by Jove, this is excellent weather," cried an enthusiastic townsman, drawing

in his breath with a hiss—"Cold? why, this is a glorious climate—same as England every bit—that is, barring the damp! Where will you find such glowing-cheeked damsels—such brown-faced sturdy young men! I love the cold wind, bless it!" There are 13,100 square miles in this district. Agriculture is its main industry. Butter, milk, and eggs are scarce. In few of the hotels can you get more than a mere dribble of milk to your meals. As often as not eggs are beaten up as a substitute. The country folks do not trouble themselves much about dairy produce, as there is yet but a very uncertain market. Another town to the southward receives its supply of butter all the way from Sydney, some two or three hundred miles.

A stage of thirty-five miles further brought us to Deepwater, the smallest place we ever performed in. It consisted solely of two inns about three hundred yards from each other. We had tea in the dining-room—then adjourned to the kitchen, where the concert was held. Forty people managed to crowd in, and we wondered where they all came from. The acoustics, I need hardly say, were not good, and one had the feeling of singing down the throats of the audience in the front seats. Even in such a small village as this we were not free from opposition, for the other half of the town—that is, the rival hotel-keeper—got up a "dance" to try and charm away our audience!

On our way to Glen Innes, we passed some really fine country. But the road lay at one place near the foot of a high, naked bluff, the scene of a fearful tragedy. Eighteen blacks, who had murdered a family, were pursued by the relentless native police to this sheer precipice, and literally chased over into the abyss. The Australian bush is as a rule not very plentiful in historical associations. True, people tell you that here a notorious bush-ranger was shot—here two tribes of blacks met in deadly encounter—here an early explorer arrived in one of his expeditions—here an entire family was drowned in a flood—here a famous nugget was discovered. But the events have not the charm of antiquity, and your interest is mainly concentrated on the natural beauties of the country, and the cheerful evidences of settlement.

Glen Innes is an agricultural township, finely situated amidst fertile country. The hall here was an auction-room. We had the job of piling up some scores of heavy bags of tin-ore to form a basis for the platform. Talking of bags reminds me of

another place we were at, where the seating consisted of planks laid on sugar-bags. Early in the evening many of the bags burst, and if the audience did not take the entertainment with "a grain of salt," they at any rate helped themselves liberally to the sugar! The hotel at Glen Innes was full of commercial travellers, and one or two of our party had to sleep in some odd beds constructed in a building at the rear. As usual, one common roof covered a number of partitions, which were merely calico screens. In one compartment a Chinese barber was plying his trade, and we had to endure the disagreeable odour of soap-suds. Towels were scarce, and it was highly comical to see a man wiping his face on the loose fragments of the calico partitions—"drying his face on the walls," as he called it. The hotel people had run short of calico in one instance, and had filled up the gap with old election banners, "Peace and plenty! Vote for Fipps!" and so on. The commercials made the night hideous by prolonged revelry in the hotel parlour. They clanked glasses, slapped the table with their hands, shouted, stamped with their feet, engaged in vociferous discussions, and bellowed out the gems of British melody. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, one, two! It was not till close upon three o'clock in the morning that the commercial interest felt depression and departed to its couch.

The groom at this hotel was a New Zealand man. Of course he had the usual romantic history. Three years ago he was worth £4000. He had one of the best hotels in Auckland, and owned a racer, valued at 200 guineas—a large sum for a horse in the colonies. One of his troubles consisted in that the animal was drugged and poisoned when he had backed £1000 upon it. He had also failed in mining. Like hundreds of others, he took up mining scrip, upon which he had paid "calls" till nearly every penny had been spent. As he said himself, busy curry-combing a horse, "Now, I'm a poor man, grooming—but I just grin and bear it; I've come here where nobody knows me." There are scores of similar histories in the colonies. Were a human wreck-chart of Australia published, what a speckled map would be presented!

Before starting for Inverell we made diligent inquiry as to the number of miles we had to travel. In Australia you are never sure of road or distance. There are no mile-stones, for one thing—there are numerous tracks, for another—and there are short cuts, most perplexing of all. We consulted the commercials at Glen Innes, and roused quite a debate. "Say

what you like, its twenty-nine miles. Yes, it's all that, if it's a yard. Ah! you mean twenty by Griffin's sheep-run. I mean by the creek and through the slip-rail, running down by the five-mile house. Now, what's the good of you saying it's thirty?—that's the old road—the coach goes a different track now, the drays have cut the other up so badly—besides, there's no crossing at Beery Bob's place now—there's a big hole in the middle of the bridge! I wouldn't advise the gentlemen to take any other than the one I mean, unless they go over the Range, and then their horses would have to be fed on ivy to climb that!"

We spent a Sunday in Inverell, and went to the Presbyterian Church. There was an attentive, respectable congregation of honest, healthy-looking country-folks. There was not any approach to gaudiness of dress or affected gentility. They were decent people with their Sunday clothes on. Many of them had come on horseback, and the animals browsed outside the church until the conclusion of the service. Before entering the church, we had noticed a man tugging vigorously at the bell-rope. When the congregation had been "rung in," he hurried to the precentor's desk and led the psalms. Then later he whipped round with the collection-plate. Lastly, he saw the congregation out, and carefully locked the door. He was only equalled in versatility by a man we saw in Kilmore, Victoria, who was at one and the same time the Presbyterian church-warden, the town-crier, the bill-poster, and the Inspector of Nuisances!

At Inverell we wished to buy a saddle-horse. Patrick happened to mention that fact to the stableman, and in half-an-hour the news had spread all over the town. The street was soon busy with horses of every variety, and with all kinds of vices. My brothers and I had a hard time of it cantering up and down the road, trying the different hacks. At last we hit upon a small wiry horse, for which the extravagant sum of six guineas was asked! He was an insignificant-looking, meek-faced animal, but we added to its dignity by calling it "the General." He turned out well, not only "in the field," but also on the road.

Armidale was the last town we visited in this New England district. It is the centre of an astonishingly fertile tract of country. Farms meet the eye in every direction. There is little of the squatting interest. The land is cut up into innumerable sections, and there are a proportionate number of happy,

contented, jolly farmers. We chanced to be in Armidale also on a Sunday, and found there was a most prosperous, numerously-attended Presbyterian Church. The congregation, as at Inverell, was drawn from miles round; but we saw no horses tied up anywhere. At the conclusion of the service, however, when we thought every one had disappeared, lo! from behind one end of the church there came a long procession of people on horseback. Down they came, riding in couples, the horses' hoofs crunching along the narrow, heavily-gravelled walk that ran past one side of the church. There were young ladies with long black dresses—young men in leggings and bright spurs—little boys on big farm-horses—rough bushmen on frisky steeds—burly farmers on muscular, well-knit horses. As the equestrians emerged into the open ground in front of the church, they parted company, rode off in small groups, and were soon invisible amongst the houses and the by-roads round about. The minister of this church is hard-worked, for in addition to his many duties in Armidale, he holds service at thirty-four different places every three months. He preaches in the town once a fortnight to a congregation large enough for his whole undivided energies. But ministers are scarce and the country sparsely settled. The colonial clergymen certainly live laborious days.

We heartily enjoyed our travelling. In the morning, just before the first streaks of daylight, we rose in the cold and the darkness, and made ready for the journey. Our driver busied himself in the stable by candle-light, giving the horses their oats and putting on the harness. We drew the coach out into the stable-yard—then took the wheels off, one at a time, and gave the axles a dose of castor-oil from a bottle which Patrick carried about with him for use equally on wheels and horses. The coach was packed—then off we started, Patrick smacking his whip, or "flagellator," as he called it, and our heavy dog Uno bounding in front. Poor beast! he had many a weary scamper alongside that coach. But he enjoyed himself in his own way. Now he would dash wickedly through the bush, after some innocent sheep—now hear a rustling in the grass, and follow a snake to its nest in a hollow log—now rush excitedly after a drove of kangaroos—now sniff a tree for some hidden opossum. One day he would be splashed all over with black mud—another day powdered over with white sand—next day covered from head to tail in red loam—according to the various districts we passed through. We had

glorious canters in the bush; for by this time we had improved in our horsemanship. We had felt a little diffident at first, as everybody rides in Australia. There is no country in the world where the horse is more of a boon or a necessity. The boy who chuckles at you behind your back can ride—so can the grey-headed old man who seems scarcely active enough for a walk. We have seen men galloping with baskets of eggs and cans of milk or water, and have observed a mother with her infant in arms riding along with all the appearance of comfort. Every brown-faced country lass can do her trot and canter—not always with a side-saddle, but sometimes in a very unladylike position, "*à la* clothes-pin," as the Yankees have it!

We had great experience of Australian hotels. Taken as a whole, they were excellent. The accommodation was good—so was the "table." Meat of course entered largely into the fare. This might be expected in a country where beef is from fourpence to fivepence a pound, and mutton threepence a pound. The colonials eat a good deal of butcher-meat. A bush-farmer, a Scotsman, once said to us, "What wad the folks in Scotland think o' pleughmen gettin' mutton to eat in the mornins? We have cauld mutton to breakfast, cauld mutton to dinner, an' cauld mutton to tea. We're weel aff, I can tell ye!" The charges in the hotels vary from six shillings to ten shillings a day, according to the quality of the house or the size of the township. This payment covers everything. There are no vague additional items such as "Attendance," or "Beds," or "Boots," or "Lights." You know exactly what you have to pay. Of course there is no law forbidding you to tip the waiter or stableman before driving off—but that is about the fullest extent to which anything is "looked for." While the accommodation in the country hotels is good, we cannot say so much for the bush-inns, as the houses in the less-settled parts are called.

Hot, tired, dusty, thirsty, travelling through the lonely, endless bush, amid the unvarying fragrance of the gum trees, we come to a bush-inn, the "Traveller's Rest." We see its white-painted sides and its iron roof shining through the trees. We push forward in haste. The very horses prick up their ears and quicken their pace. In a few minutes we draw up to the door. Immediately in front of it stands a tall white post supporting an empty square frame, from which the sign-board has broken away. A red-faced, sandy-whiskered man in tight trousers and a striped flannel shirt, with a halter dangling over

his arm, takes the horses round to the stable. In the bar, a bullock-driver is asleep upon a small three-legged stool, his head upon his arms, leaning on an ale cask that stands in one corner, and from which an occasional draught is tapped by the landlord for two swagmen who have just dropped in. A trooper has dismounted from his horse, and is sitting on a form outside, reading the latest paper from the nearest township. At the side of the door a magpie chatters in a large round wicker cage. Going to the stable, we cross a rotten plank or two, that, from the slushing sound they make, seem to cover something sodden. We come upon dirty-faced, shaggy-headed children—dogs snuffing at old bones—hens pecking at cold potatoes—and many pigs quarrelling in a small stye. The scene is backed by one or two drunken-looking out-houses, which seem ready to topple over, the whole strata of the walls being many degrees off the perpendicular. Close to the stable stands an old buggy, and near the door lie half-a-dozen horse-collars, a set of chain-harness, a pitchfork, a dingy stable-lamp, and an old brandy-case strewn with stray oats and chaff, the remains of some horse's *al fresco* feed. The interior of the stable is far from cheerful. A thin layer of straw barely covers the earth in the floor of the stalls. The planks that compose the walls are wide apart, many of them swing loose, and a cold wind blows through and through the stable. Oats are handled with great care and delicacy by the stableman, who deals them out in homœopathic doses.

Dinner being ready, we enter the parlour. The walls are merely papered canvas, and bulge inwards with every puff of wind. The window is shaded by a white blind that is semi-detached from the roller and hangs down in a long dog's ear. The wide yawning fire-place, full of white powdery dead embers, resembles the mouth of a railway tunnel, for the smoke has curled out and blackened the wall immediately above. The grimy, sooty mantelpiece is occupied by empty pickle-bottles, two noseless, armless China statues, a tattered, crimson-backed copy of Beeton's Cookery Book, and a tiny pocket thermometer, the mercury of which has broken its little bulb and trickled away in disgust at not being able to register anything but smoke. The table is covered with a walnut-coloured glazed cloth, the veneer of which having scaled off in many places, shows the rough canvas beneath. At one end is spread a white cover, blotched with extensive yellow stains caused by the spilt coffee of some preceding guest. There are two dishes

—an immense piece of corned beef, and a plateful of ham and eggs. The floor being uneven, you are in continual oscillation on your seat. The cruet-stand, formerly a tripod, has lost a foot, and now leans over invitingly towards us. The carving-blade is broad at the tip and curved like a scimitar; the common knives, through long-continued sharpening, look like daggers; the tarnished, dinted dish-covers are ranged on a side-table like shields. We feel we are dining in an armoury. A dog appears on one side, and puts its paws upon the table—a lean cat stands opposite and claws away at the cloth—I sit between a hungry, rampant coat-of-arms. The pudding turns out to be a long, dry rolly-polly, the jelly of which seems to have lost itself in one of the numerous convolutions. Tea is brought in a large metal pot about eighteen inches in height, and is found to be obnoxious. The bread, too, is unpalatable, and when sliced down you see running through it veins of raw, white dough. The cups are plain, coarse, grey-coloured, with rims a quarter of an inch thick; while the spoons are of a very miscellaneous nature, there being an egg spoon, a salt spoon, a German silver spoon, and a leaden spoon wherewith to stir our tea.

Three of us are quartered in one bedroom, and accommodated with what are called "swagmen's beds." The pillows are stuffed with straw, and the wisps stick into our ears. We sleep under the national tricolour—red, white, and blue—a rough red-threaded coverlet, a thin blue blanket, and a thinner white sheet. Another sheet separates us from the barred trestle beneath, and we feel as if sleeping along a ladder. One window serves two rooms, the partition coming right in the middle of it. As the window is open, and a breeze blowing, we try to shut it, but find the gentleman next door has propped it up with the hair-brush. The wall on one side is a wainscoated partition, and a cataract of rats and mice pours unceasingly through it. The other is the usual calico screen, and when we blow out our candle we are startled by seeing, in gigantic shadow-pantomime, the whole of our neighbour's nocturnal toilette.

Just as we are dozing off, we hear angry voices in the bar—a crashing of glasses, a scuffling of feet, yells, blows, and foul language—recrimination, threats, and female outcries for the police. Suddenly the sounds mellow down, and we know the combatants have been bundled into the open air. Lightly dressing ourselves, we hurry out. The space in front of the

hotel is filled with a noisy crowd of men. In the middle of them stands a short, purple-faced, inebriated man, with disordered hair and ensanguined nose. He is mildly denouncing everybody with a general wave of the hand—"Cowards all of you—I'm only a poor butcher—you're a lot of curs—I'm from the Moon-bi Range up there—seen skittles?—well, knock you all down like skittles—you're a confounded pack of—." "Shut up, will you!" roars another drunken fellow, bringing his fist down on the butcher's nose. Purple-face retaliates, but missing his aim, hits another individual full in the chest. This introduces a new combatant, who, in turn, becomes embroiled with some one else. At length there is a general mêlée. In the thick of all is the Moon-bi man, whose nose is punched by everyone consecutively. On the outskirts of the throng, the landlady tugs at the coat-tails of her husband, who is mixed up with the fight. The stableman excitedly rushes round with a lantern, and, standing on an inverted wheel-barrow, throws a glimmer of light upon the scene. For full five minutes there is continued shouting, kicking, and tearing of hair. Suddenly the crowd opens and the poor butcher is projected violently against a wooden fence, frightening a number of hitched-up horses, who snap their bridles and vanish into darkness, followed by their half-sobered owners. The butcher sits for a time scratching his head, and meekly muttering vengeance; but eventually, with the assistance of some of his late foes, he picks himself up and staggers into the bar, where he abruptly falls asleep over a "nobbler" of schiedam. It will be long ere we forget our day at this bush-inn, and our midnight introduction to the man of the Moon-bi.

We had dull times travelling down from Armidale in the New England district. At Tamworth, however, some sixty-two miles south of Armidale, there was great talk about the capture of a party of bushrangers. They had committed robberies away up in the interior of Queensland, on the Barcoo River, and had been tracked by mounted police down through Southern Queensland, across the Border, through New England, past Armidale, and into the vicinity of Tamworth, where they were caught after severe resistance. We had frequently heard in our travels of bushrangers, but had never before been so near the scene of their capture, or so soon after the event. Sixty miles further south, at Murrurundi, we reached the Great Northern Railway, which extends to the port of Newcastle, a distance of 120 miles. Murrurundi was one of the most beautifully situated

places we had seen. We sighted it when coming round the spur of a hill, on the Liverpool Range—the town lying beneath us on a plain, in a valley formed by unusually high mountains. Then we took the train to Singleton, passing on the way Muscle-brook and Scone, two healthy-looking pretty towns.

The weather during this month of October was very pleasant. On our second visit to this district, however, which was during December, the heat was uncommonly intense. The town of Scone fully bore out its name, for it was baked. The thermometer stood for several days at 142° in the sun, and 110° in the shade. Whenever you left the shelter of a verandah you felt the solar rays instantly striking down upon you. The grass was grey and went into powder beneath your feet—the earth was as dry as cinders—great bush-fires raged in the mountains, grasshoppers were to be seen in myriads on every meadow and field—mosquitoes sang loudly everywhere; and going to your bed at night, you would find an enormous tarantula spider, like a small crab, crawling on your looking-glass or climbing up the walls. The forests of Victoria, also, were ablaze from one end of the country to the other, and such overpowering heat had not been known for many years. At Scone we were almost compelled to keep indoors, and it was there that, seeing a drayman standing in the hotel-porch, we remarked that the weather was hot. "Hot!" he rejoined, "I should think it *was!* every time a bullock passes me I smells beef-steaks."

Maitland, the second city in New South Wales, and the chief town of this Hunter District, was a great surprise to us. It was an extensive place, substantial, and well-built. The Hunter River runs close at the back of the town. At home Maitland was always associated in my mind with floods. As we walked about, old flood-marks were pointed out to us. The flats on each side of the town, and in fact the whole of the level country in this large Hunter District, owe their unparalleled fertility to the occasional overflowing of the river. "I tell you as a solemn fact," said a Maitland man, "the crops would fail, and the town would languish, if we did not have a flood at least every three years." Though we were at Maitland during some heavy showers, yet the down-pour was not fortunately so steady and so long continued as to produce any visible effect upon the river. A week or two, however, after we had left, there was a flood which almost surpassed the memorable one of 1863. The Hunter rose forty-three feet, and laid the whole district under

water. The streets of Maitland were impassable save by row-boats. Valuable property bordering on the river was completely swept away. Several persons were drowned, and many barely escaped with their lives. Happily the flood was not of long duration, and matters soon got back to their old way. No doubt, for the next two or three years the crops will be unusually good.

From Maitland we again took the rail to Newcastle, leaving behind us the most fertile district in the colony, "the Granary of New South Wales." Through smoke and stir—past busy collieries, chimney-stalks, heaps of coal, and long rows of laden trucks—we approached the great Port Hunter. We saw a fleet of shipping lying in the docks—a crowd of vessels standing out at anchor—and a host of small steamboats puffing out and in. On our left stretched a wharf lined with coal-shoots, covered with avenues of trucks, and lively with locomotives. Newcastle rose on our right—lying up against a hill-face, the inner side of a headland overlooking the ocean—the town seeming as if it had been drifted there by some unusually strong breeze. Like its namesake, Newcastle flourishes on immense exports of coal. Besides that required for the Australian market, it ships coal to China, India, California, and South America. We noticed that the yield for one week amounted to 12,638 tons.

We came back from Newcastle to Musclebrook, and resumed our coach and horses, which we had left there while we went down by rail. Our route now lay across country, along what was not by any means a high road. We purposed reaching Gulgong, the latest gold-field of the colony, 124 miles inland, in five days. We had pleasant travelling to Denman, a small village fifteen miles from Musclebrook, where we stayed all night. Here Patrick had a quarrel with the innkeeper as to which of them should clean out the stable. Upon our not backing him up in his imaginary grievance, he threw up his engagement with us, and next morning we awoke in time to see Patrick far in the distance trudging back to Musclebrook. Here was a dilemma! We were left with a coach and horses on our hands—no other driver was to be had—none of us had ever driven a team before. But a relative of ours, "Tom" by name, who travelled with us as business-agent, volunteered to drive the coach. We left in the early morning, and toiled successfully through the bush till mid-day, when we rested three hours by the side of a creek. In the afternoon, as we were ascending a soft sandy hill, the coach stuck. The horses were

not to be budged by any amount of lashing. Tired out though we were by a whole day's hard jolting, heat, and some miles of hill climbing, we hauled out the heavier part of the luggage. The two leaders jibbed, and we unharnessed them, that the willing pole-horses might work. With painful exertion they ploughed the coach obliquely up the hill for twenty or thirty yards. Then we unloaded the remainder of the luggage. The two horses set off again, but gradually drifted round beyond the control of the driver. They dragged the coach across the hill, and edged their way down the slope. The horses came so sharply round that the vehicle gradually began to tilt over. We could see the wheels lifting slowly off the ground, at first—then quicker and quicker—while Tom sprawled over towards the higher side of the box, and latterly jumped off unhurt, dragging the reins after him, as the coach went down with a loud crash. The horses stood quietly, and nibbled at grass. We tied them beside the others, and with branches of trees pried the coach round, so that we could lift it into position down hill. Within five minutes it was on its wheels. We carried the nearer heap of luggage up the long hill—then went further down and brought up the heavier baggage. By the time we were ready to start, we came to the conclusion that we had never known fatigue before.

Daylight had vanished long ere we had arrived at Merriwa. It was the first time we had travelled through thick bush on a dark night. The horses seemed to feel their way instinctively. One of our folks, riding ahead of us, threw over his back a broad white handkerchief, as a faint guide to the turns of the road. After a time we could scarcely see either horse, rider, or handkerchief, but we kept up a series of whistles and shouts as a link between us. One of our cries was "*Coo-oo-oo-ee!*" a bush-call which the whites have borrowed from the aboriginals —a long drawn, low set sound, suddenly jerking up into a loud acute shriek, heard at great distances. As we drove into the township, the folks came out, astonished at this untimely appearance of a coach, and the road was bright with the light that shone through the open doors.

The day following we reached Cassilis, twenty-eight miles further, where we remained overnight. Then off we went again, arriving at a rough wayside inn, half-way to Gulgong from Cassilis. The house lay on one side of a creek, and the gully was crossed by the most dangerous bridge it has ever been our bad fortune to see. "Bridge" one could hardly call it, for

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it was a mere layer or raft of branches thrown loosely across, and filled in with twigs. It was narrow, too, and reached by a sharp descent, so that there was great danger. As the coach jolted over it, the ends of the saplings came flying up one after the other, like the hammers of a piano in a brilliant chromatic scale.

At this small hotel the landlord fed us on promises. Every remonstrance we made as to the scarcity of bedding for the horses, or the paucity of diet for ourselves, was received with one unvarying formula—"I'll do the best I can for you, and I can't do more!" He was a type of many hotel-keepers one meets with in the bush. They chop wood, cultivate small plots of ground, have a paddock or two, own a few horses, and manage an inn merely as an adjunct to other business. The isolated situation of this particular landlord gave him a monopoly, and he was content with serving travellers as if he never expected to see them again.

On the fifth day we made an early start, and arrived about eight o'clock at a creek, where we made an excellent breakfast. About two o'clock we reached Gulgong, passing near the town through acres of abandoned gold claims. We had to drive along a narrow path in the midst of innumerable uncouth holes—the locality appearing like the site of some forest of gigantic trees which had been suddenly torn up by the roots. It was a scene of glaring, bewildering confusion. The track wildly wriggled through the embanking mounds of sand, in despair of ever reaching the town, till it emerged entirely from the chaos, and joyfully darted like an arrow down the main street.

Gulgong is a large collection of corrugated-iron buildings—shops with great square signs, more prominent than elegant—Chinamen's bazaars—hastily-built hotels, displaying attractive banners—slim cottages, wooden churches, temporary offices, and weather-board banks. The whole place was in the highest degree new. The streets were filled with crowds of miners. The hotel was busy with men inquiring after the manager of this, and the inspector of that—some wishing to deposit money in a benefit society—some waiting for their wages. We have a feeling to this day that we were living at Gulgong in a bustling, enterprising community.

We were five days here, and then left for Mudgee, a stage of eighteen miles. On the way, there occurred the most serious accident we had in all our travels. My father and mother were driving quietly along in the buggy. There was a hot sun, and

the horse "Billy" was not in a good humour at all. To waken him up a little, my father gave him a touch of the whip. In a moment "Billy" threw up his hind legs—one of them got jammed behind the swingle-bars, and away he wildly bolted on three legs. As on most bush-roads, stumps were plentiful, and "Billy" darted over one of these; but the front axle came with terrible force upon the stump. My father, thrown out by the shock, fell fortunately on his hands, and escaped unhurt. My mother was shot out violently against a fallen tree, her face striking full upon the rugged trunk. The harness gave way at once, and "Billy" rolled into a trench or furrow of the road just large enough to hold him tight. He lay helpless on his back, with all his hoofs elevated safely in the air—a providential occurrence. My mother was picked up insensible, her face covered with blood from some abrasions on the forehead. We laid her at the foot of a tree, where there was some little shade from the burning sun. After her face had been bathed with water, which we brought from a distant creek, my mother opened her eyes and spoke. Two of us galloped back some miles to get vinegar and brandy, while the rest repaired the damage done to the buggy. The shafts had to be bound up with splints—the swingle-bars held together with rope—the harness mended with twine. By the time we were ready to start, my mother had greatly recovered. When we arrived at Mudgee, we called in a doctor, and in a few days our patient was off the sick list. Sad to relate, the doctor was shortly afterwards drowned while fording a swollen creek not far from the scene of our accident.

We had a standing line in our programmes: "Ladies and gentlemen arriving late will kindly oblige by remaining in the lobby till the conclusion of a song!" To suit all the strange places we sang in, this should have been altered to "kindly oblige by remaining on the stair," "kindly oblige by remaining in the bar," "kindly oblige by remaining in the vestry," "kindly oblige by remaining in the jury-room," "kindly oblige by remaining in the open air;" and so on. The regulation was the cause of some trouble in Mudgee. One evening, during the third song on the programme, a gentleman demanded admittance. The doorkeeper politely requested him to remain outside, but he tried to force his way in, his hat coming off in the attempt. His friends immediately magnified this into an assault by our doorkeeper, who had all the time remained on the defensive. When the song had concluded, the indignant gentleman called out the whole of his party, twelve in number,

who had gone in before the concert commenced. Their money was returned to them, and they left the hall. Those of the audience near the door were astonished—"Do you know who that is?—that's Mr Z., the biggest bug we have!" Next day, a gentleman called on us in a friendly way at the hotel, deploring the occurrence, and offering to carry an apology from us to Mr Z., so as to stop any legal action! Of course we declined the offer, for we knew from the testimony of bystanders that our doorkeeper had not gone beyond his instructions. That evening a brass band planted, yea rooted itself under the window nearest to the platform, and played loudly all through the concert. We offered them a large sum to move on, but they told us candidly they "were paid more money than that to come there!" The incident created some stir in the community. The papers unanimously sided with us, one journal in a neighbouring town devoting two columns to a humorous discussion of the matter. As a rule, the public took favourably to this regulation. Sometimes two or three young ladies, on being kept out, would tee-hee, and say to each other, "It's just like being at church!"—sometimes a man would growl, "Is this a prayer-meeting?"—sometimes a fellow would turn angrily on his heel, go away, change his mind, and return in the middle of a crowd with the air of having just arrived! But, as a general thing, our audience thanked us for the quietness that prevailed during the singing of a song.

On our bills we had also the more common rule: "Children in arms not admitted." It was amusing to notice the way this was evaded. Very often the fond mother would place her infant against the wall, saying, "Ye see the puir thing can stand!" and again it was no uncommon thing to see a father and mother dragging a suckling between them, almost dislocating its arms, till they got it past the door. In large towns this rule acted well enough; but in the wide-settled country districts, where our concerts were advertised as much by rumour as by bills, people in ignorance of the "stern law" came long distances with children in arms. Then it was that our materfamilias had a pleasant duty to perform; for my mother, taking compassion on her country-women anxious to hear a "Scotch sang," looked after their babes in an adjoining room during the concert. Very often she had three or four of these valuable charges at once, the mothers coming out during the "Interval of Ten Minutes" to pet the infants, or give them their natural nourishment.

Mudgee to Hill End was our next journey. The bush was

the same as ever—the same logs, stumps, dry leaves, and tinder—trees blackened and gutted out by camp fires—trees bare-looking, with the bark lying curled up at their roots, like immense cinnamon-stalks—trees lying stranded on the banks each side of the road, their high limbs projecting like masts, their under-branches crushed and shivered—and trees bereft of foliage, giving large patches of bush the anomalous appearance of bleak winter under a melting sun. Ant hills lined each side of the road—sandy heaps, two and three feet high, swarming with bloated, purple insects. We found the ascents to be awful. Looking from the top of a ridge over the great, wide, black sea of forest, we saw the white road dipping away down out of sight amidst the density of the trees, appearing again on a hill side, sinking once more, emerging higher still, and rising almost vertically to the brow of the opposite heights. We stayed for the night at "Hargreave's," the place where gold was first found in New South Wales.

Next day we had soft boggy ground to cross, and steep gullies to ascend. We had several times to jump out of the coach and fill up gaps in the middle of the road with branches and logs crossed over each other, the holes looking as if they had been darned with saplings. We reached the Hill End country—a wild, vast, mountainous region, that appears on the map like a nest of caterpillars—an undulating heaving expanse, full of majestic, deep lying views, with a succession of high rounded hills and towering timbered peaks stretching away to the bluest distance. There was not a foot of level ground as far as the eye could see. We had a succession of hills to ascend—one of them two miles long, a dreary remembrance to us of hoarse yells, thumpings, lashings, and panting horses. At the top there was a smooth, hard road, and in a short time we were in Hill End.

The town is excited over its first municipal election. We find the chief street closely packed with human beings eagerly expecting the appearance of the candidates on the hustings—a platform erected in front of the Metropolitan Hotel. We can get nowhere near it, so coach and horses are driven to the hotel-yard by a back street. The crowd is composed principally of miners, who have just left off work, and appear in their every-day clothes. The candidates address the populace. The first, crushing his felt hat under his arm with the earnestness of his speech, vows he will do his utmost to economise the public funds. "Hurrah." The second, almost twisting the buttons

off his coat, declares he will go in for free education. "Good for you!" The third, running both hands nervously through his hair, announces his fixed intention of devoting himself to the mining interest. "Go it, old chap!" The fourth, with clenched uplifted fists, denounces vehemently the opposition he has received from the despicable Teetotal, Masonic, Good Templars', and Odd Fellows' Societies. At this there is tremendous uproar, and those in front make loud slighting remarks as to the speaker's parentage and fitness for aldermanic honours. A solitary "Hear, hear" from over the way, produces in that quarter a decided commotion. The mingled groans, hisses, whistles, and yells are something deafening, and make the narrow thoroughfare ring again. In the midst of it all, a rough drunken fellow reels out of the bar, and with extended arms staggers edgeways down the steps into the street. Tearing off his hat, he waves it in the air, shouts "Vote for Joe," and is struck a violent partisan blow by some one in the crowd. A fight ensues, the mob throng round, and a policeman, with his hands stuck out before him, wedges through to preserve order. A two-horse waggonette charges amongst the people. Six men are in it. One, disguised in elegant whiskers and a long red pasteboard nose, upholds a blue banner on a striped pole—"Vote for the True Man." Amid loud laughter the vehicle drives on, followed by a score of cabs, each bearing a motto. "Vote for the Pure Patriot." "Vote for the Old Sticker who intends to make the Hill End his Home!" "Don't vote for the Swindler that called you all Swindlers!" "Electors, support the man that looks after the Cash!" The whole hotel is in a fever, and resounds with cries for refreshment. I manage to catch the waiter's ear for one moment—"Awful crowd, eh? you must be off your legs almost?" "Me? ho, ho! bless you, two years ago during the rush, this used to be everyday work. I'm just getting into my old way again!" When the result of the polling is announced, another wave of excitement sweeps over Hill End. Our landlord of the "Metropolitan" is one of the nine successful candidates, and treats everyone to free drinks. Brandy and whisky are served out with all expedition, and there is a continued *feu de joie* of popping lemonade.

The town lies in almost inaccessible country. I have given some idea of the road from Mudgee to Hill End, but the country between the latter place and Bathurst is not much better. Every stick of furniture, every article of domestic use, had to come

from Bathurst, up Monkey Hill, a terrible ascent, of which I shall speak presently—so that there has been considerable energy and enterprise expended beyond that shown in the development of the quartz reefs. The first population of 16,000 has diminished to a fraction of that number, the town having fallen into a less feverish and more regular way of doing.

We visited the chief wonder of the district, Hawkins' Hill, where are situated the principal reefs. It was the grandest and most picturesque mining spot we had ever cast eyes on. A great bluff or projecting headland stretches out and overhangs the Valley of the Turon. The outer point of it slopes sharply down to the level country bordering on the river, while on each side of the ridge are immense ravines 1500 feet deep. Along the side of one of these gorges, some sixty feet or so down from the brow of the hill, stretches the long close row of mines—a series of low shelving, iron roofed buildings—disgorging torrents of stone and mineral refuse down the precipitous slopes of the ravine. Pack-horses are employed carrying the quartz to the upper ground, some of it in hempen bags, some in raw hide sacks. A wire tramway has been thrown, at a giddy height, across the gorge, for the conveyance of quartz to a battery high up on the opposite hill. The double wire is supported by lofty wooden trellis pillars, which look as if the first blast would sweep them off. The full quartz bags are hooked on one wire and drawn up, while the empty bags return on the other. In July of 1872, fifteen tons of quartz out of Holtermann's claim yielded 7000 oz. of gold; and at Paxton's, in February of the same year, a crushing of five tons produced 1100 oz. This last claim once realised £25,000 during a single fortnight; and in March of 1872, the Paxton Gold Mining Company was floated, with a capital of £160,000.

Our journey to Wattle Flat, the first stage to Bathurst, was really pictorial. We breakfasted twelve miles out at a bush inn, which lay not far from Monkey Hill. In Australia you generally find an inn at the top or bottom of a long heavy hill. While here, we made inquiries as to a shorter road, but were told by a man that it was impassable. Said he, "There's not a drink to be had." "What?" said we—"no water for the horses?" "Yes," he replied, "there's water, but there's no drink for the drivers—there ain't a public-house the whole way!" Our first trouble was the descent of Monkey Hill, a dangerous place a short time ago, though it has now been macadamised of half its terrors. It is two and a half miles

long—a winding road, with steep stone-built embankments along the face of deep ravines—the wheels of the coach almost skimming the edge of a precipice on our left hand, while high rocky cuttings rose up on our right. The road at some of the abrupt turns seemed to be running out into mid-air, and at these points was inclined inwards for security. Once, while turning the corner of a hill, we swung round into a burst of scenery unequalled by anything we had as yet seen in Australia—wide, immense, sunny plains spreading beneath us, with occasional cloud shadows, and hills rising tumultuously around. After we had worn out a couple of old boot-heels on the brake, we arrived at the foot of this long hill.

The next section of the journey lay through the Valley of the Turon. We struck the river at one part—the road running along the dry stony channel, with high echoing cliffs towering on either hand, and the wind blowing coldly through the defile. Further on, the road passed through rich, red earthy country. Skirting high ground, we suddenly turned, and lo ! beneath us, close under our feet, we beheld Sofala—a bird's-eye view of corrugated-iron roofs shining, some glittering, in the sun. We could have dropped stones down the chimneys. The town lies close to the Turon, which is backed by large treeless knolls, smooth and rounded like the cone of sifted sand in an hour-glass—the red loam showing dimly through the thin green coating of grass. Paths are cut through these hills at places, looking like deep fleshy scars. Even the road on which we were travelling could be traced far ahead by its bright colour. Sofala we found to be a defunct mining town, apparently given over to whisky and Chinamen, the latter dabbling and "fossicking" for bare life along the bed of the river.

Bathurst lies on an exposed slope on the south side of the Macquarie river, without shade or shelter, and is built largely of brick—looking, as a facetious Governor once said, as if it had been spread out there to bake. As we drove along the streets we saw stores, warehouses, banks, large drapery establishments, and fine hotels. There was a good deal of traffic, too, and plenty of people on the pavements. The streets are wide and rectangular. In the centre of the town is a large square, occupied by a gloomy jail and a bright new market.

At Bathurst we ended our coach-travelling in New South Wales. We placed our vehicles and horses in the hands of Messrs Choker, Spott, & Co., and on the day fixed we went to the saleyards. About fifty persons were assembled. There

were big burly men with thick walking-sticks and stout gold chains; grooms odorous of stables; sporting characters in tight trousers; a butcher or two in blue; some few men in shirt sleeves; one or two youngsters; a dissolute fellow in shabby clothes; several confidential friends of the auctioneers; and a number of respectable young farmers. Mr Choker, mounting a little rostrum, banged for silence with a stiff paper roll. "Jack, trot out number one, Macgregor, branded X over Z on off shoulder—a good chesnut—make a capital hack—ten pounds offered—M'Cash, this is your lot. Fetch Polly, the bay mare—ah, I call her something worth while, my friends—she's good either in saddle or in harness, single or double—will any one lend me the money to buy her?—eight pounds—eight, eight—she's leg weary just now, but she'll pick herself up again in a paddock—twelve—going at twelve! Here's Billy, a strong horse as you see—and there's an action for you—what an action!" "Yes, an action for damages—look at his legs!" growled the seedy man. "Horse never kicked in his life," said Mr Choker sharply; "ten pounds—there's muscle for you—put a ton behind him, and see what he'd do." "Yes, he'd stand," echoed Growler. "Now, Beery, if you don't want him, dry up!—fourteen—going—gone! What do you say to this fine brute Andy—there's an arched neck if you like!" Beery gave a grunt, and several others laughed. One man burst out with: "That horse's head's loaded with pig-iron; look how he hugs it between his legs!" "Out with the grey horse, Mr Spott, branded VW conjoined on near shoulder," cried Mr Choker, getting desperate, and slapping down his hat. "Who bids for this magnificent Arab?" Growler commenced to say something about "Street Arab," but a bystander jerked out his elbow at him, and said, "Keep quiet, will you! you're a regular noosance!" The "General" was now brought forward. "Buy him for the Museum," said a big farmer, poking the horse in the ribs with his stout stick. The company did not laugh at the little pony "Jessy," who had been with us in all our journeyings. "There is a nuggety animal for you," said Mr Choker, as Mr Spott wheeled the mare round the yard—"a good stamp of a pony—can carry a lady as safe's an arm-chair—none of you bid?—four guineas—five—six—really, my feelings, gents!—eight—going—gone!" Then they all went out to the coach, which was drawn up to the pavement. The only likely customer was Mr Smith, in the market-gardening line. He thought the vehicle too large for his wants, and so the matter ended. It

may be as well to state that horse-flesh has not at all the same value here that it has in the old country. The price for a good animal is of course rising in the colonies, but still you can get horses for a half or even a third of the price ruling at home.

From Bathurst we went by rail to Goulburn—a distance of 250 miles. Thirty miles of a journey, and we approached the famous Zig-Zag Railway across the Blue Mountains. The train entered the Lithgow Valley—a deep ravine with steep precipitous banks, up one of which the train climbed by means of viaducts. Bold irregular pillars of rock rose from the bottom of the valley, and there was a general rough stony grandeur. The railway is a gigantic letter Z. The train puffed up, till at a certain point it came to a standstill. Then it shunted away back up a higher elevation, the engine pushing the carriages before it. When we reached the summit the line curved round, and we saw at one sweep the full extent of the Lithgow Valley, with the three tiers of long white viaducts rising one above the other, and filling up the whole side of the ravine.

We went next to the sea-port of Wollongong, by way of coach from Campbelltown. The last few miles led over the Bulli Mountains, a range running along the coast a short distance in from the sea. The vegetation and scenery were alike grand. There were palms, prickly cactuses, tamarinds, and tropical plants of many kinds. Large fern-trees grew superbly, filling up secluded gullies with their wide-spreading ornamental fronds. From out the density of gum trees and pines rose tall, tapering cabbage palms, their long, thin, branchless trunks surmounted by a round clump of foliage. At two or three openings in the road we had a superb view of the coast, with all its many windings, rocks, and points of land. Wollongong was faintly seen far below, amid a country variegated with cultivation and coal-pits. This district is eminently carboniferous. The Bulli coal-mines are famous, or at least have colonial importance. Descending the range, we passed through the village of Bulli, along a road covered with "slack" or coal refuse.

Right glad were we to leave these drifts of coal dust, and approach Wollongong. Not that there was anything very cheerful about this sea-port. It is a decaying place. A man told me that he had seen no difference in it for sixteen years, save the addition of a court-house, a jail, and the abode of a solicitor. It breathes of irregular communication, and is in all respects

sluggish. There are many shops and houses, but many shops and houses are shut up. It is a town village, and everyone knows everybody else. Every street looks like a side street—the houses are old and dusty. There are two newspapers published fitfully through the week. Opposite the town, on the sea-shore, extends a long sandy knoll blown up by the wind. It has encroached upon a graveyard near by, and the headstones peep out through the heavy deposits of sand.

We sailed to Sydney one afternoon in the small steamboat that trades up and down the coast. The wharf was completely blocked up with butter-carts. Coal and butter are the two great interests of Wollongong. In addition to the country vehicles, the wharf was filled with boxes and parcels—pens of pigs, calves, and cows—wicker-cages of fowls, and rows of butter-kegs. Six horses were put on the steamboat—then hampers of hens were stacked up on deck—then a number of fierce bulls were with great difficulty got on board—and lastly, a mob of pigs were driven on pell mell. We sailed in a disagreeable tumbling sea, with a strong head wind. The pigs seethed about, and filled all the crevices of the ship—the horses struggled and jammed their heads through the openings in the high structure of wicker-cages—the hens cackled, fluttered, and sent their feathers flying thickly aft—the bulls glared, plunged, reared, and butted at the bulwarks, all the while treading down the pigs, who uttered piercing shrieks, and spluttered along the sloppy deck. The smell from the scores of cages, the odour of the pigs, the hot air from the boiler, the steamy breath from the engines, the smoke coming straight astern, the fetid oil vapours, the pitching and rolling of the little steamer—combined to lay every one prostrate with sickness. The sun went down, and we pushed ahead in the darkness. After a dreary interval the light of Port Jackson appeared, and soon we were abreast the entrance. Through the high, black, majestic heads the vessel steamed, borne in as it were on some mighty swell, and in a few minutes we were into the placid harbour.

CHAPTER X.

A TRIP THROUGH TASMANIA—HOBART TOWN—THE TALE OF A CONVICT—LAUNCESTON.

We sailed from Sydney for Tasmania. We were three days on the passage to Hobart Town, for which we paid six guineas a head. The steamboat was full of passengers, most of them going to recruit themselves from the enervating heat of New South Wales, Tasmania being the chief resort of people from the vast neighbouring continent. This lovely island is the favourite sanatorium of the colonies, and in climate and situation stands the same to Australia that the Isle of Wight does to England.

We sighted the shores of Tasmania—passed a grand line of basaltic cliffs washed into quaint pillars by the sea—and in a short time had sighted Hobart Town. Bright green hills, squared into orchards, and fields, and gardens filled with flowers, stretched up on either hand—the city appearing in front of us, surrounded by delicately-swelling ground, and backed by the massive proportions of Mount Wellington, 4166 feet high. On arriving at the wharf we encountered quite a plague of flies, or rather fly-drivers, and were conveyed to the hotel in a kind of two-wheeled omnibus.

Tasmania is a little smaller than Ireland, and has a population of 100,000. The old name of Van Dieman's Land, having an offensive sound, has been changed to Tasmania, in honour of its Dutch discoverer, Tasman—the country, by this act, symbolising the purging away of all unpleasant associations. In 1852 the settlers rose and declared that Tasmania should receive convicts from England no longer, and in due time the system was abolished. Tasmania boasts two cities—Launceston in the extreme north, and Hobart Town in the extreme south. There are really no other towns, the rest of the island lying between these two points being studded by a number of pleasant villages. Hobart Town is the capital, with a population of 20,000, and is prettily situated on the Derwent, just where

that clear, beautiful river expands into a handsome bay. It is an old substantial city, being in these two respects greatly unlike the majority of colonial towns. In fact, you scarcely ever imagine yourself at the Antipodes, the appearance of the town is so English. Most of the buildings are of sandstone, which is very plentiful in the vicinity. A number of the houses are very antiquated, with staring white-washed stone fronts, innocent of such luxuries as verandahs or balconies, and looking as if, in the convict times of long ago, people had been infected with a desire to make their houses resemble prisons. These mark one era of the town's history, the other and modern being represented by the many graceful buildings that everywhere meet the eye. There is an excellent town hall, one or two fine churches, several jam-factories and other industries, a large orphan asylum, and two benevolent institutions, the last-named sheltering between them five hundred old men. The number of old men to be seen in Hobart Town and throughout the island is something extraordinary. Among the parks and reserves is the Domain, near to which is the Governor's residence, and in the grounds of which we saw convicts at work—not those of English growth, but Tasmanian; while here also we noticed a fine statue of Sir John Franklin, once Governor of the island. As background to the town, rises, as we have seen, the bulwark of Mount Wellington. Every tourist feels himself called upon to climb this Alp of Hobart Town, and obtain the far-reaching prospect of sea and shore to be had from the top of it. Time did not permit of our indulging in this fatiguing luxury.

The temperature of the island is mild, and affords a strong contrast to the Victorian when he crosses Bass's Straits. The Melbourne man goes to Tasmania from a combination of the motives that cause an Edinburgh or Glasgow man to take his wife and family down the Clyde, or urge the whites on the plains of India to fly in the hot season to the cool heights of Simla. When we landed in Hobart Town, the weather was cloudy and the air exceedingly sharp, so much so that we had to have a fire in our sitting-room—an agreeable change from the sultry skies of New South Wales. A few days after this, however, it became very warm for a short time, one of the papers announcing the temperature to be 98°in the shade. "It's a downright shame to put that in print," said an irate Hobartonian, "it gives the colony such a bad name, and none of the Victorians will come over if they fancy it's so hot as that here."

Hobart Town and Launceston have their hotels and boarding-houses filled with visitors and tourists during the summer season, and a great deal of business is of course brought into these towns, so that any unfavourable remarks bearing against the specialty of the island (temperate weather) are looked upon with great jealousy.

We lived at a very well-conducted hotel, immediately opposite a grand new Episcopalian Church. On Christmas Day we interested ourselves in watching the people assembling for morning service in the church, and were astonished to find the great preponderance of the fair sex. One of us took in hand to count the ladies, another the gentlemen; and I think the result proved that the former stood to the latter in the proportion of five to one. A person might have fancied it was Utah! This disparity is equally to be noticed at public meetings, and especially at concerts, when a gentleman is very often to be seen walking into a hall followed by half-a-dozen ladies. In fact, it is only at certain seasons that balls or fashionable assemblies can be held, gentlemen being usually so scarce that partners are not to be had for love or money. The reason for this sparseness of young men is, that whenever a youth grows up he feels that Tasmania does not afford him sufficient scope, and departs for Melbourne, where he thinks he can better his prospects. As if to make up for this exodus, however, a young man every now and then comes over from Melbourne and bears away a Tasmanian girl as his bride.

Society in Hobart Town is highly respectable. No person of a morbidly inquisitive turn of mind need come here, for it is as commonplace in its society as anywhere else, and much less gossip is afloat. There is no scandal with reference to such an one's character, parent's character, or relative's character. An old man crossing the street may be pointed out to you as a "lifer," but you look at him with very little interest, remembering perhaps that the convict system was unnecessarily severe in the olden time, and that people were transported for trivial offences, or crimes for which the mind has not a great natural repulsion. Many convicts have been sent out for poaching, mutiny, and the like, and you have a lingering pity towards the old exiles. As regards the numerous well-to-do convicts who have risen to be shopkeepers, or hotel-owners, or who fill perhaps the higher offices connected with a town, you are in great measure left to guess who they are, if your curiosity by any chance should ever rise to such a pitch. You know only that

the community is largely permeated with this element, which moves in a distinct circle from the society of persons of more spotless pedigree; a strong but imperceptible barrier dividing the Jews from the Samaritans. As we walked through the streets of Hobart Town, we now and again met faces of the unmistakable convict stamp, but most of the "old hands" are now decent members of society; their children have grown up respectably; and the general motto appears to be, "Forget the past."

The people of Hobart Town are in a marked degree homely and hospitable; and during the comparatively short time we were in the city we met with much private friendship. It was our happy privilege to meet an excellent lady, the granddaughter of Niel Gow, and daughter of Nathaniel Gow, the composer of "Caller Herrin'." We enjoyed the kindly hospitality of herself and her pleasant family. They were very musical. The good lady is a talented teacher of music, and her two sons are organists in the city. At her house we spent Christmas Eve and the last night of the year. One or two hours of music and conversation were succeeded, in each case, by a banquet fit for the gods, and supplemented with raspberries, gooseberries, currants, and strawberries and cream—strawberries and cream better than any strawberries and cream we ever tasted before, or any strawberries and cream we ever hope to meet again. Tasmania is the garden of Australia. All the British fruits grow here in great luxuriance. Besides those already mentioned, we had glorious apricots and plums, mulberries of a richness unexampled by any others in our experience, and cherries of a bigness and lusciousness only excelled by the best productions of the old country. Gardens are very plentiful all over Hobart Town, and every house seems to have an orchard. As you walk along, the trees groan overhead with weight of fruit. The pears and laden apple-boughs droop over the walls within easy reach of your hand. There is no scarcity, and therefore no dishonesty—one could hardly believe in a Hobart Town boy robbing an orchard. The amount of fruit we ate here was remarkable. At frequent intervals throughout the day one or other of us would burst into the sitting-room with a little round basket in his hand, and lifting a cabbage-leaf, exclaim exultingly—"There! did you ever see strawberries like these?" At the hotel, jam too was in constant supply and demand. This city is famous for its preserves, and the jam-cans of Hobart Town are to be seen in all parts of the colonies, though the

protection tariffs of Victoria prevent the fullest development of this peculiarly Tasmanian industry. Had this been an American town, it would long ago have been called Jamborough or Jellyville.

During Christmas time the shops were decked with shrubbery, fruits, and flowers, and everybody seemed bent on enjoying themselves. On Christmas Eve the streets were lighted up with the bright gleams from the shop-windows, and crowds of people promenaded down the middle of the thoroughfare. The weather was irreproachable, being sunny and not too warm. New Year's Day was celebrated with races at a place a little way out in the country. They passed off successfully. One of the racehorses was said to have run more than commonly well, though in the morning the poor beast had to convey a load of spectators to the course, while in the evening he had to take them back again!

The people of Hobart Town are very musical, and support a fine choral society. In their appreciation of the Songs of Scotland they were not behind any other portion of the Antipodes, and the success we met with in Hobart Town was continued throughout the island.

Hobart Town is 120 miles from Launceston, and a splendid road runs north and south through the island, connecting these two towns. Imagine a road as long as from London to Birmingham, good all the way, through a country but thinly inhabited, and not able, as one would think, to pay for such an undertaking. This important highway, unsurpassed by any other in the colonies, was made entirely by convict labour, which some say is the dearest of all labour; and great pains seem to have been expended on the work, for the road still wears well. The journey between the two towns of Tasmania is accomplished in twelve hours, an average of ten miles an hour. All things here have a British tinge about them, and the public coach is no exception to the rule. Every day we saw "Page's coach," as the old line is called, starting from the office in Hobart Town. It was a regular old English coach, carrying a guard in a crimson coat, and armed with a shrill horn. We drove through Tasmania in a coach which we hired from a private cab-owner, and which was driven by his son.

First we went to New Norfolk, a delightful journey of twenty-one miles. The road was level, and followed the windings of the Derwent. The views were always delicious—the cows, the fields, the trees, the river, and the hills were all pictorial. The

road was sometimes like an English lane, nearly always like an English highway. Apple-trees swept past us frequently, and the air was sweet with the mingled fragrance of hawthorn and rich pasturage. When close to New Norfolk, we drove down a long lane of high hedges, through breaks in which appeared flourishing hop-fields, like any of those in Kent, and shortly had reached the English-looking village. Near here are the famed Salmon Ponds, where the Tasmanians are trying with might and main to introduce the much-valued fish.

The landlord of the hotel here, an elderly man, who seemed to have "roughed it" in a jolly way through life, proved a really good soul. He was pressing for us to have a drink and a talk with him. This veteran host had been actually fifty-two years in Tasmania. He was the oldest inhabitant; everybody knew him, and he knew most other people. He detailed some experience of the early days. In former times, it would seem convicts were nothing else than slaves; or, which was the same thing, were let out as servants to the settlers. Some of these, however, acted well towards the convicts, and very often one of the latter, on getting a ticket-of-leave, preferred staying by his master. The slaves in the Southern States of America, after the emancipation, furnished many examples of this. Other employers, again, and those who had once been convicts themselves, were very cruel to their men, giving them, on the slightest provocation, a note to the magistrate, saying,—"Please give bearer twenty-five lashes, and return him." Now and again this missive was never delivered, the wretched convict escaping to the hills, where he had the alternative either of death by starvation, or a return to a twofold worse slavery than before. True, there was another resource open to the more daring spirits. They became bushrangers, robbed travellers, lived on occasional provisions sent them by sympathizing villagers, or those who desired immunity from plunder, and altogether led a short, restless, unhappy sort of life. In this way our genial New Norfolk landlord gossiped of "auld lang syne" in Tasmania.

Next day, as we were travelling along, we noticed an old man slowly ploughing a field. "There's no young men to be had for eight shillings a week," commented our driver; "that's all they offer here; people can get more than that in Victoria." Twelve shillings a week and board is not an uncommon thing, but we knew one gentleman here who employed a ploughman who had been working for him ten years at eight shillings a

week. Tasmania cannot hold its own against the other colonies at this rate.

Going from Hamilton to Bothwell, our driver was in great terror of a certain hill, which, however, with our recent experience of roads, we could afford to laugh at. Our coach being high, it was capital fun dodging the limbs of trees that hung down across the road. Every sweep of a branch over us left a shower of insects upon our coats—grubs, caterpillars, glittering beetles, red spiders, blue spiders, green spiders, and some like animated ornamental shirt-studs and diamonds. This insect jewellery was very interesting. We toiled along, and soon reached the pretty village of Bothwell, from whence our young driver immediately telegraphed to his father that we had arrived so far safe over the dangers of the road! As usual, an old stableman hobbled out and saw to the horses. All through the island the hostlers are feeble old men.

Like Hamilton, this was a farming centre. The only building that catches the eye is the Episcopalian Church, which is like most of the churches in these small towns, all seeming to have been built on the same plan and measurement. The Church of England clergyman preaches in the building in the morning, the Presbyterian in the evening; which all will allow is a very pleasing arrangement. The organ plays voluntaries during the Presbyterian service, and Anglican hymns are by no means shirked. One form of worship does not graft well upon another. The Scottish service lost its characteristic staidness in face of the interior arrangements of the church; but, in a small community, such an accommodation must be commended as sensible and highly liberal. One of the three Presbyterian churches in Hobart Town had an organ, as is the rule in a good many of the Scotch churches in the neighbouring colonies, and one Sunday the voluntary at the close was a "Procession March." It was so peculiar to hear this crash of harmony coming in at the end of our quiet Presbyterian service. Another church in Hobart Town was of quite a different nature, being like too many of our home churches. The pews, for instance, were narrow, and had straight backs, and were therefore uncomfortable. Launceston, as we afterwards saw, has what we might call a Presbyterian High Church, with a brass-piped organ, voluntaries, and all.

The churches here are in the midst of strife. Probably in no other part of the world is the Presbyterian Church in so unsatisfactory a condition as in Tasmania. Some of the

grievances and internal dissensions are of so long standing that they can be estimated by years, and have become a by-word to the outside colonial world. Ministers leave, temporary substitutes come, no one can be settled in the charge, and the congregation dwindles away. Church, too, wrangles with church on matters of finance and ecclesiastical property—a fertile ground of ill-feeling in other countries than Tasmania. Much of the dissatisfaction that prevails may be traced to the fact that there is here a lack of that reverence which the people at home have for the clergyman. There is a want of cohesiveness in the mass of the congregations; the people shift about frequently, and the relations between them and the pastor are not of a close or binding nature. Clergyman and congregation very often both desire a change, and the former never seemed to us to have the feeling of being firmly settled in, or identified with, his charge. More constancy on both sides would greatly improve matters. Certainly we found in Tasmania not a few snug, what we might almost call "domestic" congregations. But in the majority of cases the office of clergyman is no more to many people than the profession of doctor or lawyer. One likes to hear folks talking with friendly respect of "our minister." We found it often, in manner if not in speech, to be, "Mr So-and-so, the gentleman who preaches on Sunday."

We had scarcely been ten minutes in Bothwell when the secretary of the local cricket club invited us to join in the usual Saturday afternoon game, and of course my brothers and I gladly availed ourselves of the kind offer. The sport took place in one of the numerous paddocks about the place. The club consisted principally of the tradesfolks; also several persons who, from their bare black arms and hands, had apparently just left off work in a blacksmith's shop; and last, not least, the rector of the village, who was as off-hand and jolly as any other member of the team. The game progressed. The churchwarden bowled to the rector—the ball skipped over the wickets, and the wicket-keeper, as he caught the ball, made a "stump" speech to the effect that the bat had tipped it. The umpire being appealed to, that functionary confessed "he hadn't been looking." Then half-a-dozen voices said they would leave it to the rector; but he laughingly said he would not criminate himself, pled not guilty, and resumed his play. It was a cosy, sociable company of folks, and we felt as much at home as if we had known them for weeks.

The Presbyterian minister here had his temporary "study" in one of the parlours of the hotel. This house was further made respectable by an extraordinary number of portraits of John Knox that graced the rooms. We had a capital dinner, though this meal was always good in Tasmanian hotels, and slept on substantial four-post bedsteads—furniture nearly unknown on the Australian continent. Next day (Sunday) the heat of the past few days was exchanged for cold rainy weather, and it was strange to see us sitting round a blazing log-fire, warming our sunburnt hands!

On Monday we drove up to a wayside inn. A group of men had gathered round the door, and were chaffing an elderly, rough-dressed fellow, evidently an "old hand." "Bill, how's yer little farm? That pays ye better than yer old trade, eh?" "Come, now," retorted the old man, "my other biz was profitable enough—many's the handkerchief I nipped up, as neat as any man as ever lived; but my fingers is stiff now to what they used to be in the good old days—see, they'll hardly curl up anyhow; but I'll stick a bullock with any man here!" "Now, you chaps," remarked one man, "do you know that Bill here was once in the bushranging trade, him an' a batch of other fellows, and when the police got after them one day, they all ran away, 'ceptin' Bill here—he threw up his hands an' pretended he'd been robbed by the other coves—sharp practice, eh? Didn't he get sweet things said about him by the authorities, too! an' you was the worst o' the gang, wasn't you, Bill?" "Of course I was; but I'll stick a bullock with any man here!" This old convict evidently had his tongue loosened a little by "nobblers." As a common thing, individuals may confess they have been "sent out," but it is always a most trivial affair they have been guilty of. Something or other has been "lying around loose." A man once remarked that he had only been "throwing a bit of lead about," which, however, turned out to be a case of pistol-shooting!

We arrived at Green Ponds, a pleasant farming township. The day was spent with some acquaintances, who lived at a homestead a little way off. "The Grange," as they called it, consisted of a fine house, situated at the foot of some good-sized timbered hills. There were other visitors besides us, and after dinner we all had a game at cricket in a forty-acre paddock. One of the party saddled a horse and rode off a mile and a quarter to the village for a good ball. The game was played both by ladies and gentlemen, though the fair sex, while

doing their "fielding," showed a strong disposition to sit together in a clump under shadow of parasols. When cricket had finished, we had a delicious drink of "raspberry fool," or raspberries mashed up in cream and sugar.

We met here two very decent young men, the sons of Glasgow merchants, who were doing the tour of the colonies, partly for business, partly for pleasure, and partly on account of delicate health. We were always coming across them in our travels. We parted first in Melbourne, promising to call upon them when we reached Scotland—then saw them a short time afterwards in Sydney, where we again took a last good-bye—then bade them adieu once more in Tasmania here; and, lastly, said another farewell to them in Melbourne. We are not quite sure if we have seen the last of them yet. They were fine fellows, and something above the average young men we met in the colonies. Not that the "colonial" is an inferior sort of person, though the young man in a new country, far from the old centres of civilisation, is an individual to be pitied. There is an absence of that immediate bustle, life, and discussion of important events or great questions which press in upon one at home, like a strong atmosphere, at so much to the square inch. Out here, of course, there are numerous libraries and reading-rooms, but there is none of that glorious national history which makes a person proud of his country. The colonial youth, I have no doubt, feels some interest in the land where he was born and brought up; but as the history of the colonies is as yet only that of material prosperity, the young man must of necessity be greatly material in his views. In Melbourne we met a young man from Launceston, who was an unfair sample of the rising Tasmanian, though one of a large class in the colonies—persons who are lacking in a strong moral sense—who will detail an arrant swindle on some one's part, and then, with open admiration, speak of the fellow as deserving all the success he got. This Launcestonian was scarcely a worshipper of fraud, but he had an undisguised regard for what he called "smartness."

Four miles from Green Ponds we came to Melton Mowbray, named after the English town of sporting and pork-pie celebrity. Here the Tasmanian landed gentry have established a hunting club, and it is said to be one of the prettiest sights to see them following a "drag"—red-coated riders, real harriers, and all! At more than one place were the ruins of the barracks built and used by the prisoners during the construction of this road. The

buildings are nearly all unroofed now, and are nothing but massive stone walls, without any pretensions to style in architecture. The country was beautiful. But, as in many views about this country, there was great solitude. Our spirits felt oppressed by the want of human life and industry. The aspect of the hills appeared to bespeak quietness—the very air seemed laden with stillness—the absence of rural pursuits robbed a landscape of one of its principal charms. The pace of our team, too, was not so quick as to impart any sentiment of life to the occasion, and our driver was stolid to all our quiet hints. When we remarked the axles were getting hot, he said the wheels had been fresh oiled in the morning—when we suggested that perhaps the harness might burst, he eased our minds by telling us he had plenty more—and when we praised the extraordinary "reserve of power" there was in the horses, he seemed as pleased as possible!

We crossed the river Jordan, and passed through Jericho, wondering at the strangeness of the names, though at Green Ponds we had heard of two adjacent villages, called Bagdad and Jerusalem. A coach came towards us with its horses in full canter, and on the box-seat the new Governor of Tasmania, Mr Weld, who was on his way to Hobart Town. Of course we all took off our hats and gave a loyal cheer, which was courteously acknowledged by his Excellency. Twenty-three miles brought us from Green Ponds to Oatlands, a township with a very appropriate name, as it lay amidst fields. Life in these townships must be dull. As an old lady here told us, "It was vegetating, not living." At another township, a stranger one day came into our sitting-room, the landlady whispering us that this was an independent man "dying for society." He was rich, she said; but money could not buy company. So we tried to banish his ennui by talking to him, though his loftiness of manner was not very attractive. He said he had been born in Tasmania, but that his father had come out to this colony fifty-two years ago; implying by this, as well as by other remarks, that his ancestry was irreproachable. Oatlands stands 1300 feet above the sea, and is half-way between Hobart Town and Launceston. The hotel was pretty comfortable, though it did not boast of "high living," the bedrooms scarcely allowing a person to stand upright. Our hair turned white in a single night, not from "sudden fear," but from whitewash off the ceiling!

One morning, my father had started a long time before the

coach, for the weather was cold, and he wanted a walk. While going along, he heard the bark of a dog, and, looking on one side, saw the animal keeping watch over a man lying sleeping by the roadside, with his feet in a ditch. The fellow was blind, evidently a tramp, and somewhat ragged and rickety in appearance. The barking of his faithful companion woke him instantly. "Eh—what—how—who's that?" My father informed him who he was. "Ech, gosh! ye're a Scotchman then!" "Yes, and you're Scotch too." "Michty! ye're richt there," exclaimed the blind man; "am frae K—— a' the way—am noo fifty-seven year auld, an' lost my e'e-sicht six year syne in an accident at the making o' the railway." "Where did you sleep last night?" "Oh, I just lay doon on the stanes o' a pavement—man it was cauld. The nicht afore, I was lying in the bush, an' when I got up I forgot the place whaur I'd been sleepin', so I lost ane o' my boots—a big ane I had for my left fut." "Have you been long out in this country?" "Lang! dae ye ken what I am? I'm a ten-yearer—Lord Fooshy M'Cawd lagged me, an' I'll just tell ye hoo that wiz—but we maun be gangin'." So they walked on together, while the blind man related the story of his "lagging" in the following strain:—

"Man, I was a swank, soople chiel when I was young. A big family there was o' us—twenty-wan used to sit doon at oor table thegither. Weel, I fell in wi' a lass servin' at Lord Fooshy M'Cawd's, but her faither wadna hae me, so I said I wad gang awa'. I listed in the Lancers, an' went doon wi' them to their barracks at Hounslow Heath. Then a letter cam, saying that if I was to see my faither livin' I wad ha'e to come doon at once an' see him, for he was taken ill—so, after some trouble, I got to Scotland again. My mither fell into my airms—an' how prood they a' were to see me in my blue uniform an' sword. My faither got better, an' I went to the castle, whaur Jess my sweetheart was, an' the folk there keepit me for days. It was arranged that we twa should get married, an' married we were. Lord Fooshy M'Cawd bocht me oot o' the sodgers an' made me his coachman, so I was as comfortable as I could wish." Here the blind man became less loquacious. "Ae day," said he, "when I was dustin' my maister's coat, a roll o' notes as big as my fist, look, fell oot o' ane o' the pockets. I took it up, an' I felt the edges o' the notes, sae crisp an' temptin'. Man, it was awfu' temptin'. I got on the fuddle then, an' Lord Fooshy gae me my dischairge, for he saw I was

spendin' mair money than I could possibly hae frae him. It was an awfu' jollification, for there was mair than four hunder pounds od, ye ken." He said this with no expression of contrition in his voice whatever, but in a bragging, "deil-ma-care" kind of way. Then came the pitiable ending of his story.

"After a time the money was missed, an' I was put in the jail. Then I was tried, an' got ten years. Man, there's real decent justice in Scotland—in England it wad hae been for life." This he said with a tone of no regret, no word for his suffering wife and children. "Then they shipped me ower the seas to Van Dieman's Land here; an' I've spent mony happy days in this pairt o' the world. I was at Norfolk Island, tae, whaur they were hangin' them in ae yard, lashin' them in anither, an' feedin' them wi' parritch in the next. Eh, it was rum times! I was a gude scholar—better than the stupid English folk that were sent oot at the same time as me—they had nae eddication, an' were just lumps o' meat. I could read an' write, an' this gave me some advantages in the jail. Gosh! the Scotch folk mak the best prisoners! I was happy a' the while I was a ticket-o'-leave, but whenever I becam' a free man my troubles commenced, an' I fell doon in the world. But I keep up my heart—my dog an' me gets ae meal a day, an' we're as jolly as ye can think. I'm aff noo to the shearin' at Launceston. There ye hae the whole o' ma history."

"How far is it to the half-way house?" asked my father. "Twa mile," promptly replied the blind man; but on reaching the place he gave a start and said, in a tone of injured self-respect, "Why, it was only ae mile; I've lost coont durin' the fine crack we hae hane thegither." At the inn a substantial meal was given him, followed by a glass of the generous ale brewed in Tasmania, and then we shook hands and saw the last of this poor waif of humanity.

From Campbelltown we drove through bush-country, startling scores of rabbits, those unmitigated pests of the island. Close to Evandale we had to cross a small river, only a foot and a half to two feet deep, with its pebbly bed showing up clearly in the shallow water. Our driver was extremely frightened when he saw it—his alarm reached its height when the horses stopped in the middle to have a drink; and he vented a great sigh of relief when we got safely into the town. Here he again telegraphed to his father. At Evandale we took up quarters in an old-looking hotel, which displayed the sign and portrait of "The Patriot King, William IV."

Evandale is a station on the Launceston and Deloraine Railway, which runs a distance of forty-five miles through a fertile, grain-bearing district. A stranger never altogether finds out how or at whose expense this short line was built. The Government subsidised it, private individuals invested large sums in the undertaking, the shopkeepers of Launceston were taxed for it, and the little towns along the line had to pay in proportion to the benefit they were supposed to receive from it. The townspeople, many of them, refused to pay the tax, and then ensued what were called the Launceston Riots, when the malcontents rose and for a time resisted the distraining of their goods. The blending of Government, municipal, and private enterprise has made no end of complication. We went down the line to the terminus, Deloraine. On the platforms of the various stations were to be seen numbers of persons with an English provincial look—clean-shaven men, with florid, full faces, portly paunches, and all the appearance of the typical John Bull. A great many shearers, too, were on the trains. One man told us he got twelve shillings an acre for cutting grain, six days' work sometimes bringing him as much as £3, for he cut five acres a week. The whole of this neighbourhood swarmed with shearers, many of whom had tramped, or "swagged it," from considerable distances.

At Westbury, a pretty town, we spent a Sunday, and as there was no Presbyterian place of worship, nothing but an English Church and a Roman Catholic Chapel, we walked, in the true old fashion, three miles and "a bittock" to a Scotch Church at the village of Hagley. The church was small, and the folks sat on plain forms without backs, while the minister preached at a reading-stand in a recess. The congregation, judging from the high healthy colour of their skins, were one and all engaged in out-door work during the week, and seemed a respectable, attentive people. There were about one hundred present. The collection was taken up by two elderly members, one with a napkin-covered dish, the other gathering the money in an open Bible. It was a quiet, homely service.

Launceston is a fine city, and not behind the southern metropolis in the size or elegance of its buildings. It is situated on the River Tamar, which here is to be seen flowing in many windings towards the sea, through level country widely bounded by moderately-large hills. At the back of the town appear several heights, on which one or two of the streets rise at a considerable gradient, furnishing some excellent views of the city, the clear

river, and the far-spreading green landscape. The weather for the first two or three days was very hot—the thermometer registering from 96° to 110° in the shade. One day it was 123° in the sun.

I scarcely know what we should have done during this hot season but for a capital bath here. It was in connection with an antiquated exhibition kept by an old man who had devoted forty years to the amateur study of science. The dingy establishment was littered with all sorts of scientific toys—for they could be called nothing else, and he himself only an old child. The place was dusty in appearance, musty in smell, and filled with stereoscopes, orreries, magnets, clock-work toys, shelves of ancient books, old prints, old models of ships, velocipedes, round-abouts, figure-heads of ships—all conceivable kinds of odds and ends—the oldest of old curiosity shops. It was in the back-garden of this queer shop that we bathed—the bath being an open-air pool, surrounded by a wooden fence and concealed by high trees. It was an enjoyable, secluded spot.

In the Mechanics' Institute we heard Romberg's "Lay of the Bell," performed by the Launceston Musical Union. It was a very creditable concert, and well attended. The hall, we noticed, was surrounded by portraits of the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales. The people here are very loyal—I shall not say more loyal than the Scotch or the English, but at all events not less so. This evening was concluded by an elaborate performance of "God save the Queen"—solo, duet, trio, quartette, and chorus—no programme in Tasmania being thought complete without the national anthem. We gave our entertainments in this Mechanics' Institute to as kindly, orderly, and appreciative audiences as we have met with in any part of the world.

On Saturday night we strolled through the town, under the bright light of the moon, and were surprised to see the great crowds of people that were out promenading and shopping. During our walk we met in with a tall, brawny, Border man, who had been a great many years "out," and had lost not the slightest inflection of his vigorous accent. He voluntarily confessed to having had two "laggings," but whether he was trying our gullibility or not we could not see, as he was standing in the shade. There was not the slightest reason why he could not have been a poacher—indeed, he hinted to us something about his great delight at home being the shooting of game. He was a big, stalwart, "dare-deevil"—a man, as we thought,

fit at any time for a night struggle with a gamekeeper. But it may have been all our extravagant imagination!

One of the townsfolk kindly offered us the use of his boat, which he said was "the best-looking craft on the river." This gentleman's house was closely situated on the banks of the Tamar, the willows that grew at his back-door hanging down into the stream. Near by, the South Esk, a small tributary of the Tamar, flowed out between a break in the hills. The mouth of the Esk is crossed by as pretty an iron bridge as you will see in many a long day. We rowed underneath it, and went quietly up a narrow steep gorge. The river is hemmed in by high, precipitous rocks, with clumps of trees protruding here and there, while the water is glassy and deep, owing to the narrow channel. No sounding has been reached in many places. Occasionally, as we glided along, several daring boys, who were enjoying a bath, would come swimming round the boat, while other youngsters, in an Adamite condition, would peep from behind the rocks on shore. We went on till we reached what the folks proudly term the "Cataract," where the river pours over the rocks in fine rapids. The view of Launceston, as seen through the graceful span of this bridge, is really very striking, the trellised ironwork of the arch forming an elegant framework to the picture.

Most of the export and import trade of Tasmania is done from Launceston. It is the centre of the commercial life of the island. Launceston is what may be called the capital of Northern Tasmania. Hobart Town is a quiet, snug, steady-going, essentially characteristic Tasmanian town, the goal of summer visitors. There is not much in common between the two cities, and a person cannot help wondering at how little they know of each other. One would think their interests at all events would be identical; but, as the saying is, "They'd even have another Governor, and split off, if they could." This would certainly be ruinous policy; for as it is, a Governor, Parliament, and all the expensive machinery of legislation, seem a little too heavy a burden for Tasmania.

We saw the last of Tasmania in magnificent weather. The sail from Launceston down the Tamar—beneath a warm, lovely sky, with the river sleeping under a soft haze, and reflecting on its unruffled surface every tree, bush, and rock upon its banks—will not be forgotten by us. It made us think more highly than ever of this beautiful part of the world. All the features of Australian scenery are here compressed into bijou landscapes.

The delight of river and lake and sea is nearly always present, and the scenery is never tame, while the climate is delightful. We were transported, not *to*, but *with* the charming little island. Considering its antecedents, it is a wonderfully decent and orderly colony. No one with the name "Van Diemen's Land" sounding in his ears can have any idea of the present beauty, the quiet air of respectability, that now pervades regenerated "Tasmania."

CHAPTER XI.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—ADELAIDE—A FEAST OF GRAPES—A PLAGUE OF MOSQUITOES—THE COUNTRY TOWNS.

ADELAIDE, the capital of South Australia, is 480 miles by sea from Melbourne. This colony is misleading in its title, for it lies north-west of Victoria, which latter colony, being the most southern portion of the Continent, would better have deserved the name of South Australia. Adelaide is situated much farther north than Melbourne, and the climate of these cities is very distinct. It is quite an important journey between the two capitals. We were fifty hours on the trip from Melbourne. The captain, strange to say, was the same one that brought us over from New Zealand, and now officiated in the absence of the regular captain, who was down with the measles. This complaint was very prevalent in Melbourne and Ballarat, and many stalwart men were seized by it. We became acquainted with one of the passengers, a gentleman with florid face and light side whiskers. He grew exceedingly confidential after a while —told us he was the son of a prominent English lord, and knew all the members of the aristocracy. He thought that he might —yes, he was certain he would—be missed in the drawing-rooms of England, for he was very intimate with the Prince of Wales, and often took a chop with him. But he preferred a roving kind of life, and was travelling to amuse himself. He had just come down from Queensland, where he had been shooting fowl, but (confounded nuisance!) his man-servant had recently left him to get married, and that put an end to all his duck-hunting. Another passenger was a silver-haired, talkative, blasé "world-tourist," as he might be called. "I'm now on my usual annual tour," said he. "My town house is in Belgravia, London, where I've got ferns from all the mountains on the globe. The Himalayas are my principal rendezvous, and I occasionally spend a day or two in the Vale of Cashmere. Then there are Burmah, China, Japan, and Russia—all favourite touring grounds of mine. I've been all round Greece

and Italy, too. I recruit myself sometimes on the shores of the Mediterranean, and, in fact, you may say I've done the Seven Churches of Asia!"

The steamer arrived at Port Adelaide, nine miles from Adelaide, where the train was to take us up to the capital. While waiting in the station we spent a few moments in the refreshment-room, where we bought grapes at twopence and threepence a-pound. We had heard a great deal beforehand of Adelaide grapes, and we were not disappointed either in their quality or cheapness. The station was railed off, and the passengers were kept in a kind of pen till the train came up. Then a gate was opened, and the people flooded in—first, second, and third class all jumbling together, and anybody taking any seat they could get. The railway company seemed to have great faith in the public, for if so disposed, you could travel first class with a third-class ticket, the tickets not being taken up till you were leaving the station at Adelaide. Nearly every person, however, travels second class, the carriages being very comfortable.

Adelaide is a fine city, with a population of 30,000. Its streets are wide, clean, and run at right angles like a gridiron. Its buildings are splendid. The post-office, town-hall, and others, have elegant towers—several have graceful Corinthian façades. Numbers of well-built ornamental churches stud the city. Adelaide is built on flat ground, and backed at a distance of four or five miles by a fine mountain range. There are excellent public gardens and reserves in and about the city, which is squared in with four Terraces—North, South, East, and West, that encompass Adelaide like a frame. The Botanical Gardens are a favourite walk of the citizens on Sunday afternoons. Here, in addition to trees and plants of every kind, are monkeys, emus, Brahmin bulls, eagles, and some of the camels used in the explorations to the interior of Australia. On the streets of Adelaide we saw now and again dark-skinned Malays, who had been either in the late journey of the Messrs Forrest from Western Australia to South Australia, or the expedition sent from Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria with the great Overland Telegraph Line. This latter work was undertaken solely by the colony of South Australia, and consisted in erecting a telegraph line across the great Australian Continent, so as to place the Antipodes in direct communication with the mother-country.

The weather during the first day of our visit was superb, and

the sky at night clear and brilliant. The moon shone over the trees in the gardens, and against the pale-looking walls and ornamental towers of the buildings, producing a dreamy, poetical appearance that was quite enchanting. The streets seemed only half-lit by the gas-lamps, which grew dim under the staring white lunar eye. A noisy, rough crowd would have broken the spell that hung over the town, but there were only one or two flitting figures that disappeared in the shadows of porticoes or angles of walls.

Being the month of February, the weather was very warm. If not the warmest, Adelaide was at anyrate the brightest, sunniest place we had ever been in. The sun beat down baking hot upon the pavements, and the heat penetrated into every room of the hotel. If you picked up a book to read, your eyes began to swim in your head, and you felt inclined to spend life on a sofa. If you tried to have a snooze, you found you could not sleep. If you went into the open air, the ground radiated the heat into your face, while the sun waxed hot above. Our life during this season was as follows. Awaking in the morning from a not very refreshing night's rest, we took breakfast with what little appetite we had. Then walking slowly down the hot street, the white glare of which was very hurtful to the eyes, and explained the reason so many ladies wore coloured spectacles, we arrived at the city baths, where we had an enjoyable dip. Somewhat cooled down, we proceeded to the free public reading-room, which is the best of its kind we have seen in the Australian colonies. Here every English magazine, no matter how sectarian, technical, or exclusive, is to be seen, and all the principal newspapers of Great Britain, giving one as exhaustive an idea of the serial literature of the day as if he were living in London. Then we returned to the hotel, where a feast of grapes was at once laid out. We bought them from an Irishman across the way who kept a little grocery shop, and who made a practice every evening of leaning against his door-post and playing "Monymusk" on a tin whistle, with what he thought an admirable imitation of the bagpipes. Grapes in Adelaide, we found, sold at the almost incredibly low price of three-farthings a-pound—and these the very best of grapes—luscious, "melting clusters," such as you never see at home. You can get them for eight shillings a hundredweight, and very often for £4 a ton. The market price scarcely covers the expense of pulling them. In Adelaide you have always the idea of a wealth of fruit. Our sitting-room from

morn to night looked like some Roman banqueting-hall. Every now and then one of us would come in, like a Bacchus, with an armful of bunches of fat purple grapes, and a lady of the party, like the goddess Pomona, with a paper-bag of apples and pears. We had a centre-dish on the table constantly running over with grapes. In the morning one of my brothers would make a large purchase of them, and a little while afterwards another would come in joyfully with seven or eight pounds more, exclaiming, "What! have you bought them too?" Then a friend would call in and say the fruiterer had not served us at all well, which meant that in the course of the day a boy would call and deliver a large box of grapes, "with Mr So-and-so's compliments." One family, with whom we became very intimate, lamented they could not present us with some fruit from their own vines, as their horse had broken loose in the backyard one night and devoured all the best bunches. We might say we lived on grapes in Adelaide.

At night we could not sleep for mosquitoes. Long, unquiet hours we spent, lying awake and slapping at these annoying insects, which here were more than commonly impudent in their trumpet-tones, more than usually virulent in their stings. The mosquito is something like a gnat in general appearance —has a speckled body, long legs, and sharp, hollow proboscis. As he hovers about he sings, and when he alights for business becomes all at once silent. He settles, say, on your hand, and you watch him giving his tube a few flourishes at the start, like a carver's knife over a desirable roast—then you feel a slight sting, and know he has "struck ile." Down, down, down you see his sucker going, the mosquito gradually getting on tiptoe, till he almost stands on his head. Then a "thin red line" is seen forming on his body, which swells and swells till you fancy the insect is going to burst, when off he flies to roost on the bed-curtain or the wall. While in this torpid condition you give him a tremendous slap, and on removing your hand behold simply a red spot. But it is when you lay your head down to rest that you appreciate the full malignity of these insects. They sing about your ears in duet, trio, and chorus; and, when a lot of them get together, they seem like a musical mist. Ping-ng-ng! They fly past you with swift crescendo and as sudden diminuendo, filling your ear with sound as a flash of lightning does your eye. One comes sailing along with a voice like a penny trumpet played under two layers of bed-clothes, and you trace him by the "perspective of sound"—now near, now far —when of a sudden he stops. Whack! you hit yourself a loud

slap on the cheek. Ha! the monster starts off singing, and once more returns to the attack. Good gracious! he is joined by another with a voice as sharp and incisive as the point of a needle. Ping-ng-ng! Whack! You miss him, for he snarls at you and flies back with increased vehemence. And so on—on—on for a whole night, till you never get a wink of sleep. By daylight you count the bites on your hands, wrists, and face—or perhaps ankle, if one of your nether limbs has unfortunately protruded during the night—for the wrist and ankle are special tit-bits for the mosquito. In Adelaide here we got a bottle of glycerine, and rubbed our hands and faces carefully every night before going to bed; but whenever the liquid dried, the mosquitoes came in a dense swarm as bad as ever. Then, as the hotel possessed no mosquito nets, we took down the gauze window curtains, and pinned them over the top of the iron bedstead, bringing them close down to our faces, and carefully sewing up, as we thought, all rents and seams. The first night we used the curtains, a mosquito got inside; and, as he could not find his way out again, there was a fearful "pinging" for hours. In the morning we discovered a gap, in a fold at the back of the pillow, big enough to have let in a hedgehog. Then we purchased a bottle of patent anti-mosquito-bite lotion, a kind of liquid armour, which kept the insects off till we had fallen asleep. Almost endless were the recommendations and advice given us by friends. One gentleman presented us with a phial containing an extract from the blue gum-tree which would not only banish the mosquitoes, but at the same time drive them mad. It almost drove *us* mad! It was the vilest smelling compound that ever was uncorked. The only fault it had as a mosquito-dispeller was that we preferred the mosquitoes. Oh! those nights of heat and annoyance!—but ah! those days of cool bathing and grapes!

Adelaide is a snug city. No place we had seen was so generally comfortable. There was no poor quarter to speak of, no poverty visible in the streets; or, if there was any want or discomfort, it never obtruded itself. The people of Adelaide, as a rule, are well-off, intelligent, and not altogether swallowed up in their stores and offices—the oar occasionally rests in the stream—æsthetics mingle with business—and there is a steady commercial vitality, without much fuss. There are a great many Germans in Adelaide, and here is published the only German newspaper in the colonies. As we saw afterwards, there are one or two villages up-country occupied entirely by the Teutonic element.

We travelled for a month through the country districts, visiting in the course of that time sixteen towns. Our journeys were, of course, accomplished by coach, for the railway communication at present only includes a line to Port Adelaide; another line to Glenelg, a suburban watering-place, and another port of the capital; and a line running something over a hundred miles north as far as the Burra Burra copper-mines. The country we found to be very flourishing. Most of it is taken up with wheat-growing, Adelaide being the greatest centre of grain export in the Australias. Gawler is the principal inland town, and lies in the midst of a farming district. Strathalbyn is the most beautifully situated of the agricultural townships. Tanunda, which we passed through, is one of the German villages, and there we aired our stock of "Deutsch" phrases. Angaston was as clean and pretty a place as we had seen anywhere, and will be remembered also by its grapes, which were fit for the banquets of Olympus. South Australia, in addition to wheat, is famous for its wines, which are growing into favour year by year, and are said to be little inferior to those of older countries. Many people in the colony are going in for this particular industry.

Copper is another great source of wealth to South Australia. At Burra Burra, at Kadina, at Port Wallaroo, and Moonta, we saw the townships surrounded and intersected by ungainly wooden sheds, fuming chimneys, poppet-heads, and large hills of green ore, which latter gave a queer look to the scene. Kadina is situated on a plain. Port Wallaroo lies on an arm of the sea, and the ore is shipped in vessels to Adelaide. The weather was fearfully stormy while we were here. It was strange to see, in the dusk of evening, the wild dark sky, the trailing smoke from the smelting furnaces, the glare of the fires reflected from the clouds, and hear the lash of the rain alternating with the roar of the sea—a grand, weird, gloomy combination of sight and sound. This port, as well as Moonta, is situated on what is known as the Peninsula, perhaps the most wretched tract of country to be found in any inhabited part of the colonies. There is nothing to be seen but dingy scrub—not a blade of green grass to refresh the weary eye. At most places, indeed, there is even no scrub, nothing but bare earth, and the prospect is unspeakably dreary. We asked some Wallaroo friends if they did not feel dull, but they answered—"Dull? not a bit. We have croquet to amuse us in fine weather. We take a dozen boxes of it into the scrub,

and have some jolly games. There's pic-nics besides, so we're never lonely." After that, we could believe in lawn billiards in the Desert of Sahara. The Peninsula is indeed a dry, barren wilderness. On the way from Wallaroo to Moonta we passed a public-house that advertised "Water for Sale," and all along the road we noticed tanks dug in the ground to catch the rain-water. We arrived in Moonta during a fearful down-pour, that lashed furiously into the coach, and blinded the whole view of the country. "Yes," said a townsman, "it was the same last night—hogsheads of water lost! the rain just pouring to waste down the streets!" All the miners round here are Cornishmen, and at this time Moonta was agitated with revival meetings, instituted by the Cornish Methodists.

From Moonta we returned to Adelaide in one day, a distance of 112 miles; for, having hired our conveyance from the public coach company, we got changes of horses at the different stages. We left as early as six in the morning, to give abundant margin in case of accident. For the first few miles it was nothing but slow ploughing through deep, dark soil—rain falling heavily too, and making the road worse at every mile. We were almost sticking, when a stable-man from the next stage met us with fresh horses, he having guessed we would be hard beset on the way. Even during the remainder of the day it was a hard struggle through uninteresting mallee scrub and bush country—mile after mile, hour after hour, with nothing of importance to see, and nothing of consequence happening. Fatigued and sleepy, we drove into Adelaide that night as 11 o'clock was striking, after a toilsome ride of seventeen hours.

South Australia impressed us as being, on the whole, a very unpicturesque country—perhaps the least striking, in regard to scenery, of any of the colonies—for, with few exceptions, there is no natural beauty in the landscapes. In saying this, we do not forget a most pleasant day we spent with one or two friends at a pic-nic in Waterfall Gully, a few miles from Adelaide—a cool, sylvan glen overshaded with trees, and watered by a sparkling silver rivulet, that fell trickling over a high green wall of rock. We also thought this colony a rather hot part of the world to live in, though we were unfair judges, being there at the warmest time, and not having experienced the winter, which is said to be very enjoyable. South Australia, however, despite what might be considered its trying climate, will assuredly flourish on its great natural resources. With its wheat, wine, and copper, it will hold its own against any of the sister colonies.

CHAPTER XII.

VOYAGE TO NEW ZEALAND—DUNEDIN—SUNDAY IN DUNEDIN —THE WATER OF LEITH—CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S DAY.

AUSTRALIA and New Zealand! How the two colonies link themselves together in one's mind. Both peopled by British colonists—both situated at the Antipodes—both many thousands of miles from the old country—no wonder that some of us at home are so apt to ignore the distance between the two countries, and to regard New Zealand as simply a group of islands lying near the south-eastern corner of Australia. Melbourne, the starting-point for the southern ports of New Zealand, is 1400 miles from Dunedin. Sydney, the port of departure for the North Island, is distant some 1500 miles from Auckland. A wide ocean separates the two countries. A steamer sails about every ten days from Melbourne to Dunedin. The fare is £11 in the saloon, and £6, 10s. in the steerage. At this time six days were occupied on the passage. Now, however, there are larger steamers in the service, and the journey much shortened. The power and quality of steamboats on the Australian and New Zealand coasts are rapidly improving.

We were to sail to Dunedin in the "Albion," which lay at Sandridge wharf. Cabs, drays, cars, and buggies were driving alongside the vessel. Passengers and their friends promenaded the pier, saying over their farewell words; bevies of ladies held gossipy chit-chat; parties of Scotchmen conversed in sonorous Doric; rough boatmen, in coarse blue guernseys, straggled through the dapper-dressed, highly-scented throng; boys with portfolios of periodicals, and men striving to sell old, second-rate, yellow-covered novels, moved amongst the people. The last bell rang. "Good-bye!" We went slowly off from the pier, those on board crying out their farewells across the fast-widening chasm; and some, in the exigency of the occasion, vociferating private and family matters. Moving onward,

friends gathered at the pier-head and waved their adieus. Gradually we steamed out into the Bay, past the steamer "Gothenburg," which was arriving from the Port Darwin Gold Fields in the far north of Australia, its fore-deck, poop, and bulwarks densely thronged with returning European and Chinese diggers.

We cleared the Heads in the twilight, and encountered the great leaden waves of the "Rip"—the mighty rush of the tide converging into the narrow entrance of Port Phillip Bay. Next day (Sunday) we took a good look at the Tasmanian coast, the last land we would see for some days. An excellent sermon was delivered by a Presbyterian clergyman from Brisbane, and we sang a hymn "For those at Sea." The day was kept in an orderly manner, but during the afternoon some one was heard enthusiastically whistling sprightly melodies behind the deck-house. "Impossible!" Cane in hand, with indignation in his looks, a zealous gentleman strode round and—knocked his head against the cage of a whistling magpie!

The passage was rough, but not wearisome. Among the passengers were a gentleman from the Orkney Islands—a young, fast, good-natured bank-clerk, who had left a salary of £200 a year, and was going with letters of introduction to a bank in New Zealand, where he intended to "better himself"—a number of wealthy Dunedin merchants—a Victorian lawyer, going to conduct a case in Canterbury, and a leading Otago clergyman, with whom and the Queensland minister there were many friendly passages of arms relative to the organ question and hymnology. Some of the passengers played rope-quoits, others shot albatrosses. Bang! and the noble white bird, with its great wide wings, would shapelessly collapse and wallow helplessly on the crests of the waves far behind. The captain was genial. One of the mates was musical, and seemed to know as much of the Reverend Mr Curwen as of Captain Maury. He was always humming over some tune or other—ordering the sailors to trim the yards with a do-re-mi-fa-sol! telling the helmsman to keep a straight wake with a fol-de-riddle-i-do! and taking his observations of the sun at midday with the full consciousness of knowing both the solar and the sol-fa systems.

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday—Thursday morning at last! Going on deck our eyes were gladdened by a grand view of the south-western shores of New Zealand. What a magnificent spectacle—what sublime snow-clad scenery! Lofty, sharp-pointed peaks towered away inland, their white summits

blending with the sunny clouds that floated round them. The rifts in the mountain-sides were filled up with snow, and snow lay drifted up in the deep valleys between. Some low hills near the shore moved slowly past, and the grand chain of mountains came prominently into view across the level country along the coast. There was great fascination to us in those glorious peaks, now glittering in the sun, now dulled by shadows, now enwrapped in clouds.

We passed on our right Steward Island, the smallest and the most southerly of the three islands that compose New Zealand. It is only some thirty-nine miles in length, and twenty in breadth. On the left stretched a low flat coast, which curved away outwards towards the steamer's bows, and rose ahead into a high, bare promontory—the Bluff! This is the point from which the important mail news is telegraphed to all parts of New Zealand. Rounding the headland we came into a spacious, well-protected harbour. There is here a cluster of straggling houses going by the name of Campbelltown, a township which gives one an unfavourable first impression of the colony. At the wharf were two vessels—the "Wanganui," a local steamboat, trading from Dunedin to the Bluff, and a large clipper loading-in wool. Walking on shore, we came across the remains of a mighty whale—a disjointed skeleton, scattered at random among the rocks and shingle. A nauseous, oily smell pervaded the spot, and a feeling of slaughter.

The steamer lay at the wharf all night. As we were sitting reading in the saloon that evening, a man clattered down the zinc stairs of the cabin, and dashed in with a cry of "Fire! fire! the 'Wanganui' is on fire!" The bells of both vessels rang continuously. The bowsprit of our steamer overhung the stern of the "Wanganui," and our sailors, in dread of sparks, set the pumps agoing and slushed the forecastle with water. One man excitedly tried to throw off one of the hawsers that held the "Albion" to the wharf, shouting at last for an axe to cut the rope through. The captain, pushing him away, darted on board the "Wanganui," and was drenched head to foot with an unlucky pail of water. Sailors of both steamers were there—a noisy, jostling crowd. Two women, just awakened, their faces white with fear, each with a child in her arms, were hastily handed over the side of the vessel. "Hah! there were five children!" exclaimed one of the females, catching her breath, and counting the four youngsters which the sailors had gathered together—"There were five; there's one amissing!" and she

was in great trouble of mind till the little one, lost amid a multiplicity of deliverers, had been recovered. Buckets of water were swiftly passed on deck by a long line of bystanders. In an instant there flared up, higher than the funnel, a great red plume of flame, which tossed and flaunted and writhed amidst the smoke—then suddenly flickered and fluffed down into darkness. The damage turned out to be slight, and we went to bed a little easier in mind than we had been a few minutes before.

We left in the afternoon of next day. The remainder of the journey lay along a bold precipitous coast that shone out grandly in the setting sun. Here and there were immense sombre caves, whose dark sides were lapped by the heavy rise and fall of the sea. We passed the "Nuggets" lighthouse, built on a high rocky point projecting from the shore, and backed by a still higher precipice—the white pillar of the structure standing out vividly against the black cliffs behind. During the night we were awakened by some folks calling out they could see the lights of Dunedin, but we went to sleep again, and did not open our eyes till the "Albion" was moored at Port Chalmers next morning. What! were we in Scotland? Every person on shore was talking Scotch. There were many calls for "Jock," and numerous inquiries for "Sandy." The high mountains locking in the harbour were decidedly Scottish in character, and had the fresh greenness, the bright look of home-country scenery. Everything was redolent of Scotland. The waves seemed to ripple tartan, the wind to moan with a Scotch accent. "All in for Dunedin," cried the railway guard. In a few minutes we had plunged through the short tunnel piercing the hill upon which Port Chalmers is perched, and were rattling up to the capital, only some nine miles distant.

Through the Heads of Port Chalmers—part of the irregular shores of which harbour we were now outlining in a railway train—there sailed in the month of March 1848 the ship "John Wickliffe," hailing from Greenock, with the first body of the Otago settlers. A Scottish association, composed of lay members of the Free Church, and co-operating with the powerful New Zealand Land Company, had bought from the Maoris the Otakou or Otago Block of 400,000 acres. A careful selection of emigrants had been made —their religious and educational wants were to be provided for from the outset—in short, a Presbyterian colony was to be established. This was the first of the so-called "class

settlements." Canterbury was founded almost immediately after, under the wing of the Church of England, on the vast plains lying in the centre of the South Island. Both settlements have attained importance among the provinces of the colony, but both have failed in carrying out their original plan of denominational exclusiveness. The new community quietly progressed, till in June of 1861 gold, which had ten years before wrought wonders for Victoria, was found at Gabriel's Gully, fifty miles from Dunedin. A flood of miners poured in from all parts of New Zealand and Australia. One gold field after another was discovered, and the excitement spread amazingly, even obscuring the interest in the great Maori war then being waged in the North Island. From that time to this the gold fields have been more or less prosperous—land has been extensively taken up—settlement has been widespread—important towns have sprung up all over the country—Otago has advanced to a first place among the nine provinces that compose New Zealand, and Dunedin has grown to be a splendid city of 19,000 inhabitants.

The railway from Port Chalmers to the capital followed the windings of the harbour. We discovered fine scenery one moment—lost it the next—had wide open views for minutes on end—then had our noses flattened against plain yellow cuttings—till at length a hill-spur, like a great green veil, drew off from the city and revealed it, rising in a grand amphitheatre at the head of the harbour, with a picturesque lofty background of bush-crowned heights. The town seemed a great wave of streets washed up against the hills, with houses dispersed like spray among the wooded hollows all round.

The hour being still early, Dunedin was not yet awake. Shops were closed, shutters were up—the business-eye had not yet opened. Through the quiet streets, that seemed as silent as if daylight had suddenly been let on at midnight, we made our way to a quiet temperance hotel. We had breakfast in a high-roofed, large-windowed, big-paned, warm-papered parlour. A dazzling white tablecover, radiant knives and spoons, rich creamy tea, thin crimp toast, delicious fresh butter, hissing ham and eggs—soon put us in the best of humour, and made us forget our shipboard illness.

The hotel was a few steps from Princes Street, the principal thoroughfare, named after the beautiful boulevard of Edinburgh. We found it to be a wonderfully fine street, with large stores, offices, banks, warehouses, and hotels. Many of the

names on the signs over the shops were Scotch. Scotch names bristle in the "Dunedin Directory"—of Macs alone there are two hundred, to say nothing of the Mrs Macs and the Macs Junior. Shopmen, shop girls, clerks, and labourers were hurrying along the pavements. The faces we saw bore the true Caledonian impress. The "honest men and bonnie lassies" we met at every step might have been transplanted from home but yesterday, so well had climate and colonial life dealt with them.

The streets of Dunedin are named after the streets of Edinburgh, and one feels struck with the confused topography. Princes Street runs through Moray Place into George Street; St Andrew Street is part and parcel of York Place. The Water of Leith, a pretty little stream, flows through Dundas Street, across St David Street, and round by the back of Castle Street. Hanover Street intersects Great King Street, Cumberland Street, Athol Street, and finishes in Forth Street. If you walk up Queen Street you find yourself in a short time strolling down Pitt Street. Proceeding down to the foot of the Canongate you reach Elm Row! We were also struck with the manner in which Dunedin has corroded its way into the hills. Zig-zaggy paths tack up to the ridges of the slopes—deep cuttings run back from the main streets, and steep thoroughfares rise to the heights above—the houses seeming to start simultaneously on a race to the higher ground, gradually to straggle, lose breath, and sift into mansions and cottages, till near the summit the goal is won by a number of handsome villas. In Princes Street we came to a large abrupt hill abutting between two large buildings. Up this a cutting had been made, and a long flight of wooden steps with a hand-rail put in for those who wished to go to the houses higher up. At different places cuttings are vigorously going on, and the earth removed from these is conveyed down to the harbour, where it is thrown in for the reclamation of land. Many acres have been reclaimed from the sea, and houses are now built where the tide once ebbed and flowed.

On the commanding situations round about Dunedin many fine private houses have been built. To see them away up there, they have a great appearance of comfort—clad in umbrageous bush, warmly sheltered, as it were, in a nest of trees from the cold winds and beating rains—closely overlooking the town, and commanding a magnificent view of the city, the harbour, and the sea. From these vantage points we saw the situation

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of Dunedin. The harbour, at the head of which it is built, is protected from the sea by a mountainous peninsula curving round beyond our view twenty miles to the Heads. It is a long bent arm of land, and Dunedin lies in the armpit. At the shoulder, a mile and a half from the town, just where the peninsula joins the mainland, is a depressed isthmus, three-quarters of a mile broad, over which you behold the ocean. You reach the sea either in three or in twenty miles—either by an hour's walk, or by two hours' journey in a steamboat.

On Sunday church bells tolled throughout the town. Down the steep winding roads, through Rattray Street, along Princes Street, down the queer wooden stairs at the cuttings, came a well-dressed, most respectable crowd. There were no straw hats, no "puggarees" or hat scarfs, no sun-shades, no dust-coats, no secular tweed, as you sometimes see in Melbourne. Most of the men seemed deacons or elders, dressed as they were in the blackest of broadcloth and the glossiest of glossy high hats. The New First Church or Grand Presbyterian Cathedral, with its lofty spire and elegant proportions, is the chief building of Dunedin. Go where you will, it stares at you. From the bay, from the town—at every turn, at every street corner—with varying surroundings and at varying angles, it is to be seen, a massive white pile, standing in pallid stateliness. The foundation-stone was laid by the late Dr Burns, the pioneer of the Presbyterian Church in Otago. The church was five years in building, and was opened by Dr Begg, in the presence of 1000 persons, upon his visit to New Zealand. The building cost £14,000. We found the interior of the church to be spacious. It had no gallery, and the roof, painted pale blue, was supported by light timbering. The pulpit, built of white stone, looked cold and distant, and seemed to isolate the clergyman from the congregation. It stood in a kind of chancel, and was backed by a round stained window. The general appearance of the church would astonish most people at home. The collection was taken up at the door, as in the old country. In Scotland, the offerings are as a rule copper-coloured; here they are silver faced, which is mainly accounted for by the difference in money value. A person here puts in sixpence as he might put in a penny at home—a threepenny bit as he might a halfpenny. This may not be the exact relative value of the coins, but it is as far as church-collections go.

On the north side of Dunedin stands the Hospital, a grand

double-towered structure, formerly a Colonial Exhibition Palace; and, in the heart of the town, the University, a clock-towered, porticoed, Grecian building, originally intended for a post-office, and having in connection with it a considerable museum. Here, enclosed in glass cases, were specimens of moss and grass from the principal mountains of Scotland, and on a mantelpiece, in a gilt frame, a lock of Burns' hair—"a genuine relic of the poet, modicum of a larger lock owned by Jean Armour." A few paces further up the street were the Provincial Buildings, where are located the Post, Telegraph, Lands, and Works offices. Here also are the Provincial Assembly Chambers, the seat of local legislation.

One day we were invited to a pic-nic up the Water of Leith, which, by the way, is the water supply of Dunedin. We met our friends at the outskirts of the town. The party was headed by one of the leading botanists, who did not air Latin phrases more than was agreeable to us ignorant outsiders. We arrived at what bore some resemblance to Hawthornden, near Edinburgh. The path, knotty with concealed roots of trees, wound about through ferns and creepers. Prickly bushes called "lawyers," or "stop-a-bit creepers," seemed in league to tear the clothes off our backs. There was not much use struggling to get free from them, and the best we could do was to leisurely pick ourselves clear of the thorny hooks. We struck off into the bush, and soon came to the clear running burnie. Here the ladies laid down their parasols, removed their bonnets, tied up their hair with veils, took off their gloves, and made ready for a difficult journey. The stream came running down a steep narrow gully. Overhead, about four feet from the water, was a thin covering of broad-fronded ferns, through which the sun shone with a softened light. We were in a long leafy tunnel. The bed of the stream was strewn with mossy stones, and hemmed in by moss-grown banks. Once we came upon an abrupt rise, and each one had to climb up as best he or she could. A little dog we had with us flung itself at the dripping rock, sprawled back, tried again and again, but fell at last into the water, and howled lamentably, till one of us brought it like a wet sponge to the upper ground. Another time, we came to a huge interposing smooth tree-trunk, up which steps had to be hacked with the axe our leader carried in his belt. Up we climbed and on we went. Through breaks in the foliage darted incursive rays of white light, which were repelled at a hundred gleaming points by the rippling stream.

Then we entered a long, dark, cavernous passage, walled in by bare glistening rock, and shut out from daylight by a high roofing of trees. Suddenly there was a ludicrous yell heard, and one of our folks, who had fallen through treacherous ground, was discovered almost up to the neck in a mass of leaves, ferns, twigs, and branches. He was extracted green! Stumbling, jumping, swinging by overarching limbs of trees—crawling under damp, bearded logs—striding, skipping, and climbing, we reached level ground, and there before us was the waterfall. It was forty feet high, but there was not much water, and we could see the face of the rock quite plainly behind it. This fall was discovered by our friend the botanist only three years ago, and no doubt he felt as proud as if he had solved the source of the Nile. We were treading on famous ground. The company picturesquely grouped themselves on pieces of rock. Sundry bottles appeared from coat-tails—biscuits, buns, and shortbread were handed round. Some drank diluted gooseberry wine, others the water that ran past on every side. Finally, "Ye banks and braes" was sung by the whole of us, standing, and then we made our way back through the innumerable views, vignettes, and tit-bits of scenery that met our eyes at every step or stumble. We had another lunch, and then started home. When we arrived in Princes Street, it was getting on for dusk, which was lucky, considering our worn looks, our fatigued walk, our wet boots, and the amount of moss and mud still hanging to our clothes.

As regards matters social, political, and religious, Dunedin lives in a very turbulent atmosphere. In no other town of the same size can one find so much of public stir and public spirit. Now a noisy meeting denounces some action of the Government—now a great social question finds its way to every fireside—now a libel case thunders through the colony, reverberating in every newspaper thereof. Then there are grievance letters to the press, answers from the editors, remarks on this or that public character, attacks and counter-attacks, articles and replies to articles, till the electric cloud vanishes, and the air for a short season gets clear again! There seems to be something chemically eruptive in the social composition of Dunedin. One theory is, that there must be too much of a Caledonian flavour in the community, and regarding Scotchmen as an essence, there may be some truth in the supposition. Long ago, as far back as the year 1856, the Otago settlers were a controversial people, deep in religious

disputes and newspaper broils. An English traveller, writing about that time, compared Dunedin to "an enclosure of wild cats, tearing out each other's eyes," which statement, though clothed in metaphor and prejudice, still gives one an idea of the dissensions that prevailed. There is even yet somewhat of dogmatism about Dunedin folks, which is all the more wonderful as it co-exists with singularly energetic business spirit and commercial activity.

There was a most uproarious meeting held in the Dunedin Athenæum while we were here. A large body of the members vowed that the reading-room would be open on Sunday afternoons, and a slightly smaller party that it would not. Ministers forcibly addressed the meeting, and tried to turn the scale of opinion. Leading citizens made vehement speeches. The tumultuous scene of wrangling and debate ended in the reading-room being declared open every Sunday for so many hours. The result created commotion in town and country. For ourselves, we would have believed this of any town but Dunedin, where all the old country traditions and religious ideas are supposed to be so well preserved, though, perhaps, it may be unjust to regard the step taken by this particular public institution as a sample of general public feeling.

Dunedin has great vitality—nothing lack-lustre and debilitated about it, but a marked full-bloodedness that is very refreshing. It commands the finest port in Otago, and is the capital of a province that can boast of having 84,822 of a population—a fourth of the Europeans of New Zealand. Without intending the slightest disrespect, we would call Dunedin a substantial middle-class town, a town of labour and commerce. Every one seems striving after wealth. Owing to the high price of wool, one of the chief products of the province, Otago has never been so prosperous as at present. The first settlers many of them are now in the character of successful merchants, and have retired, or are retiring in favour of their descendants. The shopkeepers are all in a steady way of business. As to the working-classes, they are in a land of plenty. Every man can clothe, feed, and educate his family, and have something to spare. The labourer earns his eight shillings a day, the carpenter his twelve shillings a day, the blacksmith his three pounds per week. Domestic servants, those great perplexities at home and abroad, have splendid wages in Otago. Cooks get £45 to £50 per annum and their board—general servants, £35—housemaids, £30. They can save money and dress

handsomely. They do not wear distinctive caps, but have their hair in lofty chignons or some other caprice. There is nothing of the drudge about them, and they have that feeling of independence which is very desirable if not carried to excess. You do not recognise as a domestic that young lady in black dress, white ribbons, and flowery bonnet, who sets off on Sunday to see her relations and friends. There is here a wholesome breaking down of unhealthy conventionalities—a lessening of the distance between mistress and maid, and more of an equality between master and man.

Speaking roughly, there are no poor people in Otago. The aged, the infirm, and the orphan are housed in the Benevolent Asylum. There is none of that poverty verging on starvation which is so painful to see and hear of at home. Now and then a beggar or a vagrant may shock society for a few hours, but he is soon lost in the great tide of respectability. Food is cheap, clothing is not dear. Capital tweeds and blankets are made in a large factory at Mossgiel, a few miles out from Dunedin.

Of all the hotels we have ever been in, commend us to the comfortable house of Rattray Street. We were next door to the stir of the small Babel, in a main artery close to the heart of the town. At midnight, or rather in the small hours of the morning, as we lay tranquilly snoozing, we would be rudely awakened—not by a crowd of late-arriving, sea-sick passengers —not by a noisy breaking-up of heated revellers—but by a large flock of decent white-neck-tied clergymen returning from the Synod. They had usually a lively talk, to which the thin partitions made us involuntary listeners, anent the introduction of instrumental music, the joining of the Presbyterian Churches in the North and South Islands, and the state of the finances generally; but in a short time debates and debaters went to rest; the organ question was followed by the smell of extinct candles ; the union gave place to hard breathing ; and stipends were lost in snores. We were as snug in this hotel as the days were long, and the season was the height of summer—that is to say, the calendar showed December to be a summer month. In reality, our first fortnight was one of frequent rain. Folks went about with umbrellas as systematically as they might have used walking-sticks. Then there came a few days of fitful blue sky, followed by lowering clouds and cold raw winds. It was a disagreeable time to us who had left Melbourne with the thermometer 109° in the shade.

On a certain afternoon we stood amongst a mass of spectators

under a high floral arch in Princes Street, waiting the approach of Sir James Fergusson, Ayrshire baronet and new Governor of New Zealand, on his first visit to Dunedin. The street was avenued with people. The procession rolled past—the Volunteer Artillery with restless horses—an officer in a red coat and cocked hat—a carriage riding in clouds of dust, with a travel-worn gentleman, Sir James, taking off a grey hat—a cart decked with flowers and drawn by the only ass in Otago—and the banner-flying band-waggon of a panorama, the proprietor of which had a business-eye as well as a loyal heart.

On Christmas Day we were invited to dinner at a house some two miles from town. As we were comparative strangers, and this was more properly speaking a season of domestic reunion, we felt the compliment the stronger. The house lay behind the hills which back Dunedin, so that we might have been a hundred miles from the stir of the city. The sun shone boldly, and the country looked charming. It was open, undulating, and covered with tufts of heath. A Highland landscape seemed to have been transported bodily. Coming after a while to a little white gate set in a hawthorn hedge, we passed through and went up a sloping gravel walk, till we approached a large green lawn, in the middle of which rose a high flagstaff bearing a floating red banner. About forty of a company had assembled —grandfathers, grandmothers, grandchildren, sisters-in-law, brothers-in-law, uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, cousins, and friends of the family. There was a real Christmas dinner, with roast beef and plum-pudding as in the old land, and with as cheerful faces round them as ever were seen at any table either "here or far awa'." After this an energetic friend of the family mustered the swarm of well-dressed, clean-faced young folks, and paraded them on the sward. Then he headed them in a playful dash to the top of a high hill near at hand. We saw the children with their blue and pink sashes scrambling amongst the flax-plants, reaching the summit, and gathering round a solitary tree. The elder ones climbed into the branches—the others sang their favourite school pieces—and the performance was loudly applauded by the brilliant company assembled beneath on the lawn. The youngsters came down panting, but with whole clothes, and the day wound up by a delightful stroll amongst the luxuriant beds of strawberries. As a time of pure unadulterated heartiness it will long be remembered.

On New Year's Day, the town was alive with holiday makers. The Caledonian Games, held at the North Dunedin

Recreation Ground, in the midst of green hills and grassy uplands, were a great feature. The crowd, with its mixture of kilts, tweeds, plaids, silks, and satins, was an enlivening spectacle. Tartans waved, bagpipes blew, flags flew. Every kind of booth was there, from the "Glasgow pie-shop" to the "Café de Paris." Pipers paraded in splendid garb. One man was dressed in really elaborate costume, and had the largest blue bonnet I ever saw. The chieftain was dragging behind him a little fellow dressed as Rob Roy, and choking over a sponge-cake. The competitors for the races assembled. The herald of the course was the town-crier, dressed in scarlet coat, who, after tooting on a trumpet, came round, bawling "'Pettitors! prepare to henter the harenar—make ready for the final 'eat!" The utter Cockney abandonment of the sentence, coming in the midst of intense Scotch dialect, was ludicrous in the extreme. The band in the centre of the grounds played "God save the Queen" as the Governor took his place in the grand stand. Foot races, reels, strathspeys, sword dances, gymnastics, tossing the caber, and putting the stone, followed in quick succession. Then came some exciting wrestling between a tall Maori and a squat Cornishman, the brown-skinned fellow winning nearly every bout. The people streamed round the ring, the showmen shouted, the air-gun popped, the roundabout whirled, the booths tottered with press of customers. The scene was one of great popular enjoyment. But after a while the sports came to an end. The Cockney trumpeter dropped his last H—the Governor and lady drove off in their carriage—the crowd began to tend steadily homeward, and we left the grounds as the brass band burst out crashing with "Auld Lang Syne."

Our concerts lasted five weeks in Dunedin, from Boxing-Day to Burns' Birth-Day, 1873-4—a long time, considering the size of the town. But one peculiarity of the colonies is, that new entertainments run longer than they would in an equal population in the old country. When we arrived, the only available hall was the Volunteer Drill Shed, a plain spacious building, which by means of calico and banners we made somewhat presentable. Then we moved to the Masonic Hall, a smaller but neater place. Eight months afterwards, on our farewell visit, we performed in a fine new Temperance Hall. Our entertainment, "Twa Hours at Hame," found great favour with the Dunedin folks, though it seemed like "taking coals to Newcastle" to bring Scottish sentiment and song and story into a community where the nationality was so pronounced.

CHAPTER XIII.

A TOUR THROUGH OTAGO—TOKOMAIRIRO—GABRIEL'S GULLY —A CONCERT IN A BARN—INVERCARGILL—THE HIGHLANDS OF OTAGO.

We spent six weeks in travelling through Otago. This necessitated coach and horses. Otago has not, as yet, continuous railway communication. There are in the province 332 miles of railway authorised by Government, and now in course of construction, but at present one has to depend mainly on horseflesh for locomotion. Roads and railways are being pushed forward in all the provinces, and this rapid opening up of the country is the chief policy of the present New Zealand Government.

Having contracted with a coach proprietor for the tour, there came to the hotel-door one Monday morning a red-bodied, yellow-wheeled coach with a staunch-looking team of four horses. The driver was a young man about 21 years of age—short, whiskerless, a smoker. His name was Gideon, he said —or, as some called him, Gid—and others again, Giddy. It was one of Dunedin's worst days. The rain was blinding, and the wind boisterous. As the coach drove off, kind friends in waterproofs, whom we certainly thanked from the bottom of our hearts, waved their umbrellas and cheered us with prophesies of finer weather.

Soon we were rolling along a smooth country road. Through the heavy driving rain, lit up by fitful sunshine, we saw that we were travelling through a beautiful country—dark green hills, light green hills, yellow hills, distant purple hills—and that the landscape was treeless, save where blue-gums, like rows of nine-pins, had been planted as shade-trees round houses. The Australian tree flourishes well in its new home, and Government encourages its introduction as a means of attracting rain, giving as a bonus two acres of land for every acre of gum-trees planted. We came upon several coal-mines, and passed through one or two tolls, the keepers of which seemed half inclined to

lose the money rather than risk coming out in such a rain. Arriving at a wayside inn, we drew up and watered the horses, while our driver, in obedience to the iron law of custom, went in to spend a sixpence—"swig a tanner," as he elegantly phrased it. We drove through the Taieri Plains, a fine agricultural country, which we had no sooner passed than the sky cleared. The wind blew fresh and bracing. We were in the highest spirits, and emerged from our husks of rugs and shawls. The driver whistled, and the horses had to be held in from a canter. The hill-slopes—spotted with small "tussocks" or tufts of grass like miniature sheaves or "stooks"—swept quickly past. Along the banks of the Taieri River—past a small lake glittering in the sun—down the Waihola Gorge—and through the fertile Tokomairiro Plain, we reached by a long straight road the cheerful-looking township. We found that the hotel-man, who also owned the hall, had, in his zeal to procure a good audience, displayed a large banner in our honour, and covered the township with small bills bearing the lucid intimation, "*They* are coming!"

Tokomairiro, or Milton, as the Government name goes, or Toko as it is termed for shortness, or Tok as I have heard it flippantly called, is perhaps the largest of the purely agricultural towns of Otago. To the eye it is one long street, though there has been an elaborate township laid off. The one-storey houses and shops, with which we had long been familiar in Australia, had here an air of freshness about them, due greatly to a free use of white paint. Though an exceedingly prosperous town, we found it to be dull in appearance. We saw nobody at the street corner—nobody near the bank—no one at the Council Chambers—no housewife shopping at the large general store. The grocer, with legs spread out across the threshold, filled up his doorway with his elbows. The draper was mechanically rolling and unrolling his cloth, selling and buying to himself. The seedsman had more plants than patrons. The barber, hiding his hands behind his back as if they were contraband goods, not to be seized even in friendship, alternately surveyed the pavement and his projecting rainbow-coloured pole. A solitary rider left the echoes of horse-hoofs lingering about the street long after he had gone. One would think the townsfolks crept out and made purchases by stealth—that they were forbidden under pains and penalties to shop before sunset.

There is a newspaper here, the *Bruce Herald*, named after

one of the two districts into which Otago is patriotically divided —Bruce and Wallace! Among the many other things of which Tokomairiro is proud are large flour mills, saw mills, a very extensive brewery, and as counterpoise, I suppose, a large cordial manufactory. A seam of lignite is worked within a mile of the town, and coals are extracted from the bowels of Mount Misery, a neighbouring height. Milton may be called an epic town, most of the streets being named after poets. There is an Ossian Street and a Shakspeare Street—a Chaucer Street, a Spenser Street, and a Johnson Street—a Pope Street, a Dryden Street, and a Burns Street. One cannot help regretting a capital chance which the laying-out committee has missed. There is a cone-shaped hill a little way out, which might have been called Parnassus. To be sure, it is easy to climb! The view we had from the summit was grand. We thought it the climax of the picturesque in agriculture. A plain spread out before us, chequered with green, brown, and yellow squares—corn fields, gardens, and meadows of English grass. In the heart of this lay Tokomairiro, while the landscape was framed in by hills that looked rugged and uneven, plunged as they seemed at places in deep shade, which we saw through a glass to be patches of very dark bush.

We drove out with one or two friends to a bachelor's garden, some few miles from Milton, and were well rewarded for our visit. It had been given out to us that the garden was a great curiosity in its way, and we were not disappointed. An uncouth wilderness came to our view. We saw nothing but rank luxuriance. Gum trees were there, cabbage trees also, and flax plants in profusion—native trees in great numbers, and the poisonous "toot" plant, a small shrub terribly destructive to sheep and cattle. The animals are passionately fond of it, devour it wholesale, and go into fatal convulsions. Pushing aside the rough scrub we discovered magnificent red, yellow, and green gooseberries—white, black, and red currants—plums, peaches, pears, and apples. Along a walk almost concealed by grass, and through a maze of ferns, weeds, and tall bracken, we were taken by the bachelor himself, coming latterly to a small gully, where one of us was severely stung by falling upon a hidden beehive. In Australia we would have been frightened for snakes! But it seems there is not a hurtful reptile in New Zealand—not a snake, which fact was once satisfactorily explained by a learned Irishman—"As all of yez know, New Zailand is the antipodes of Ould Ireland; so when St Patrick put his ban upon

snakes in the ould counthry, it went right through, bedad it did!" In the gully were bushes of large luscious black currants, that hung in bunches like small grapes. Fruits, flowers, and vegetables seem to acquire extra vitality in Otago. You see cabbages and cauliflowers with giant heads, and fuchsias growing to be considerable trees. Crossing the gully we came to a hothouse filled with vines, and facing a large flower garden. Here flaring bouquets, bunches of grapes, bags of apples, and large branches of currants, were thrust into our hands. Unitedly thanking our kind host, we drove off—a moving horticultural show! Next morning we were to start for Tuapeka.

"It's past eight o'clock!" cried Gideon the driver, laughing and squeezing his head through the partially-opened door of our bedroom—"the horses have had their oats, and your own breakfast's a-waitin'!" My brothers and I jumped up, hurriedly swallowed our breakfast, hauled out our luggage to the door, loaded the roof of the coach with portmanteaus, packed the rack, ballasted inside with bundles, filled the boot with a choice assortment of parcels, and heaped up shawls and greatcoats on the box. Gideon came round, leading the horses. "All right there?—in with them pole-straps, first hole—woa!—quick, fasten up the trace that side—back, steady, woa!—hand up the reins—all aboard!—stand clear there—hi, lads, hi!—Blossom, Jack, Nelly, Wall-eye, hi!" Crack, jerk, jingle, and we were rattling down Tokomairiro's quiet street at fully eight miles an hour.

Tuapeka, or Lawrence, the oldest gold-field in Otago, lies at the foot of Gabriel's Gully. It is fairly prosperous, and supported by the Blue Spur mining. When we were there, they were talking of building a new town hall at a cost of £3000, and a school at £1200. The present public school is regarded as small, though it has accommodation for fully sixty scholars. During a short visit we noticed that the pupils, in addition to other accomplishments, were taught shorthand writing. Education gets every attention in Otago. Dunedin possesses a fine University, where you are taught all the classics, and "ologies" without number—also a High School and a Girl's Provincial School. Then there are public schools to be found all over the country—whether it be in such flourishing towns as Invercargill, Queenstown, or Oamaru; such prosperous places as Roslin, Teviot, Wallacetown, or Bannockburn; or such model communities as Sawyer's Bay, Groper's Flat, Limestone, Drybread, One Tree Point, or Gummy's Bush.

There is here a large number of cleanly, well-dressed Chinamen. At night they walk about with their fashionably-attired English wives. At our concerts here they invariably occupied the very front of the front seats! There are 1883 Chinamen in Otago. Many of them are capital market-gardeners. We have seen no one but a Chinaman who could make a cabbage-garden picturesque. A number of places would be entirely destitute of vegetables but for the enterprise of these pagan gardeners. They have their weak points, like Europeans. Some of them, though quiet, are sly and dishonest. We heard here a tale reflecting seriously on the character of one "heathen Chinee." He had been in the habit of taking his gold to a certain gold buyer, who, on John's departure, always found the precious dust to weigh unaccountably lighter. So one day he was on the watch. The Chinaman came in and put his gold on the scales. "Welly good gold, welly good," said John, as the buyer bent over the counter to adjust the weights. Glancing quickly up, the broker saw the Chinaman, with distended cheeks, blowing down silently upon the scale! Smothering an exclamation, he vaulted over the counter, seized the flying rogue by the pig-tail, and tarred and feathered him before a large crowd of the townsfolk.

In 1861, gold was found at Tuapeka. On 4th June of that year, Mr Gabriel Reed discovered auriferous ground in the famous gully now named after him. By the month of July 2000 diggers had assembled, and 600 tents had been erected. The excitement spread all over the colony. People even ceased clamouring for "news of the Maori war," and longed for "news from the Otago diggings." On the first of August the whole area of 51,000 acres at Tuapeka was declared a gold field. By September the miners numbered 4000, and the yield per week reached 10,000 oz. Being winter, the roads to Tuapeka were almost impassable. Twenty bullocks were required to haul 12 cwt. Many people lost their way on the ranges out from Dunedin, and after suffering severely from frost and snow, were compelled to return. It was an eventful season to thousands.

Of course we went to see the famous spot. The gully, hemmed in by high hills, looked like a wide, half-dried-up river bed. Slate-coloured slimy streams ran in and out amongst islands of grey sludge and gravel. The whole floor of the gully seemed to have been torn up. A broad expanse of tailings and workings stretched across to the bases of the hills on either

side. Two miles up, the gully branched off to the left, and we saw before us, at the head of the ravine, up a long, gentle gradient, the operations at the Blue Spur—a high, wide amphitheatre of bare earth—a great conglomeration of quarries, washed by artificial torrents that poured over the precipitous cuttings. Rocks stood out here, jagged peaks projected there, and cliffs yellow from recent blasts shone out on every hand. One large waterfall we saw making a descent of 170 feet.

We went south forty miles to Balclutha. At a toll we were stopped by a portly, sunny-faced Scotch wife, who, finding we were Scotch also, thought it her bounden duty to ask for the "bawbees" in the broadest accent at her command. One of us, in a moment of inspiration, and popping his head out of the coach, gave it as his deliberate opinion that she was the handsomest wife he had seen between here and Dunedin. "My certie, that's true!" instantly exclaimed the good woman with a self-satisfied cast of her head—"there's no mony like me on the road—gude mornin' to ye!" And away we went, with many a laugh at the unexpected answer, so different to the bashful denial we had confidently hoped for. The road was lined each side by sweet-smelling hawthorn hedges, which alternated with low sod-walls almost overgrown by dense gorse. These sod-fences are built in the wet season, the turf being cut from the roadside, and the trench thus formed increasing the apparent height of the wall. Sheep pastures, houses, stacks, and roadmakers' tents occasionally varied the monotony of the grassy heights and hollows. At one place an English labourer, evidently a new arrival, was breaking stones in a listless kind of way, as if clods were more in his line. He had on the usual English smock, which looked a badge of servitude in such a country as this! We never saw another smock in the whole of New Zealand.

Balclutha was a pleasingly irregular cluster of houses, cheerful-looking and picturesque under the bright enlivening sun. It was looped in by the River Molyneux, a noble tortuous stream. It pours into the sea 1,600,000 cubic feet of water per minute, sixteen times the volume of the Thames. It is 200 miles in length, and rises near Mount Aspiring, a conical peak 9049 feet high, and part of the mighty middle range that runs like a backbone through the whole of the South Island. Strange to say, the river is fuller and the water is colder in summer than in winter, owing to the melting of the snow upon the mountains. When we saw the Molyneux, a large portion of

the banks had been washed away by a flood, and the bed of the stream displayed a considerable amount of shingle. New Zealand rivers, with their rugged, torn channels, bear unmistakable evidences of nature's rude, wild moods.

Balclutha is the centre of a most prosperous agricultural district. In fact, the whole country from Dunedin to Balclutha, a distance of fifty-four miles, is one long settlement. One meets with strange characters in some of these country places. For instance, in the hotel at Tokomairiro (spoken of in Scotch circles as Toakey-mirey) our boots were brushed by a fishcurer, who had just come out from London, and who regretted his luck in not getting work so soon as he expected. We happened to ask what induced him to come out. "Oh," said he, "the ship did! and I heard tell, too, as how the Otago folks were running mad after people at ten shillings a day and their board—that's what did it, that is!" We thought it a pity that, when affairs really have a bright, glowing aspect, people should persist in making them *too* rose-coloured. Otago could be a land of promise without being a paradise. At this same hotel the waiter was a banished Communist, who had fought in the streets of Paris, had been run through the leg by a bayonet, and had been exiled for ten years. He was a short, flaxen-moustached young man, with seemingly a wealth of politeness and gentleness. Unsuitable people sometimes emigrate. One day a man was mourning the lack of employment, but he turned out to be a glass-eye maker!

We went on to Popotunoa, passing through much the same scenery as before. Otago is a decidedly grassy country. It lies ready for the plough. There are no forests to fell, no stumps to root out. All the heavy timber lies up amongst the ranges, and bush only exists in very small light patches about the lower country. The only great trouble to the farmer is the burning out of the "tussocks." When destroyed, they leave small, black, seared roots. The grass seems as if it had curdled into these large tufts. Very often we found them close together, and we had to wade through them up to the waist, sometimes up to the shoulders. The grass is luxuriant and speckled with tiny seedlets. When we grasped a handful of it, there was a feathery ornamental plume which would not have been out of place in any drawing-room vase.

Otago, in its scenery, resembled the old country—the bleaker parts like the north of Scotland. Coming to details, however, the grass is not English grass—the solitary clumps of bush are

not groups of English trees—the ever-present flax plant you never see at home. This flax plant, or *Phormium tenax* as botanists term it, or *Harakeke* as the Maoris call it, is a wonderful plant. It is a clump of green, drooping, sword-shaped leaves, out of the centre of which springs a long flower stalk. It grows from seven and eight feet to ten and twelve feet high, while the stalk shoots very often to the height of sixteen and twenty feet. It is to be seen everywhere—on moist, dry, high, and low ground—but flourishes best near swamps and rivers. We saw it on the hill-side, the river-side, the road-side, and growing in large fields on marshy ground. The flax is exceedingly useful to the Maoris in the North Island. The pink blossoms that grow on the stalk contain honey—the roots of the blades exude a liquid gum—the pith of the stalk burns like tinder—the leaf is note-paper to the natives, who write on it with a sharp shell. Tied in strips, it serves as ropes—plaited it makes excellent mats—dyed and woven, it forms fine garments for the Maori. The flax is also of great service to the settlers in the south. We have seen bundles tied up with it, whip thongs made of it, horses' bridles made of it, horses tethered with it, and fences filled in most elegantly with the blades fixed in upright strips. But though an article of great commercial value, the flax grew as monotonous to the eye as gum-trees in a long Australian bush-ride.

Popotunoa at this time was peopled only by a post-master, a blacksmith, a bricklayer, a butcher, a baker, two carpenters, and a hotel-keeper. The post-office had only recently been opened, and the post-master was talked of as being rather amateurish, and not quite in his place yet. Just imagine a locality where a resident could come up to us, gleefully rubbing his hands, and tell us that he did not bake his own bread now, for to his great joy a baker had just opened shop in town! We had here the good fortune to be the guests of the Rev. Mr Connor, formerly missionary to the Potterrow, Edinburgh, in connection with Nicolson Street U. P. Church. We were kindly entertained at the manse. The worthy clergyman remarked, in conversation, that his work was arduous but very encouraging, and only regretted that more young clergymen did not come out to this interesting field of labour.

We had the honour of giving the first concert ever held in Popotunoa. The receipts went to help a young kirk. The "hall" was the barn of a neighbouring sheep-station. The seats were planks laid upon bags of grain, and an open loft,

filled with sacks of chaff, served as gallery. On the platform, which was a few boards covered with carpet, stood a table with a globe-lamp, and on our small travelling-piano bloomed a neat bouquet of flowers. The audience soon assembled. We saw the folks coming across the moorland, through the long grass—men, women, lads, lasses, mothers, children, shepherds, servants, and people on horseback. Every few moments we heard the far-off thud of hoofs—then a head would appear over the brow of a gentle declivity, and a man would dash up hurriedly to the door, with a sweating, hard-breathing horse. Every shepherd brought his "collie" with him, so that the barn swarmed with dogs. The horses were hitched-up to railings, posts, and the wheels of drays. The barn was not very brilliantly lighted. Chandeliers were made of crossed pieces of wood, each with two holes, into which candles were placed. Perforated battens jutted out from the walls. At one end of the platform was a shaky door, leading to the shed which did duty as "side-room." In this door was a hole, apparently for the ingress and egress of cats, and it so chanced that during "The Land o' the Leal" a poor dog jammed his head into the aperture. The melancholy howl that followed effectually banished sentiment. Then ensued fresh horror. The wooden chandeliers did not happen to be at all straight, and there was a strong draught, so the grease came dropping down. Icicles of grease hung on the walls—stearine stalactites drooped from the candelabra. The lights guttered out one by one, till nothing was left but the dim globe-lamp. By ten o'clock the concert had concluded. When the audience went outside they found that the horses, alarmed either at the singing or the applause, had stampeded, and that a number were missing. Walking back in the gloom we were suddenly met by a party of riders, who had been on the search for the animals. "There's nine of them gone," said a man in a big flapping cloak—"clean gone, and into the ranges, I'll bet." We were really sorry for those poor fellows. The black sky—the moonbeams striking through the rents in the clouds, and sweeping round like so many aerial bull's-eyes—the strange shadows on the hills—the sound of the wind as it rustled the high grass—the sight of the dark range far away, where the horses were supposed to have strayed—increased our sympathy. Nothing ever impressed us with such a sense of hopeless search as this night-ride of those men. After plunging through some half-mile of tussocks and climbing six or seven fences, we reached the Manse, and next morning had the satisfaction of

knowing that most of the horses had quietly cantered home to their respective stables.

We drove on to Mataura, passing through bleak grassy uplands. This was a place so small that the impetus of the coach almost took us past the township! We sang here in the public hall, which is used as a court-house, a concert-room, a school-room, a church, and an assembly room for dancing. Even in this small hamlet, we had an audience of a hundred people. As we went from this place towards Invercargill we saw faint pencillings on the far horizon—the mountains of Otago. The road had a singularly anomalous appearance. On our left were fields of corn, protected by quickset hedges—on our right, rough tussocky country, enclosed by open fences. On one side, young English grasses, bordered by Australian gum-trees (successful immigrants from a sunny land)—on another, hoards of wild Scotch thistles invading the soil, and pushing their purple heads between the tough, green, broad-spreading leaves of the New Zealand flax-plant. Well did the national emblem symbolise the energy and colonising spirit of the national character!

Invercargill is a thriving town, in the midst of farming. Its streets are named after Scottish rivers—the Esk, the Dee, the Teviot, the Tay, the Forth, and several others. It is the chief town of Southland. This is now a small district, but in 1861 it said to Otago, "I would like to live separately—I wish to be an independent province—I want to manage my own affairs." And Otago said, "Very well, go!" So Southland went, and made a nine years' unsuccessful attempt to live on its own resources. But the little province turned bankrupt, and in 1870 came once more under the parent wing. Invercargill, though shorn of metropolitan honours, has been more prosperous since then. Our concerts were held in the Exchange Hall, which, like most of the buildings in town, was composed of wood and iron. It was formerly a church in St Kilda, near Melbourne, and the cost of shipping it to New Zealand amounted to £1000.

Invercargill has a railway twenty miles long, which runs down to the "Bluff," the port of Otago first touched at by the steamers from Melbourne. The stations are mostly sawmills and side tramways of sawmills, for Southland has 300,000 acres of forest, and does a good trade in timber. The railway to the Bluff, in its early days, had many features in common with the "Innocent Railway" that used to run between Edin-

burgh and Dalkeith. On board any of the steamers, if you unfortunately start the subject of railways, a commercial traveller will inevitably, and with a premonitory chuckle, tell you a certain "comical old yarn about the Bluff Railway," which narrative is, nine times out of ten, the same that you heard from a chuckling commercial on your last steamboat trip, and which you will assuredly be bored with by another on your next. We heard, for instance, a story of how, in those good old times, a mob of cattle would frequently get in the way of the train. This caused great trouble to the driver, who used at first to sound the whistle, hop from the engine, and chase the obstruction off with billets of wood. This of course grew tiresome, and the driver at last carried a collie dog on the front of the locomotive. The sagacious animal sprang off whenever cattle appeared, barked them some hundreds of yards up the line, and then resumed its warm place over the buffers. One day an old woman was driving her cow along the railway track. The morning express came puffing up at fully seven miles an hour. The ancient dame, adjusting her spectacles, looked behind at the approaching engine, and thinking perhaps that danger was imminent, gave her beast an extra poke with her stick. On shambled the cow—on jogged the old woman. "Get off the line!" roared the engine-driver. But the good dame tucked up her dress and kept stumping along. At last the buffer of the engine quietly impinged upon the "bustle" of the old woman's dress, or rather where a "bustle" would have been had there existed any such thing as "bustle" either in train or dress in those slow-going days. The driver, shutting off steam and shutting his eyes to the impending catastrophe, shrieked "Hi! Hi!" while the old lady, dodging the buffer, uttered those ever-memorable words:—"Man, ye're surely in an awfu' hurry this mornin'!" So run the short and simple annals of the rail.

On our way to Riverton from Invercargill we came upon a delicious patch of bush, consisting principally of *kahikatea* or white pine. The trees were tall and slim, their limbs high up on the trunks, and the boughs curving up like the branches of a chandelier. The timber in New Zealand is lighter and more ornamental than that of the Australian bush. In the undergrowth there was great variety of vegetation—fern and bracken—bushes of all shapes and heights. A strange thing is, that if the undergrowth be destroyed the trees inevitably die away. The track went through this oasis like a stream bordered by an

avenue of trees; and after travelling a mile, the rivulet of a road brought us sweeping out into the ocean of grass again, while the square black patch of bush faded away behind like an island as we traversed the plain. We crossed after a while several sandy knolls, over which frequently scampered glossy fat rabbits, and finished our journey along a wide, broad, curving beach. Two of our folks rode ahead of us, cantering through the surf, while we drove close behind them upon the wet firm sand, with the sea washing up through the wheels of the coach.

We went next to Winton, another small township, where we got the use of the school-room by canvassing the majority of the inhabitants (who were on the school-board) and receiving their permission. From Winton we travelled up a long wide valley towards the "Elbow," named from a sudden turn of the Oreti River, and a divergence in the lie of the mountains. Every mile increased the beauty of the scenery. The slopes merged into hills—the hills rose into heights—the heights passed into imposing peaks. The mountains were striped with variegated hues—blue, purple, yellow, and green—all colours and shades of colours. Rain flew across the landscape—travelling squalls, with oblique dark streaks traversing the whole sky behind us. We arrived at the Elbow Inn about three in the afternoon—a wooden building standing on an open, low-grassed plain, at the entrance to the Highlands of Otago. The hills bounding the plain rose gradually till they reached the many-peaked, snow-covered summits of the greater chain of mountains. Inside the house we found a blazing log fire, which was regarded by the landlord as a great luxury, the wood having to be brought a distance of fourteen miles from the nearest clump of bush. The teamsters carry small braziers under their waggons. They cannot find wood everywhere, so they burn charcoal, and coal when they can get it. The Australian waggoner is far more favoured, as he travels almost continually amongst firewood. The landlord had been twelve years at the Elbow. "I came out," said he, "from the 'art of London." During the gold rush to Queenstown and the adjacent diggings, the hotel was in continual stir. "I made £300 a week then," said the landlord, "and in a smaller house than this. Three years ago I went back to London, but I didn't care for it at all—everything was so changed—I like this spot better, lonely though it be." We should have thought this impossible after the surge and whirl of the great metropolis. A Cockney hermit was to us an inexplicable being.

We left the Elbow before breakfast at seven next morning. We overtook one by one a number of carriers who had left the Elbow before us in the early morning. The big, old-English waggons, with their arched roofs of white canvas, their blue bodies, and their red wheels, could be seen for miles across the level country. The morning mist lifted leisurely from the mountains. Scarfs of vapour floated midway down the slopes. We never appeared to be so near the clouds before. One felt he could rend the mist by simply throwing a stone. On the higher peaks the clouds lay longer and heavier, but we watched them gradually dissolving in the sun, the white specks of snow twinkling through the thin edge of the mist, and latterly coming full into view. Some of the mountains, clothed in rich grass, had an air of grandeur and rudeness, mingled with verdure—Highland form and height, with Lowland snug warmth. The lonely vastness of the landscape seemed to affect the feeling of perspective. Where there were no comparative objects, the mountains became knolls; but when a solitary pill-box of a house rested at the base of one of these knolls, the knoll swelled into a mountain. We had breakfast at Athol, a small village. Then while the horses were having their oats we went across the road to have a talk with the blacksmith. This worthy possessed strong views on the land laws, had sledge-hammer opinions on squatters, talked of Athol farmers as being trodden under the iron heel of one man, worked himself into a white heat over local mismanagement, and blew a whole bellowsful of wrath against the Provincial Council. We chimed in with him as far as our knowledge of colonial politics would allow, and had begun to feel interested in his clanging conversation, when Gideon was ready to start, and we had to say good-bye.

We drove towards Kingstown, the township at the south end of Lake Wakatipu, or Wakatip as it is called for shortness. The road lay through continuous chains of mountains. Along their base ran strange terraces or mounds, supposed to be the banks of some ancient lake. Now and then these struck out across the valley from each side, and met near the middle, leaving only a small opening for us to go through—like railway embankments with space for a stone bridge. Mountains rose round about us—crags with jutting slaty rocks that caught boldly the slanting rays of the sun—mountain slopes lined with watercourses converging into a central cavity, like the impress on top of a quartern loaf—and hills with soft-swelling, graceful

slopes, whose harshness seemed to be concealed beneath the covering of grass, like the faintly-seen outlines of veiled sculpture. One chain was unspeakably grand, uplifting itself far above all around—a sloping range vertebrated with peaks, a twin peak here, another there, then a large molar peak, then another double fang—the range bursting into climax in the highest peak of all, weighted with a mass of snow. Passing half-a-dozen square white houses lying at the foot of a hill, like small ivory dice, with windows for spots, we reached the shores of Lake Wakatip.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAKE WAKATIP—QUEENSTOWN—THE GOLD-TOWNS OF OTAGO—GORGE SCENERY—NORTHERN OTAGO.

Otago, like England, Scotland, and Ireland, has its well-defined lake district. There are a great number of lakes up here amongst the mountains, the more important being Lake Hawea, 48 square miles in extent; Lake Wanaka, 75; Wakatip, 112; and Te Anau, 132. Lake Wakatip is a great centre of attraction to travellers, but the tourist element is at present a mere drop of water in comparison to the stream of sight-seers that must in the course of time flood this picturesque district. Comparing the New Zealand lake with one of the finest of the Scottish lochs, we should say that Wakatip has two-thirds of grandeur and one of beauty—Loch Lomond two-thirds of beauty and one of grandeur. The famous Highland loch has a quiet sylvan charm peculiarly its own, but the Otago lake is set in a more magnificent framework of mountains. The scenery of this region is regarded by some travellers as scarcely second in grandeur to the surroundings of the Swiss lakes.

We sailed up Lake Wakatip from Kingstown to Queenstown, a distance of twenty-two miles, in a laughably small steamer. The pole of our coach had to project over the side like a studding-boom. The lake seemed about three miles wide—a calm extent of water bounded by massive mountains that came abruptly down to the water's edge. These could not have been less than three thousand feet high, and all were of equal height, walling in the water on both hands. On one side, the ranges were in deep shadow—on the other, flooded with sunshine—producing a startling contrast. By-and-by the shadows of the mountains, which had previously lain concealed upon the lake, crept stealthily up the sunny shore, quietly scaling up and gradually taking possession of the heights. Close to the summit of the range, the aggrandising shadows were met by a bright red glow, the rearguard of the retreating sun, which seemed to linger and struggle for the small vantage-ground till

forced off by the overwhelming darkness that settled on the hills.

We had tea served by the attentive captain on deck; for the saloon could only have contained three persons, and we were seven people inclined to be sociable. First, the captain came struggling up with a large tin tea-pot holding two quarts. Then he recollected a knife was wanted, and down he clattered for that. Then he remembered the butter—then the tea-spoons—then the milk. Then cups were wanted, and he hastily rushed up with an armful of strong jugs. Last of all, he came up puffing with a huge calico bag of sugar, telling us breathlessly to help ourselves. "And let us all be thankful for what we have," said he—"there's some poor fellows on shore here who don't get their meals quite so regularly as we do." As he spoke, the steamer headed towards a point of land, behind which rose a column of blue smoke. This was a signal from those on shore, for there were men here, working in the bush, whose only communication with the outer world was by the boat. As we steamed on, there appeared a hut, and near it a large fire, which glared in the fading daylight. On an extreme pinnacle of rock stood a man in a rough blue coat, and cord trousers, tied round by a string at the knees. A boat went off from the steamer with a well-stocked canvas bag of provisions. When the craft touched the shingle, the man caught hold of the sack, waved a hurried good-bye, and scrambled up the rocks. This scene was backed, or rather looked down upon, by a most stupendous piece of scenery—a mountain of cliffs, one piled above another—mighty blocks of rock, cemented together with bush and brushwood, and towering in blackness to the giddy height of five thousand feet. This awe-inspiring sheer headland is one of the principal sights of Lake Wakatip. The scenery was on so large a scale that we appeared to be standing still. Night settled down, and the stars shone overhead. The last place we touched at was a gloomy little bay. Here we were to take in a number of pigs, owned by two Chinamen on board, who were going up to hold their great New Year Jubilee at Queenstown. The boat was long in returning—the darkness thickened—time was pressing. "Hurry up with them grunters!" roared the captain. "All right!" exclaimed a voice on shore, "we're hard at work catchin' 'em!" Then followed a period of discord—soprano shrieks, counter-tenor screams, bass grunts, accompanied by an ear-rending chorus—this porcine part-music occupying about twenty

minutes, at the end of which a boat-load of pigs came alongside. The two Chinamen seemed to regard the shrieks as sweetest melody, and stroked the pigs fondly, as they were one by one deposited on deck. We reached Queenstown, which lay in a sombre basin of mountains, and appeared a cheerful community of street-lamps. Upon landing we were assailed by a score of lanterns, one lantern quarrelling with another over our effects, and a good-natured bull's-eye conducting us to the hotel, where we were ushered to our rooms by a civil and obliging candle.

Next morning was as sunny and cloudless as we could possibly have wished for. Opening the glass doors of the parlour, we stepped out on the balcony and beheld a view of striking beauty. Queenstown, half a mining, half a pleasure town, is sheltered by magnificent scenery. On one side are the "Remarkables," the double peaks of a precipitous range rising 7688 feet, flecked with snow, and looking cold and distant, soaring as it were through rarefied air—a wall of granite scarred by torrents of melted snow—in form like some vast wrinkled iceberg drifted from lonely polar seas. All around are giants of 6000, 7000, and 8000 feet, while the head of the lake is crowned with the glaciers of Mount Earnslaw, 9200 feet high.

The various moods of the lake this day were wonderful. At first there was absolute stillness, and so perfect was the reflection that the eye could scarce detect the rim of the beach. Bush, house, sail, boat, and mountain-side were all in perfect duplicate. A wedge of sky, that came down between the meeting spurs of the mountains, was reproduced as an outspread fan of light in the clear lake. Then a storm burst with massive clouds, high wind, and curling waves. Towards evening the scene was superb, for the setting sun filled the sky with crimson, shed a mellow pink hue upon the mountains, and transformed Lake Wakatip into a vermilion sea. Then at night, as the sky cleared, the stars shone bright on the lake like trickling drops of light, and the ranges stood in dark shadowy masses against the star-lit sky, mere silhouettes of their former selves, while a red raging bush-fire blazed far across the lake, and, with the help of one or two straggling clouds, feebly imitated the sunset of a few hours before.

Next day we ascended a spur of Ben Lomond—a mountain overlooking the town. It was a steep climb. We had to haul ourselves up, hand over hand, by tufts of grass and bracken. Large boulders, imbedded in the hillside, had to be scrambled

over; rocky crags had to be rounded or scaled at their easiest points. Long shoots of earth went sliding down behind us, frightening the lizards and stirring up countless sand-flies, that stung like mosquitoes. As fast as we mastered one slope, another provokingly rose above us, till after two hours' hard climbing we reached the summit. The sight that burst upon us fairly took away what little breath we had remaining. The mountains had risen as we ascended, disconnecting themselves with all lower hills. The blue lake was sprinkled with little swan's-down waves. Queenstown appeared below us, a cluster of microscopic houses peopled by black specks, with a white tortuous road winding behind it, like a serpent about to enclose the town within its folds. Away to the left stretched a deep black gorge, gloomy, silent, and desolate, whose further extremity reached a faint silvery vision of snowy peaks; and wandering through it was the lonely track that led to the gold-diggings in the ice-bound fastnesses of the Shotover River. The whole scene was indelibly photographed upon our minds.

The descent of this Ben Lomond spur was the hardest work of all. It took us an hour to reach town, and we did not waste time either. We slid, tumbled, and sprawled—botanized involuntarily over ferns—culled helplessly large bushes of bracken—were scratched by prickly "Wild Irishman," and tortured by spike-leaved plants. Down we came, each of us riding on an avalanche of earth. Two or three times we stopped ourselves on the very edge of steep rocks, some thirteen feet high, which we had to descend, holding on by the grass that grew in the fissures. One of us, luckily at a small rock, could not stop himself in time, and clutched at a rotten bush, but it came away with him, and he shot over, gliding down in a halo of rubbish, somersaulting over some interlaced grass, and disappearing head foremost into a gully, where we could hear his voice dolefully amongst the ferns. We hauled him out, and found his scratches few and harmless. It is needless to say we followed no system in coming down. Every one shifted for himself, one very often beneath the other, which was sometimes dangerous. Once a loud cry came from my brother highest up, and a large slaty stone flew down, revolving on its sharp edge. My brother below, seeing it bounding directly towards him, rolled over and over to one side, lay flat, and covered his ears with his hands, till the stone crashed harmlessly past. With such-like adventures we got to the bottom of this really precipitous mountain-side.

At Queenstown we started on our tour through the gold-towns which lie in the grand gorges of Otago. Driving to Arrowtown, we saw a solitary white spire crushed between half-a-dozen converging hill-spurs—then, as if by magic, a long row of iron roofs sprouted out of the earth, the houses blossoming by degrees into sight, till a full-blown street, with squat shops, big signs, dirty back-yards, and chaotic mining, spread into view. Arrowtown lies in a wild spot, where high cliffs descend sheer to the Arrow River, bearing traces of many a "fresh." A rise in the river washes down auriferous deposits to Arrowtown—the floods feed it with gold. Arriving at the hotel, we saw a cluster of men in the bar gazing rapturously at a large nugget which a lucky miner was holding in his hand. It weighed thirteen ounces, and was worth about £40. The owner handed it to us, telling us to feel its weight, while we congratulated him on his good fortune, and wished him "many happy gold returns."

The country back from Arrowtown is terribly rough and broken. Several diggings, however, flourish in this wild region. These are reached by pack-horses, which travel along small tracks across the mountains. In the old times the Arrowtown digging was long kept secret by three or four men. Persons, anxious to share in their luck, followed them as they came down every month for stores to the nearest township. Going back, they would be fallen in with, as if accidentally, by these trackers, who, uttering many protestations of good-will, would journey along in a friendly manner with the diggers. When night came they would camp and sleep together. In the morning the trackers, waking up, would find that the miners had disappeared in the darkness. Sometimes the trackers were decoyed along circuitous routes and were almost lost amongst the mountains. "Knowing" persons say there are two ways of discovering secret diggings. One is, to go up a high hill and look out for—smoke! A digger, be he ever so secure and secret, must light a fire some time or other, and the rising smoke betrays him. Another plan is, to watch the creeks. If the water be discoloured, there are persons up the creek washing for gold. In some of these ways the Arrowtown gold field may have been discovered.

Next we left for Cromwell, thirty-two miles distant. For twenty miles or so the road wound along one side of the precipitous Kawarau Gorge, the first touch of real gorge scenery we had experienced. It was not altogether a time of pleasant-

ness, for the road was without exception the dustiest we ever travelled. The horses sank over the fetlocks, the wheels went down to the axles, while we got out and walked with invisible feet. The dust, too, was as fine as the best flour, and when pressed between the fingers had not the slightest grit. The cutting that overhung the road was a mere dry-clay bank, gradually decaying into fresh supplies of dust. The road wound through the gorge at a height of three hundred feet, and at one place, the Arrow Bluff, four hundred feet above the dark-green Kawarau river, which seemed to be sluggishly moving far below, though in reality foaming along a rocky cliff-locked channel. We felt dizzy as we wheeled abruptly on our lofty course, the horses generally becoming obscured with dust at the most critical parts of the road. Rounding corners, we would abruptly come face to face with great shoulders of hills—bulging hill slopes, with vast expanses that seemed to swell up before us, every foot of them apparently instinct with life, slowly sinking as we descended, gradually heightening as we rose, and suddenly steadying themselves as we turned and drove straight towards them. The great depth, extreme ruggedness, wildness, and bold outlines of this gorge left us with grander ideas of New Zealand scenery. After a while we came down a long hill to the river, which we crossed on a kind of punt—a broad platform or railed gangway floated on three boats, and fixed by a long chain to a stout iron cable stretched across from one steep bank to another. The helms of the three boats were connected together, and worked by one man. After the coach and horses were safely on the punt, the ferryman, seizing the rudder, turned the boats obliquely to the stream, and the current rushing against them at some six knots an hour, sent us quickly across —the long chain that ran on pulleys along the cable keeping us from being swept down the river. This novel experience cost us one shilling per horse, two shillings the coach, and sixpence each passenger.

Traces of mining now appeared. We saw, gleaming across the gorge, what looked in the distance a stout silver thread, but which on closer view turned out to be a piece of galvanised-iron tubing, 400 feet in length, conveying water to the workings across the river. Lastly, we noticed a number of baskets slung on ropes over the gorge, for the transit of miners from one side to another. We passed, during our drive, three mountain torrents of different characters, which the miners have shown by calling them the Weeping Lizzie, the Roaring Meg,

and the Gentle Annie. You may miss seeing Lizzie or Annie, but you cannot escape Meg. She is a rumbling, raging, scolding stream, her utterance half-choked by stones and boulders, which change her steady flow of eloquence into loud, foaming incoherence. Leaving this long gorge, we travelled some few miles of a grassy plain, at the opposite side of which, close to the mouth of another gorge, lay Cromwell.

This was the same kind of town as the "Arrow"—a crude assemblage of houses and shops, with all the interests of the place centred in the gold washings on the banks of the river. Close to the town, you see the junction of the Molyneux and Kawarau Rivers. The Molyneux rushes out under a high white bridge, its pure green waters covered with seething froth —while the Kawarau, turned to a dirty yellow by the mining, joins it close by. The two rivers—the green and the yellow—flow side by side in two distinct currents for a long distance, but join at last in one bemuddled stream. In this wedding of rivers one of them "changes its name"—the Kawarau becomes the Molyneux.

To reach the next town, Clyde, we had to travel through the Cromwell Gorge, which was as wild and striking as the Kawarau. At a steep "pinch" or hill, my father got out and walked ahead of the coach. Turning a corner, he was lost to sight. He was met by a man on horseback, who said "Good morning" to him in an astonished tone, and then added, "Excuse me, but really it is *so* strange, so *very* unusual to see a respectable person like you walking—very strange indeed!" But when the coach came wheeling into sight, the stranger's face brightened, and he rode off quite relieved! Clyde is just like Cromwell. Here the miners are not satisfied with overhauling the steep banks of the Molyneux. They have got a large dredge, which scoops up the dirt from the bottom of the channel and washes it on board. Also a "pneumatic boat," on the principle of the diving-bell, in which the miners descend to the bed of the river. We had a talk with the town-clerk here, who was in the thick of census-taking, and was on the point of starting on one of his numerous journeys. He had to go into the queerest and remotest of places, following the various abodes of the miners. "To-day," said he, "I intend to visit one family only; then it will take me two days to reach the next family, just a quarter of a mile off as the crow flies, they're so separated by creeks and mountains." Census-taking is no enviable task here—through gorges instead of streets, and up hills instead of stairs!

Harvesting was in full swing between Clyde and Black's, our next stopping-place. At one farm, owned by a company, there were sixteen reaping-machines, worked by over 200 men. The property consisted of fully 2500 acres, mostly under wheat, and 45 bushels per acre was looked upon as certain. They do things on a large scale here. The Windsor Park estate, further north, owned by one man, had 2000 acres under grain, and the yield was expected to be upwards of 50,000 bushels of wheat, 12,000 bushels of oats, and 8000 bushels of barley. Some of the wheat, excellent in quality, was averaging 50 bushels to the acre.

"Black's No. 1" was a wretched diminutive place of nine wooden houses, with an aristocracy composed of the bank agent and the local doctor. It was pitted all about with holes. These frequently form the grave of some unfortunate "hatter," as a man who works alone and has all his property "under his hat" is called. The earth very often "caves in" on the solitary digger—he is crushed to death—and the folks think he has left for some other place, till one day another "prospector" unearths a pick and a skeleton. Chinamen still scrape away here on a small scale. They form a large proportion of the inhabitants. They appeared to us to be all pretty well off, jolly looking in the extreme, and not sickly like most Chinamen. As the local doctor told us, with some slight air of disgust, they are very healthy indeed, and when taken ill, consult their own "medicine man," to the exclusion of all other practitioners!

We went next to Naseby, which lies in a sheltered vale near Mount Ida; thence to Palmerston, a farming town charmingly situated; then to Moeraki, noted for its spherical boulders, washed completely round by the sea. On the way to Otepopo we were overtaken by a man on a scrubby red horse. He had a fiddle by his side, and told us he had been out playing at a country dance the previous night. "Yes," said he, "I'm the boy for the Scotch reels—ay, an' I like a' kinds o' Scotch music; eh, man, my twa favourite Scotch tunes are Auld Robin Gray an' the Auld Hunder!" and with his old fiddle slung behind him like the harp of the Minstrel Boy, he put spurs to his shaggy steed and disappeared over a hill. We passed the village of Hampden, where harvest had put an end to education, the schoolmaster having gone off to help his brother to get in his crop.

Then the following day saw us arriving at Oamaru, a seaport seventy-five miles north of Dunedin, and the chief town of

Northern Otago. It is known through the colonies by its peculiar white stone, which is much used for building purposes. Oamaru is backed by the greatest wheat-growing district in New Zealand. The town is finely built, and is situated on an open roadstead. At the south side of the town an arm of land stretches out, with a headland at the end of it, to which they are at present building a long index-finger—the new breakwater of Oamaru. It being an open roadstead, ships have to lie at anchor, and discharge their cargo by means of surf-boats. At one time we saw a schooner unloading in the roads. A long cable stretched from the vessel, and on this a surf-boat was threaded like a shuttle, the crew hauling themselves backward and forward. There was a great swell on, and the boat pitched fearfully, one time completely out of sight, the next standing high against the horizon. The men were clad in oil-skins, as the spray flew in clouds. With a loud rasp the boat touched the beach. Thirteen shore-men splashed over the knees into the water, alongside the boat, which was filled with sacks of coal. With great difficulty the men secured their loads, for the swell rose over their waists and almost carried the fellows off their feet.

There is a fine Mechanics' Institute, with a great variety of papers. Picking up the *New York Herald*, I found underneath it the *Northern Ensign* of Wick! These institutes are a great blessing in Australia and New Zealand. Every month fresh literary blood is infused into the community, and on the arrival of the Home Mail, people crowd the reading-room to see the latest magazines and newspapers. The weather was exceedingly pleasant. This was the end of February—that is, towards the close of summer. Spring in Otago commences on the 23d of September, summer on the 21st of December, autumn on the 20th of March, and winter on the 21st of June. We had in Oamaru all the bright blue sky of Australia, with the brisk freshness that generally characterises Otago weather.

The census-taker arrived one day at the hotel. The printed form was very exhaustive, for there were regulations as to Maoris and half-castes, as to Chinamen and their wives, as to religious sects, as to education, as to sickness and infirmity, and other interesting matters. We were greatly amused on reading the schedule to see that one lodger in the hotel had put down his religious denomination as that of "boiler-maker," and that he was suffering from the infirmity of the "Free Church of Scotland!"

CHAPTER XV.

PERILOUS FORDING OF THE WAITAKI—CROSSING THE CANTERBURY PLAINS — THE CITY OF CHRISTCHURCH — PORT LYTTELTON.

"THE Waitaki is up!" was the news we received in Oamaru. We had to cross this river on our journey northward into the province of Canterbury. Word came that it was barely fordable, a hot wind having melted the snows on the Ranges, and swollen the mountain torrents. This river, one of the most important in the colony, is 120 miles long, and has its source in the Southern Alps, not far from Mount Cook, which is 13,000 feet high, and the monarch of New Zealand mountains. The first forty miles of the Waitaki lie through a deep gorge hemmed in by barren, perpetually snow-covered, precipitous mountains—after which the river flows in a commonplace manner through the Plains towards the sea. This Waitaki is also the boundary-line between Scotch Otago and English Canterbury, so that "Both sides of the Waitaki" may in the course of time come to be as suggestive a phrase as "Baith sides o' the Tweed."

A drive of fourteen miles brought us to the river. What!—this the Waitaki?—this the famed, the terrible Waitaki?—impossible! Half-a-dozen small streams appeared to be pouring past us, covering a large extent of ground, so intersected was the channel by shallows and long shingly spits. This was one of those New Zealand rivers that are never full-flowing save during a heavy "fresh," and whose banks are simply flood-marks. We waited here three hours, watching through a glass one or two houses on the opposite shore, about a mile off, the Waitaki all the time growing more important in our eyes. At length a boat approached. The head ferryman, who was trying to discover a ford for the coach, came slowly across on horseback. He was a Norwegian named Müller—a big-built giant of a man, with a long red beard, flannel shirt, and tweed trousers. By his orders the luggage was taken out of the coach and put into

the boat. Then, after my father, mother, and my two sisters had taken their places, one of the men waded up to his knees and shoved off the boat to the edge of a "terrace," where it was caught by the rush of the deeper stream. It floated round the end of a spit, was hauled by the men along some shallow water, guided over a rapid current, dragged over another bed of shingle, and rowed across a second broad channel to the opposite shore.

The coach was not equally fortunate. Our driver, though sustained greatly by a dram he had taken at a cottage, was almost on the point of relinquishing the ford. Gideon was in great terror of water, for a brother of his had been drowned whilst crossing an Otago river. Had it not been that two of us went on the box as company, he would assuredly have thrown up the reins. It was certainly far from pleasant to see the grey current rolling past us at six knots an hour, and know that next minute we were to trust ourselves to its uncertain depths. The danger magnified every moment, though we had not long to think, for the Norwegian, riding into the river, called on us to follow. He was mounted on a bare-backed white horse, so as to be ready any moment for a swim. Gideon cracked his whip, and we splashed in, the rear being brought up by my two brothers on the saddle-horses. The stream widened out as we proceeded, while the water tore noisily through the wheels. A bank of shingle was reached. Then our guide took us some two hundred yards in an oblique direction down stream, which was the cause of a strange illusion; for the swifter speed of the current, combined with the grating of the wheels on the rough channel, made us appear to be going at a considerable speed backwards. We came to another branch of the river, and progressed cautiously. Plump! — the leaders sank over their knees; splash! — the wheelers swayed for a foothold, while their tails flowed on top of the stream; bump!—the coach went down over the axles. Farther in the pole disappeared— then the horses' legs — then the front wheels. The coach gave a severe pitch, and a substantial wave came over the box-seat, wetting two of us considerably, while Gideon threw his legs up in the air and thus escaped a ducking. The two on horseback had a bad time of it keeping their horses' heads up-stream. My brother, who rode a little black pony, was every moment expecting to be carried away; but he got at last under the lee of the large horse, and felt safer. Müller

tied a rope to the leading horses, to guide us round some awkward places—a proceeding which kept us continually on the alert; for once or twice he turned us sharply on the "lock" of the coach, and we felt the vehicle lifting for an overturn in the river, which, of course, made us gesticulate wildly, and cry out loudly to the ferryman.

Another shingle-spit was gained, and Müller again peered about for a ford, but the bottom was lost a few feet from the edge. We drove in at random, the Norwegian keeping close alongside our leading horses. All at once his white horse sank to the belly, and in a second the coach had crashed down to an equal depth. It was a most awing sight to see the solid mass of water moving past us—not foaming, but gliding swiftly, with every indication of a treacherous foothold. We had gone but a few yards farther when Müller suddenly threw up the leading-rope into the air, flung his hand back warningly, and sank with an ominous plunge, almost at our feet, into an unknown depth of water. Horse and rider were swept before our terrified gaze away down the river. Clutching the bridle firmly in his left hand, the ferryman made a lunge with his right, caught the mane, and held grimly on, while the horse swam strongly and brought him at last to a small point of land. The coach was left standing on the brink of a hidden terrace, with the current rushing round us. We trembled for the slightest movement of the horses, but luckily they stood like statues, despite the water surging up violently against their sides. Müller made his appearance again, all dripping but hopeful, and got us out of our predicament by a sharp turn of the coach—telling us afterwards, in proof of the shifting nature of the channel, that he had crossed easily, at this very place, only the day before. When we arrived on the shore we found an hour had been occupied in fording, an experience that cost us thirty shillings. The Norwegian, who treated the whole affair very coolly, told us he had been ten years at this ferry, had been swept off that same old white horse many and many a time, and had frequently to swim for his life. We would advise no one with weak nerves to ford a swollen river in New Zealand. A short time after, a number of passengers were fording this same Waitaki, when their coach upset, and a "female magician" was drowned. We afterwards saw, in the Christchurch cemetery, many graves of persons who had perished while crossing rivers. The inscriptions, which came home to us in all their force, included such texts as "A horse is counted but a vain thing to save a man."

Our perilous fording of this dividing stream was succeeded by a journey of twelve miles along native-grassed plains, taken up by sheep-stations. There are some large "runs" in this part of the country. A story is told of a squatter who, in a towering passion, ordered one of his men to leave—"Away; off at once!" cried he; "get off my run this minute!" "What!" exclaimed the object of his wrath, calmly pulling out a watch—"this minute! Why, I couldn't do it if I were to rush at a break-neck pace for three hours on end!" We reached Waimate, our first experience of a Canterbury township. The general taste seemed to lie in the direction of neat cottages, painted a light salmon-colour, and outlined in brown. The by-streets were pleasantly laid out with hedges. It was a cosy, fat little country town. Next day we travelled to Timaru, which lies, like Oamaru, on a roadstead. Here we said good-bye to our genial driver Gideon. We subsequently learnt that he made something handsome out of his return journey to Dunedin, as he picked up a batch of Chinamen on the road and brought them into town—or rather to the outskirts; for, as he said, "I wasn't a-going to be seen drivin' home with a lot o' Chinee diggers!"

We prosecuted our journey to Christchurch by Cobb's coach. The coach was long, red, and dingy, with a railed roof, seats fore and aft, a door at the back, a foot-board curved up in front like the bows of a ship, and an enormous "boot." A farmer sat on the box, and conversed with the driver, who spoke with the side of his head and listened with his nose, which he occasionally jerked full into the other's face. Inside the coach sat a young lady, barnacled over with bundles. The other passenger was an elderly gentleman with a red face and grey moustache—to all appearance a Crimean officer—who was called "the Doctor" by everybody we met. On we jogged with a leisurely trot-trot, for the driver apparently thought he had to tumble over a thousand-feet precipice at the end of his journey, and was anxious to extend his life by slow driving.

A few miles out we came to a public-house. The driver handed the reigns to the farmer, then slowly toiled into the bar. Three minutes elapsed. Out he came, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. "What'll you have, Jack?" said he to the man on the box. "Oh, I don't know—I'll try a shandigaff." The Crimean gentleman emerged from the coach. "And what'll you take, Doctor?" "Oh, a sherry 'll do me, thank you." After a while the driver and the doctor, followed by a foul-speeched swagman, returned from the bar. The

driver goutily ascended to the box, rheumatically took the reins, serenely filled his pipe, nodded in a careless way to a friend at the door, and commenced an enthralling conversation :—"How do, George? What are you doing up here, eh? Left Simmons's, have you? I saw your mate down at the ferry last week." "Oh, did you? Keeping all right yourself? I see that old chesnut of yours is groggy." "No, it ain't no more shakey on the pins than you are." "Oh, don't tell me! but just wait a bit, Jack, till I fetch a parcel! Leave it at Smith's, will you, old man?" The military doctor crawled into the coach, and the swagman, uttering fearful threats at some one in the public-house, reeled out, pitched his blankets inside the coach, and took his seat beside them. The mail was off once more. We passed by plantations of gum trees, rows of bright yellow stacks, corn fields hedged with gorse, green meadows, and a wide level plain far beyond—the grey road extending away ahead, till the unclouded sky came down like a bright blue blade, and severed it at the horizon. In time we reached Temuka, where the same drinking programme was gone through.

Drinking here is fostered by the appearance and number of the "hotels." "Hotel" sounds more respectable than "public-house." The bars are opener, more numerous, and less clandestine-looking than at home. Colonial Bill, when he beckons his chum Tom to have a "nobbler" over the way, is only increasing his long-established fame for good-fellowship. The digger, when he leaves his lonely gully and comes down to civilisation, has a "blow-out" with his friends—so has the shepherd when he pockets his cheque for some months' work, and leaves for a while the solitude of a sheep-station. Conviviality is the order of the day. No company of average men assembles, but some one "shouts" or "stands" drinks all round. Mr Black meets Mr White, whom he has not seen for a whole week, and the consequence is a couple of "drinks." Jones has something particular to say to Robinson about the weather—they step "across the road." Smith settles an account with Brown, and two "nips of brandy" are immediately called for. "Nobblers" act in many cases as the receipt-stamps of business. It is only but fair, however, to state that, with all this, there is a marvellous freedom from staggering drunkenness. There is more of what we might call casual conviviality, but we will not say there is more intemperance in the colonies than in the mother-country.

We stayed two days at Temuka, and then caught the next coach, which left at eight in the morning. The "coach" breakfasted at Waihi; but most of the passengers hung about amusing themselves. Two jolly old fellows, with white sun-shades round their hats, roamed into the "general store," and almost frightened the worthy lady that kept it—one of them, a Scotsman, asking for a "pund o' her best watter buskits," and the other civilly requesting "five ounces of acid drops for a child six months old!"

Occasionally the road, as a relief to its mototony, broke out into bright hedges, cheerful plantations of trees, pleasant-looking houses, salmon-coloured churches, and one-storey cottages. We crossed the Rangitata—which, like most of the rivers that traverse these plains, was simply a bed of shingle—on a bridge nearly a mile long. Then came a great sea of grass—nothing to be seen on either side, before, behind, to the right, to the left—nothing but a desert of yellow grass, with myriads of little white moths fluttering amongst the tussocks. The passengers in the front part of the coach all became extraordinarily happy, taking at frequent intervals a bottle out of a glazed black bag. The jolly company established a dog-watch, which meant that every dog met in with was to be the signal for a drink all round. The first seen was a boundary-dog, chained to a break in a fence, to prevent sheep straying from one run to another. It was a fierce, leaping, howling brute, with teeth like tusks, and with brown matted hair that shook and flapped in long ragged strips over its back and over its eyes. It was fastened to a high wooden kennel, and within the radius of its tether were red fleshy bones of sheep, a skull, and half-crunched ribs, which the dog dragged rattling around with its chain, as it wheeled and bounded furiously at the coach. Poor boundary-dogs, what a life they lead!—no society, no casual company, nothing but the sight of a coach every day to remind them of the outside world. Their existence is a blank, and they are said to bark at a passing shower even by way of variety!

Far from house and settlement, we saw a cart loaded with furniture—chairs, tables, and chests of drawers—a family moving, and the head of it driving his small stock of cattle before him. In the middle of the plains we drew up alongside a post, on which was nailed what looked like a small writing-desk. The driver leant out, lifted the lid, took out a small leather bag, and drove off. It was a bush post-office—a very private letter-box, belonging to some sheep-station. Then the

horses, as if by mutual consent, took it into their heads to "bolt." With vigorous gallop they careered along the plain. The team was guided off the road, and the frantic animals swept round in an immense circle on the plain. All fear and anxiety gave place at last to curiosity. "How long would they keep it up?" For nearly a quarter of an hour they dragged the coach round and round; but at the end of that time they sobered down to a smart trot, and, all steaming and sweating, they were headed back to the road. A passenger was picked up—an open-faced young Irishman. "Ach! this country is no good," said he, "the best of the land's all taken up, and you can't get work when you want it—and little enough wages, too." Cross-examining him, we learned that he had been five weeks at harvesting, and was £25 in pocket. "Troth, that's a fact," said he; "I cleared five pound a week. You see I'm one of those chaps that's always grumbling, and don't know when they're well off." Leaving Ashburton, where we had dinner, we passed paddocks of green grass, marshalled round in military fashion with sentinel poplars, outside of which bristled like bayonets the fixed blades of the flax. Eighteen miles more of the dull plains, and we had reached by dusk the railway at Rakaia. After a thirty miles' rush in the dark on a continuous dead level, we sighted the bright glow in the heavens of the Christchurch street-lamps.

We were conveyed from the station in a real English cab. The driver was a stout old man, very garrulous, who, ere we had driven thirty yards, said he was a Herefordshire man, and had struggled long in the province. "I've 'ad my ups and downs," said he, "an' worked 'ard in my time, but" (giving his horse a crack of the whip) "I'm blowed if I ever 'ad such easy work as this!" The cab turned into a quiet part of the town, consisting of detached houses, walled gardens, and numerous white gateways. Into one of the latter we turned, driving up a gravelled walk to a verandahed hotel, surrounded with trees. We were shown by the lady of the house to an airy parlour, where the waiters brought us the numbers of our rooms. One by one we went upstairs. Candle in hand, I walked down a long passage, looking for No. 36. No. 7, No. 8, No. 9—10, 11, 12—confound it!—17, 18, 19—no appearance of 36 here! Back again, and along another corridor, with a narrow channel, dangerous to navigate from the numerous reefs of boots lying on either hand—alas! here was the end of the passage—50, 51, 52. What was to be done? As a last resource

I darted off to some rooms by themselves—70, 80, 81,—no use! Getting hold of the waiter, he exclaimed, as an idea seemed to flash on him—"Oh! I know where you've gone wrong! open the door of No. 12 bed-room and that will show a long passage—go straight down that!" Doing all this, I came to Nos. 23, 26, 30, 35—but no 36. Arriving at a small staircase, there at the bottom of it was the fugitive, long-sought-for number! When I had shut the door, what was my surprise to see across the room another door. The apartment resembled those of old German inns, associated with robbery, murder, and ghost stories, where the door handle slowly turns, and a mysterious white figure glides in upon the tenant of the room—Ha! the handle of this door really did begin to turn, and a man in a white glazed coat stepped suddenly into the floor—"What? are you 33 too? demanded he, pointing to that number on *his* door. "No!" I exclaimed, pointing to *my* door—"I'm 36!" Tableau. Then we both laughed, and each took one of the two beds that occupied the room.

Christchurch is built on flat ground, on part of the Canterbury Plains. To the eastward, a few miles off, rises the high ground of Banks' Peninsula, overlooking Port Lyttelton, and separating Christchurch from the sea. When the first settlers arrived, they are said to have shed tears at seeing this imposing barrier standing between the sea and such a land of promise as the plains presented. True, a road was made over the hills, but it was almost too steep for traffic, and Christchurch for a long time could be said to have no satisfactory communication with the sea. But the Canterbury people, with an enterprise worthy of all praise, have bored a tunnel a mile and three quarters long through the mountains, at a cost of £200,000, putting Christchurch and Port Lyttelton into direct railway connection. The province of Canterbury came into being as a Church of England settlement. The first ship arrived in December of 1850, two years and a half after the Scottish settlers arrived at Dunedin. The scheme of exclusiveness did not succeed here any more than in Otago. The settlement rapidly became a mixed community. All denominations flocked to Canterbury, attracted by its many advantages. The province has made great progress. It has an area of 8,693,000 acres, two and a half million of which form the vast Canterbury Plains. The population of the province in 1874 was 58,770. Christchurch itself occupies a mile square, and has in round numbers 10,000 inhabitants.

Christchurch is a fine mellow city. The streets are named after Church of England bishoprics. The asphalte pavements are sheltered with glass-roofed verandahs—some painted green, some white, but most left transparent. The chief feature of Christchurch, however, is its trees. Small triangular reserves of English elms are met with here and there about the town. Shady avenues delight the eye at frequent intervals, and every vista ends in clumps of willows. The whole town is interwoven with trees. Yet twenty-three years ago, Christchurch was a collection of treeless hillocks, the country becoming more and more sandy and sterile as it approached the sea. Except one or two of the principal streets, there is none of them that has the hard rigidity of outline, the stern business-like appearance one attaches to a metropolitan thoroughfare. There is a freedom of style, an air of saying, "This is a street certainly—it cannot altogether be disguised—but everything has been done to make you believe otherwise." Christchurch seemed to us a country town on a large scale, and was a most beautiful combination of the sylvan and the urban. At one street corner we saw a railed-in artesian well. Christchurch has to dig down for its water. The wells are fed by an underground flow of the River Waimakariri through the shingly subsoil of the plains. Everybody talks to you about these wonderful wells, and you begin at last to think them (without a pun) a great bore. In another quarter we came upon a cluster of flesh-coloured wooden houses, with high peaked gables, hanging eaves, and panelled fronts outlined in brown—like theatrical cottages or old English hostelries—with attics, too, goggling out of the steep roof, like staring eyes, as if the houses were in great wonder at the more modern buildings around. One almost expected to see, in the middle of the street, a company of lads and lasses dancing hand-in-hand round a festooned May-pole. In Cathedral Square we saw the foundations of the grand new ecclesiastical edifice of Christchurch, which is expected to cost no less than £50,000. Lately the work had languished from want of funds, but more money has been raised, work has been started again, and the masonry is now about nine feet above the ground. £7000 have been buried in the foundations of this cathedral.

The hotel was excellent. The charges were moderate, as they are in most New Zealand hotels. Eight to ten shillings a day is the usual charge for a single person—boarders by the week pay two guineas. The servants were all English. Instead

of the Bridget and Molly of Melbourne, or the Jessie and Maggie of Dunedin, we had Sarah, Susan, and Mary Jane. The boarders were chiefly clerks, bank managers, families on visits, squatters, and squatters' sons. Some of the young gentlemen spent the day in playing billiards or hanging round the smoking-room; others in shooting, boating, and cricketing. Once a party of them came home in a lamentable, almost ludicrous plight—one run over by a waggonette, another with his arm in a sling, and a third fearfully lame from football. In a day or two, however, they were all up and doing—nothing. Every morning as we came down to breakfast, we passed a long array of half-open doors, through which the waiters were busy inserting glasses of ale and bottles of soda-water to the fast young gentlemen inside. We became acquainted here with one of these very aristocratic young Englishmen, and were much amused at his peculiarities. We have not forgotten the look of deep disgust upon his face when, after ordering a conveyance, he saw a hackney cab drive to the door instead of a hansom! We still recollect our interview with him when we met at the Kaiapoi Regatta, a short distance from town. "Ah! there you are then," said he; "dooced nuisance; was coming down in a tandem, but one of the horses got lamed, and I had to come down by rail. Confound it! And did you," with a look of commiseration, "did you have to come down by rail, too?"

A few steps from the hotel and we reached the pretty little River Avon, which runs through the town. Its banks are sheltered by luxuriant, heavy-plumed willows, beautiful but at the same time melancholy, that throw their dense shadows upon the stream. Small white bridges spanned the river. Leaning over one of these, we looked down the long vista of trees, their branches drooping into the eddies, and watched the circles near the shore stirring the green weeds. The sun shone warmly on our backs, throwing our shadows and the shadow of the bridge down to the bottom of the clear stream. We appeared to be miles away from town. The rumble of the big water-wheel at the large flour-mills was faintly heard, and the distant rattle of a cart, but nothing more. Near here were the public gardens, enclosed in a pear-shaped loop of this River Avon. The walks, dotted with rustic seats, were exquisite. A small park contained a number of deer, which were so tame as to troop round and eat out of our hands. Croquet obtains to some extent, and a "Toxophilite Society" holds its meetings here.

In the centre of a grassy reserve, forming part of the gardens, stands the museum, a large stone building. The director is Dr Haast, a German *savant*, who has done great service to scientific discovery in New Zealand. All the objects are properly classified and displayed. One side of a gallery contains cases of insects—locusts as big as lobsters—spiders like crabs —carpet-patterned butterflies from every clime—insects of all kinds, from the humblest pin-pointibus to the largest and most important armour-plated beetle. At the end of one room is a weird tableau—a row of human skeletons, in the centre of which stands the grinning framework of a gorilla—satire worthy of a Darwin. But of all the sights we saw in this museum, none excited our wonder more than the skeletons of the Moas, the giant birds of New Zealand, supposed to be now extinct in the islands. They must have been feathered giraffes. The skeleton of a moa, through the limbs being set far back and the breast overhanging, resembles that of a giraffe with the front legs lopped off. The body is comparatively small, but the thigh-bones are three or four times thicker than a man's. The leg-bones are elephantine, and filled with marrow instead of air. In the Wellington Museum there is a moa's foot with a toe eight inches and a half in length, while toe-prints have even been seen ten inches long. The largest kind of moa is the *Dinornis Elephantopus*, and thirteen feet its average height. None of these huge birds were able to fly. It is said they were fat and stupid creatures—that they lived in forests, mountain-fastnesses and secluded caves—that they were vegetarians, but swallowed stones for digestion's sake—that they were in the habit of sleeping on one leg—and that they subsisted on fern-roots, which they dug up with their enormous toes. Moa remains were first discovered in 1839 by the Rev. Richard Taylor, a missionary in the North Island. Moa's eggs were found in 1852, in a position showing that the birds had been killed by the ancestors of the present Maories. The fragments of the eggs were fitted together by the scientific gentleman who found them, and several of those restored actually consisted of between 200 and 300 pieces! One perfect egg was found, nine inches in diameter, twelve inches long, and 27 inches in circumference. Every now and then, bones are unearthed from the sand-heaps or old ovens of the Maories, with a heap of quartz pebbles near them which had once been in the animal's gizzard. The natives are said to have slain the moas in immense battues. Can there be, by the slightest possibility,

any moa alive now? is the question asked by the public as well as the scientific mind. The colossal bird is known for certain to be extinct in the North Island, but is likely to be met with in the wild, almost inaccessible fastnesses of the Southern Alps. Being a night-bird, and thought to be very shy, it might have eluded all notice up to the present time. Dr Haast is said to have heard the cry of the moa. One night encamping with some fellow-explorers on the edge of an extensive forest in the great Middle Range of the South Island, he was startled by its powerful call. It awakened the whole party. They had all, at one time or another, heard the voice of the *kiwi*, the well-known large wingless bird of New Zealand; but it was the cry of a child compared to the trumpet-tones of this giant! Moas' tracks were seen in these wilds, two feet wide, running through the manuka scrub. Just a day or two ago the newspapers were ringing with reports of the "Capture of Two Moas." A telegram was published in Christchurch from a man on the West Coast, who said he had succeeded in lassoing the wonders. Great was the interest evoked amongst the people of New Zealand. The Melbourne papers even took up the cry, one of them going the length of crowding out politics and devoting a leading article to the discovery. The Messrs Moa, however, were not to be caught. A later telegram came, stating the rope had broken, and that they had escaped. Just so! This looming "bird of the wilderness" has yet to meet the eye of a white man.

One day a Waterloo veteran called on us. He was a physical wonder—eighty-four years of age, yet straight as a poker—had a fine head and bold features, and wore a cap that denoted long military service. He launched at once into anecdote and reminiscence—telling us, in one continuous stream, the principal events of his life. He was born in Fife, but had Highland kinsfolk—enlisted early as a soldier, and lodged at the house of Mrs Grant of Laggan—knew Jamie Hogg, and used to "blow up" Nathaniel Gow for his new-fangled arrangements of reels—went all through the Peninsular War, learned Gaelic from the Highlanders on the heights of Montmartre, plunged into the gaieties of Paris, fought at Waterloo, and had been on half-pay since 1817. We seemed to be shaking hands with the past. The veteran, however, was as full of the present as any one of the rising generation—explained the land laws of the colony, spoke of "ceevilisation" as "deevilisation," and, with "kindling fury in his breast," inveighed against the reigning

follies of the day. Suddenly, like the great Alexander, his mood changed, for, seeing a fiddle lying on the table, he snatched it up, and dashed at once into a most inspiring strathspey. Then he took a breath, said something more about Nathaniel's bad arrangement of reels, picked up his stick, made a salute, and went towards the door; but abruptly stopped, wheeled round, and gave us the whole of the sword-exercise in a most masterly style—then made another salute, went off in double-quick time, and strode erect, with martial step, down the gravel walk in front of the hotel. This vigorous old man was like a great gulp of mountain air to us in this placid city of Christchurch.

Being a Church of England settlement, you are apt to imagine this town more English than it really is. At one time, indeed, the Canterbury Pilgrims, as the early settlers were called, "ruled the roast" in social matters. Those who came out in the "first four ships" were looked up to by later arrivals. To have "come over with the Conqueror" bade fair to pale in face of having "come over in one of the first four ships." In the Southern States of America you claim blue blood by belonging to one of the "first families." In Canterbury you had no right to be heard unless you were a passenger in one of these irrepressible "first four ships." But the old worthies are dying out now; and on great social occasions, or at public meetings, the "fifth and sixth ship" people have to be brought in to do the honours. Later years, as we have seen, introduced likewise a more cosmopolitan state of affairs. Scotchmen have become largely part and parcel of the community. This is shown by the way English people playfully introduce quaint Scotch words and phrases into their conversation. Even the French man-cook at the hotel, when we asked him how he was, burst out briskly with, "Ha! eem per-r-rawlee, zenk you for zbeereen!" However, he resided for some time in Otago, where his "well of pure French undefiled" had doubtless been contaminated. At the same hotel, too, porridge formed a prominent item on the public breakfast-table, and was "deservedly a favourite" with the aristocratic boarders, who generally went in for "second shares." As instancing the Caledonian element in Christchurch, we were told that of all the mayors who have held office in the city, two only have not been Scotch.

Working people are well off in Christchurch, as we will see by one or two plain facts, which are the best means for de-

picting temporal happiness or the reverse in a new country. A Scotsman, of course, will have a predilection for Otago; an Englishman will prefer Canterbury. But the prospects of each will be about evenly balanced. We met in Christchurch a carpenter from Glasgow, who was in the receipt of £3, 6s. a week—11s. a day of eight hours. Not that his was an exceptional instance of good fortune. This is the standard pay of a good workman. There is an evident desire here, as in Dunedin, to reasonably decrease the hours of work. "Never shop after two on Saturdays!" is placarded on the walls by an Early Closing Association. The wages of the building trades are from 10s. to 12s. a day of eight hours; that of the iron trades, £3 a week, with the same number of hours. Then, as to the cost of living, there is nothing to fear. The rent of a four-roomed cottage is from 10s. to 12s. per week; a six-roomed cottage, from 15s. to 20s.; family houses, from £70 to £120 per annum. Clothing is considerably dearer than at home, but food is cheap. Beef is from 3d. to 6d. a pound—mutton, 2d. to 3d. As to education, children can have instruction for a very low sum. In the public schools no fees are charged, but every householder living within three miles of the school has to pay £1 a year, and a further sum of 5s. for every child he has between the ages of six and thirteen. No person, however, is liable to pay more than £1 for his children, no matter how numerous, so that £2 is the extreme limit a householder can be charged for the support of the school. All the branches and elementary education are taught. The Bible is not read in the school, but clergymen visit at stated times to impart religious instruction to their several denominations. Children, whose parents or guardians object, are not compelled to be present at the teaching of history. Can the spirit of toleration further go?

After singing three weeks in Christchurch, where the Scottish songs were as highly relished as in Dunedin, we went to the country town of Rangiora. Hundreds of immigrants had just been scattered through the province. No doubt the new arrivals would all be settling down comfortably to their colonial life, with willing hands and stout hearts, nourishing few regrets. I hope many of them were unlike the servant-maid who waited on us at the Rangiora Hotel. She had been eight months out from London, and was sad at heart, because in this small place she missed the crowds of people and long continuity of well-lighted shops in Oxford and Regent

Streets. Certainly, for those who like bustle and enjoy shop-windows, these scattered hamlets and townships are not at all suitable. There is hardship, but plenty of money to be made. We saw some excellent country during this trip—agricultural land that had been made the most of. Some of the ploughed furrows were nearly a quarter of a mile long. What Ontario is to Canada, Otago and Canterbury are to New Zealand.

At Kaiapoi, twelve miles from Christchurch, we saw a very exciting boat-race. It took place on the River Waimakariri. The little town was blushing with flags. Carts, drays, cabs, and hansoms lined the river banks. The dense flax had been cut away from the water's edge on one side, to allow an unbroken view of the race. A hulking, dirty steamer, gay with bunting, steamed up and down, grounding every few yards in shallow water, and at one time, by the violence of the shock, throwing the steersman over the wheel and almost overboard. Great was the excitement when the races commenced. A little bridge spanning the river was lined with human beings. The people on the water side elbowed for standing room. The great struggle was the three-mile race for the prize of £150. For this, a crew from Wellington, a crew from Christchurch, and a crew from Hokitika, the West Coast gold field, had entered. Round a bend in the river came the competing boats, with on one side a breathless, running crowd of well-wishers yelling out to their favourite crews, and on the opposite bank, crashing through the uncut flax and scrub, a solid mass of fifty or sixty horsemen tearing frantically along some half mile to the winning-post. On came the competitors, the leading crew pulling strongly and steadily, but the others rowing wildly. Amid great cheering the sturdy Hokitika men came easily to the goal. We enjoyed the regatta immensely, more especially that demoralized Rotten Row, the ponderous rush of horsemen on the river bank. We would not for all the world have missed that glorious stampede of cavalry.

We took the train from Christchurch to Port Lyttelton, and passed through the wonderful tunnel connecting the two places. A dark ride of five minutes brought us into the open air and into full view of Port Lyttelton. The town is hemmed round by an enormous amphitheatre of hills, many of them hundreds of feet high, with jagged volcanic peaks, forming to the eye a wide sweep of mountain-side. The houses have extended a good way up the slopes, which of course does not detract from the exceeding picturesqueness of the town. The

harbour is spacious and protected by the irregularly-shaped heights of Banks' Peninsula. We found a very good hotel here, albeit the charges were ten shillings a head per day, an unusual rate for any but the highest class of houses.

After tea, just as the twilight was setting in, we took a walk along a high road skirting one side of the harbour. The gloominess and silence of the scene were very impressive. The ships' lamps, gleaming far below, shone in the perfectly calm water, and the lights of the town, seen against a dark lofty background, twinkled thickly at the water's edge and thinned away up on the black face of the hills. Rounding a corner, the road brought us all at once completely from the town and the shipping, and stretched before our eyes the entire length of Port Lyttelton—the sombre expanse of water in a still more sombre furrow of mountains, extending some miles towards the Heads.

CHAPTER XVI.

WELLINGTON—THE HUTT VALLEY—COOK'S STRAITS—NELSON.

We left Port Lyttelton for Wellington in the steamship "Lady Bird," 286 tons. The passengers were chiefly commercial men, several folks on urgent business, one or two going to attend some meeting or market—in short, persons who had to travel, and could not help it. I have a feeling we did not see in New Zealand so many people on pleasure trips, or on friendly visits, as we would have observed in the old country. Steamboat accommodation is not in a very matured state on the New Zealand coast. The vessels are small, often overcrowded, and not very punctual. The fares might be reduced with advantage. You pay £3 saloon, or £2 steerage, from Lyttelton to Wellington, a distance of 170 miles. From Dunedin to Auckland (something over 700 miles, the longest trip of the steamboat), costs £8 in the saloon, and £5 in the steerage. But fares are high all over the colonies. Even going from Melbourne to Sydney, a little over 500 miles, you have to pay £4 in the saloon. However, as I said, the steamboat services of the colonies are steadily improving.

There was one passenger on board, who was a marked exception to the rest, in so far as he was bound on no business whatever, but simply bent on pleasure. He was the town-clerk of Hokipoki (as we shall call it) out for a holiday. He was an old man, with juvenile spirits—one of those persons who seem blest with perpetual youth—"life-boys," as our humourist calls them! "I love the sea," exclaimed the town-clerk as we sailed down the smooth harbour—"I doat on it—by George, this air is positively—eh?—positively splendid!" In the morning we awoke far from well, but went upstairs to have a breath of fresh air. The sky was clear, the sun bright, the wind blowing strong, and the water bursting into rainbows. On a seat lay stretched the town-clerk of Hokipoki. He seemed to be fast asleep; but when we approached he opened his eyes fishily and moaned out, "A-a-h, that's you, is it? I forgot say suffer headache at

sea—bad—that's drawback—o-o-h, ugh!—severe headache too—but I'm not sick—must go—downstairs—glass—wa-a-ater!" and the unfortunate admirer of the sea disappeared into the saloon. In the course of the morning those of the passengers who were able to keep on deck gathered into a group and amused each other with "yarns of the sea." One man related an incident that occurred to his friend Brown, when, upon arriving from England at Port Lyttelton, the passengers drank the health of the vessel. Friend Brown, a water-drinker, being asked to partake, said, "No! I'm a teetotaler; but" (with a jaunty air) "I'll willingly drink success to the ship in the liquor she floats in!" The steward disappeared, and returned with a tumbler of water. Brown, after a complimentary mumble, gulped it off at once, but immediately spluttered out, "Ugh!—ah—ow!—this is—ooh!—Epsom, Gregory—what—what the materia medica is this?" "That!" exclaimed the steward; "why, you've drunk success to our noble ship in the identical liquor she floats in!" Of course we had all to laugh at this story, which encouraged another man to burst out with "Ha, ha, ha—talking of drinking, the ship I came out in had a captain and mate who were continually quarrelling on the voyage. They fought it out in the log-book. The captain wrote down one evening, 'Mate drunk to-day,' which the mate no sooner saw next morning than he scribbled underneath, 'Captain sober to-day!' Had him there!" With stories like these the time passed pleasantly.

The shores of the South Island became indistinct. We were crossing the eastern extremity of Cook's Straits, the famous channel separating the principal islands of New Zealand. We had left the South Island, with its prosperous settlements, its thriving towns, its "mountain and its flood," its Alpine ranges, its immense plains, its many gold fields, its large farms, its extensive sheep-runs. Now we were turning our eyes towards the North Island, with its older settlements, its beautiful scenery, its rich vegetation, its volcanic wonders, its burning mountain, its geysers, warm lakes, and hot springs—in short, to Maori-Land. Steaming on, we saw the entrance to Port Nicholson, the harbour of Wellington—a rugged mouth, armed on the western shore by sharp rocky teeth, between which were sticking the bones of several vessels wrecked during a gale. Entering the Heads, we came in view of Somes' Island, on which the quarantine station is perched, rounded the Miramar Peninsula, and soon the whole panorama of Wellington unfolded itself before us.

Port Nicholson is a commodious, fairly-sheltered harbour, seven miles long and five miles broad. The town is built on a fringe of land, backed by hills like Dunedin; but the houses do not rise so high on the heights behind. It is splendidly situated for pictorial effect. No place we have seen makes so much of its opportunity; every part of it is visible in the long stretch of buildings that line the harbour. Wellington is the capital of New Zealand, a distinction conferred upon it in 1865. Auckland was formerly the chief town of the colony, but jealousies in the South Island, and the fact that the seat of Government was becoming too remote for the growing interests of Otago and Canterbury, made some more central position necessary. The city of Wellington has 10,675 inhabitants, the province of Wellington 29,654. The capital is now crowned with a triple honour—being the seat of a City Corporation, under the Mayor; the seat of its Provincial Council, under its Superintendent; and the seat of the Colonial Parliament, under his Excellency the Governor.

Imagine a timber-built metropolis! Wellington, being subject to earthquakes, is constructed entirely of wood. It has, however, really a splendid appearance. Grand cornices, towers, steeples, balconies, verandahs, porches, shop-fronts, and pillars are seen at every turn—all wooden, but having quite an imposing look (in two senses) even when you are close to them. It is surprising the variety and elegance of form produced by means of wood, supplemented by paint and sand. The town curves in horse-shoe fashion round the edge of the harbour. It is narrow, strange to say, in the central portion, and widens out at each end on the flats of Te Aro and Thorndon. All the country about Wellington is mountainous. But for a road and railway that run along the beach to the Hutt Valley, and struggle, as it were, for foothold between the hills and the sea, the capital would have very imperfect connection with the back country of the province.

We lived at the "Empire Hotel," the abode of comfort. The building was formerly a theatre, and there was plenty of space everywhere. A lofty hall and broad stairs met our eye on entering. Our sitting-room had an abnormally high ceiling, round which the flies seemed to be soaring like larks in a distant aerial vault. The private rooms were separated from the public by a courtyard, crossed at both ends by a high enclosed gallery. There was also a kind of smoking verandah at the back, where the boarders discussed their cigars, and gazed

out upon the harbour—for the water came close to the hotel and lapped the stone foundations. The hotel, with several other buildings in town, put us greatly in mind of the amphibious houses of Lerwick, in Shetland. The water was positively dark with fish. Any rubbish emptied out by the cook immediately attracted thousands; a morsel of garbage instantly became a focus of fish. I never saw water alive before. The small fry stewed and simmered in dense layers, literally hustling each other up above the surface. You had simply to throw in your line, and it tightened immediately. The terms of the hotel, as we saw on small bills pasted in the bed-rooms, were:—"For single gentlemen, 10s. per day, £3 per week; for two or more weeks, £2, 10s. Married couples (bed-room and sitting-room), £10 per week."

No one who intends making Wellington his home need be frightened at the earthquakes. There are occasional shocks felt, but they are not alarmingly powerful. The shocks at Wellington are as distinct from the earthquakes of South America as a breeze is from a typhoon. Wellington is the centre of atmospheric as well as terrestrial disturbances. The blasts blow over the harbour remorselessly. As a Dunedin man, it is said, can be told by his stoop, as if climbing hills; so a Wellington man is known abroad by the mechanical way he screws up his eyes and claps his hand on his hat! One storm we will not forget in a hurry. It was during the month of April, which corresponds to our October. The gale blew from the north-east. The sky became clogged with clouds. The surface of the harbour was obscured every moment by a thin veil of spray swept from the tops of the waves. The hotel swayed and creaked like an old ship during the gusts. To write steadily was far from easy. There was a continual rattle of roof-iron, a clatter of Venetian blinds, and a violent slamming of doors. Lull and gust followed in regular succession for hours, till a downpour of rain, crashing on the iron roofs of the buildings, came as a new feature in the storm. Every night we saw about as queer a way of lighting street lamps as could well be imagined. A rattle of hoofs was heard, and a man cantered up on horseback to a lamp-post. He drew bridle, rose up, stood on the saddle like a circus-rider, struck a match, lit the lamp, sank once more into the stirrups, and galloped noisily off—the rapidly-increasing lights bearing testimony to the quickness of this novel system.

Here we saw Maories for the first time in any numbers.

Going along Lambton Quay we met a native in full European costume—in velvet coat, light tweed trousers, and white hat, with silver-headed cane and heavy gold chain, and tattooed so that you could scarcely distinguish his eyes. Every inch of him proclaimed "Am I not a man and a swell?" and he looked as if he owned thousands of acres, as perhaps he did, or as if he were a member of Parliament, as perhaps he was, for there are four Maories now in the Assembly—two on the Government benches, and two on the Opposition. Maories, taught by white man's example, are worldly wise, and take care of their broad acres, leasing them well or selling them at a goodly price. Many of the natives are rich, have large farms, cultivate their land, and come in with their crops to market as regularly as any of the settlers.

The Maories are well-built fellows, with brown skin, black straight hair, sharp eyes, and high cheek-bones like a Chinaman. None but the older natives bear the tattoo marks. The younger men have learned better, or have been shamed out of the custom by contact with the whites. They are brave, excitable, shrewd, patriotic, and eloquent. We were informed by a member of the Legislative Assembly (and therefore a judge) that they were "grand spouters." Their store of tradition, fable, poetry, proverb, and song is endless. They are undoubtedly the Scotchmen of savages, though there is one thing against this comparison—their women are ugly! A Maori man is nearly always superior in looks to his better half. Some of the very young women have a kind of comeliness, but they age fast. They have big thick lips, flat noses, narrow foreheads, liquid eyes, and, terrible to relate, are guilty of inveterate smoking. The Maories are said to be very lazy at times; but what savage or what civilized man of any standing can clear himself of this charge? We saw more Maories—Maori girls in tartan dresses and Rob Roy shawls; others in light blue gowns; and, as we well remember, a Maori and his wife walking along the pavement in decent middle-class clothes, the husband carrying the baby very dutifully, and his spouse gazing at the ribbons in the drapers' windows. Both displayed high civilisation! Every day we saw Maories, all well clad, and distinguishable only by their darker skin. We missed the picturesque robes and plumed head-dresses of the savage, though we were told that the native, when he goes back to the country, throws off the clothes of the pakeha (white man) and wraps himself again in his blanket.

Business would appear to be well pushed in this town. Out of

a newspaper we culled some advertising facts:—"Messrs Kirkcaldie & Fife have made arrangements with all the Continental manufacturers for a supply of Elegant Costumes for the Parliamentary Sessions." "Colonial Industry!—H. Liardet has ready for winter a stock of muffs and tippets made from skins of choice New Zealand birds." Mr Sloper advertises:—"How to avoid paying *ad valorem* duty—buy Wellington boots!" (by which, of course, he meant boots made in town).

Among the public buildings, the churches, of which there are fifteen, must of course rank first. Two of them are Presbyterian. One has for minister a reverend gentleman formerly of Chatham, New Brunswick. The other pulpit is filled by a clergyman from Ayrshire, from whom we heard one Sabbath a sound practical sermon on the text, "Look also on the things of others;" in the course of which he urged his congregation "to go down to the wharf when a vessel appears, take notice of the numerous immigrants arriving on their shores, speak kindly to them, and shelter them if necessary, or at all events give them cordial welcome to this strange, new land." We did not miss seeing the Museum, which is under the direction of Dr Hector, F.R.S., and is worthy a visit, if only for the sake of the memorials of the Maori war—the banners used by the natives and some other trophies. But even more interesting to us was the "Maori House," which has lately been added to the building. It was built in 1842 by the Ngatikaipoho tribe at Turanga as a monument to the memory of Tamata Waako Tuangere, elder brother of the present chief. We found ourselves in a room forty-three feet long and eighteen feet wide, with a sloping roof twelve feet high. The side walls were ornamented by thirty-two heads of celebrated Maories, carved out of solid totara wood—hideous faces, carved and tattooed out of all trace of human lineaments, as if the originals had died from an eruption of filigree ornament. The big eye-sockets were filled in with green mother-of-pearl shells, which glistened horribly after us as we moved about the room. The heads are supposed to be true portraits of different individuals—to us they were all as like as two peas—but the Maories may have as much imagination as we North Britons require when we wander past the "long line of kings" in the Picture Gallery of Holyrood.

A short distance from the Museum are the Houses of Parliament, as grand as it is possible for wood to make them. We were shown over the buildings by Mr M'Coll, the Government

librarian, an excellent Scotsman, who showed us repeated kindness during our stay. He took us through the reading-room and the library, bringing us as a conclusion to the Hall of the Legislative Assembly. The library is exceedingly valuable, containing many very costly books. A large sum of money is to be spent in new Parliament buildings. But uncertainty prevails about constructing them more substantially, as at any moment an earthquake might "make a motion" in the House. On our second visit to Wellington, some months afterwards, we heard a debate in the House. The hall of the Legislative Assembly is a lofty white-painted room, with red-curtained recesses all round, and illuminated from the high roof by gas-jets concealed in ground glass, which sheds a brilliant but beautifully-softened light. Across the House from us sat two of the four Maori members who find a place in the Assembly. One of them was very much tattooed. The other dark-skinned statesmen rose, holding a sheet of paper, and with his finger following the place on the page, he spoke regarding "A Committee on Native Grievances"—gobbled in fiery Maori accents, while a prosaic interpreter coldly translated his clauses into English—the question being, whether the Committee on Native Affairs should be drawn entirely from the North Island.

Another night we heard Premier Vogel deliver his "Budget Speech," and on this occasion the House presented a livelier appearance. The strangers' gallery was crowded to the door. Below us, the hall was fully seated with members, some writing, some reading, some looking wearied. One of the Ministerial benches was occupied by our strange trio of the previous evening. The tattooed native leant over one end of the seat fast asleep, the other Maori snored full length along the other, while on the only available space of room between them sat the interpreter, with folded arms and closed eyes. The cause of this somnolency lay no doubt in the fact that nothing more important than Immigration and the state of the Exchequer was on the tapis, to the exclusion of all Maori grievances, no matter how absorbing! Behind a table stood the Hon. Julius Vogel, the Premier of New Zealand. As such, he is the projector of a daring scheme, which consists in borrowing large sums of money, constructing railways all over the islands to open up the country, and at the same time introducing a flood of immigration to occupy the land and n the taxation. He is forcing forward New Zealand on a

hot-house principle, instead of waiting for the slower, surer, and less brilliant growth the common course of events would produce. As an Invercargill man said to us :—"The country is just flourishing fictitiously on a meretricious prosperity of borrowed money!" The colony, with its population of 341,000, has a debt of £12,000,000, though it must be remembered that much of the outlay is now bearing a return, the new railways showing already a considerable profit. As a speaker, the Premier disappointed us a little, but we felt in the presence of a man of great grasp of mind. Now he would melt out into such a sunny, such a genial smile, and poke a sly joke at honourable members, the honourable members laughing to a man. Then he would come out with some trenchant fact, and make a kind of mutter spread over the assembly, which, however, he would blandly pass unnoticed. He gave in succession his plans for the various provinces, the expenditure on each of them, the railways to be made, and the further development of the immigration scheme, winding up by a peroration, in which he contrasted New Zealand four years ago and New Zealand now—then dull and torpid, now lively, energetic, and on the high road to prosperity.

The grades of society are very strongly marked in Wellington. Being the seat of Government, there is a high upper circle of aristocracy, which is more apparent than in any other New Zealand town. During the sitting of Parliament there is quite a gala time. The members of the Legislative Assembly are here four months of the year. Then is the season of dinners — the Governor's dinner, the Premier's dinner, the Hon. Member's dinner. Then take place the Governor's garden-party, the Governor's pic-nics, and the Governor's levee, where the members of the upper ten bow to their august head. The Civil Service is largely represented in Wellington. Working-men here have full share of that tide of prosperity now flowing over New Zealand. There are the usual grumblers, of course. An extensive employer told us of some men who had left the Shetlands on 1s. 8d. a day, but who turned up their noses when offered £2, 8s. a week. "You see, sir," said they, "we have our families to keep. Eight shillings a day—just think of our taking that!" The fellows were afterwards seen with their families in the three-shilling seats at the theatre. As companion pictures to this were several instances of ill-luck and bad management. We heard that many persons had gone to ruin, principally through drink. Spendthriftness was also

not unknown. A seedy man was pointed out on the street who had achieved fame by running through a fortune of £100,000.

It was our privilege to meet some nice people here. We became acquainted with one of the "merchant princes" of Wellington—a Scotsman, who, with his lady, showed us great kindness. One of our mornings was taken up by a gossip with a very old but well-preserved gentleman from the Hutt. Like the veteran we met in Christchurch, he was interested in events that had long passed into history. His conversation was musty—he seemed to be speaking in old-faced type—vocally the same to us as if we were reading some worm-eaten book. He was a literary character, a university-bred Edinburgh man—was acquainted with men that were friends of Burns—knew Chloris and Clarinda, and spoke of the Potterrow as quite a fashionable street. His antique gossip was interspersed with fragments of Scottish songs, but always the versions that have now either become quaint or almost obsolete. In bidding him good-bye, we felt like losing our hold on the link of a chain that stretched back into "auld lang syne."

We found that in the colonies a person's home-yearnings lay considerably in a culinary direction. An example came before us here of a courageous but inexperienced lady trying to please her Scottish husband by making a haggis! We had the thrilling story from her own lips. By dint of long reading and research, the ingredients were all carefully collected and prepared. Ere the final making of the dish, a female friend was called into consultation. Then the last act was done. Plump! went the globular mass into the pot. A mutual smile of triumph spread over the faces of the two ladies, but it was quickly changed to an expression of dismay as they saw the unlucky haggis floating on the top! Strenuous efforts were made to poke it down, but the national dish obstinately persisted in its attempts to prove itself light eating. The despairing operators latterly called in an experienced woman from next door, who counselled them to puncture the pudding with a fork. This done, to the joy of all concerned, the offending haggis "sank beneath the wave." After some hours' boiling, it was dished, but the result proved utter failure, for the haggis was unfit to eat, and was viewed with a distaste which not even a strong love of country could successfully overcome.

Though not here during the season of fashionable *fêtes*, there was a very important "assembly" held at this time—the ball

given by Messrs Brogden, the contractors, on the completion of the eight-mile railway to the Hutt. All the *élite* of the town were gathered together. Five hundred ladies and gentlemen put in an appearance, among them the Hon. Julius Vogel, Mrs Vogel, and *other* members of the "Government." Of course there were Maories present—fashionable Maories, for none else could be admitted. One of them was worth £6000 a year. The Hon. Wi Tako was there, also Miss Wi Tako, and several others. The native ladies, when they come into town for a ball or party, get themselves up in really grand style, but do not feel one bit comfortable in such an unaccustomed dress. Their boots feel tight, for one thing. The brown damsels go into corners every now and then, and nurse their toes. This, however, may be one of those slanders which are so rife against the poor Maories.

We had an interesting drive to the Hutt Valley, in a cab the glazed side-curtains of which had been blown to pieces a day or two before by a violent gale. The road was narrow, and went side by side with the railway along the edge of the harbour. By the seashore an old Maori woman was filling a basket with cockles, a favourite native dish. A cartful of Maories met us. Two women, dressed in bright-dyed matting, and with coloured cloth bands round their heads, squatted and smoked in the bottom of the vehicle, waved their hands towards us, and showed great signs of delight; while we, not to be outdone in politeness by savages, returned them quite a windmill salute with our arms. Three other Maories galloped past us—one, dressed in tweeds and a felt hat, rode in front, with a double-barrelled gun slung over his shoulder, followed by two younger men—all dressed as neatly and as picturesquely as if they had just made their exit from a "Monster Clothing Shop." The sites of various Maori "pahs" were pointed out to us. Twenty-five years ago, ten or twelve of these fortified enclosures commanded the heights we were now passing, and were constructed to prevent the incursions of other Maories from the neighbourhood of Taranaki. We passed Ngahauranga, a station on this Hutt line—what a mouthful for the shouting railway-porter! Near here stood in former years the pah of Waripori, an influential Maori; but its strength and glory have long since decayed, and all that is seen on the hillside now is the monument to the great chief—his once formidable war-canoe, half buried, prow up, in the earth that covers his remains.

The Hutt Valley is a quiet place, shaded by steep hills, and

fertile. This lovely spot was a different place twenty-eight years ago. After the treaty of Waitangi, Hone Heke, an ambitious Maori chief, with a band of inflamed followers, disclaimed the sovereignty of the Queen, tore down the British flag at Kororareka, laid the place in ruins, and swept down the Island. On the 16th of March 1846, fifty Maories attacked a garrison at the Hutt, slew six men, and severely wounded others; then swam to the main body of the tribe across the river, where two hundred of the savages executed a wild war-dance in honour of the massacre. Wellington at this time was under martial law, and the settlers were flocking in from the Hutt for protection. Europeans were murdered in the remoter districts of this valley. The settlers were armed and kept on the alert in outposts. So serious did matters become that the abandonment of Port Nicholson was earnestly talked of, but the settlers boldly lived through all these times of danger, and now reap the fruits of energy and perseverance. This was the first serious Maori outbreak—known to old colonists as "Heke's War."

During the few hours of our visit we had a talk with several old residents; met also a man who was the only surviving member of a large family murdered by the Maories. We went into a store the keeper of which had been thirty-four years here, and had led a peaceable life with the natives. The store was, as is usual, a lot of shops in one—sold ironmongery, drapery, grocery, boots and shoes, beer and ale, medicine, tallow, oil, books, stationery, and a host of other things. What a blow to the art of "shopping." How could any city-bred person stand here and buy everything he wanted at once? Our storekeeper had not much to say against the natives, several of whom were in making purchases. They trusted him, or rather he "trusted" them. All over the world, it would seem, the only way to gain the confidence of a savage is to deal honourably by him. Of course there is another side to the picture. Before the war of 1846, some of the Maories had got largely into debt with the storekeeper, who had been just a little too trusting. After the fighting was over, he ventured to put in his little biil, but it was laughed to scorn. "No, no," said the Maories, "the war pay all!" A new state of things had commenced, in their opinion. And our friend of the shop is not paid to this day.

We had a rough journey crossing Cook's Straits to Nelson. Leaving Wellington Heads the steamer encountered the usual gale that blows through the Pentland Firth of New Zealand. The

wind blew a hurricane—the spray flew like rain over the vessel—one blast tore a sail into rags. Irishmen, Germans, Chinamen, and Maories filled the fore part of the small steamboat. The Irishmen proudly flourished their brogue, the German farmers sang together "Die Wacht am Rhein;" the Maories, their faces quite blue with tattoo-marks, talked volubly in their rather melancholy tones; the Chinamen moved oilily about the stalls on deck, and chucked the horses under their chins. The captain, like many others we met in the colonies, had a strong taste for music, mixing up orders and patches of tunes in a very amusing way. "Let's drink his health in wine—port!" "When the swallows homeward fly—north by west!" "Loud roared the dreadful thunder—how's her head?" Just about dusk we approached the lofty headlands marking the entrance to Queen Charlotte's Sound, up which we steamed to Picton, a port on the way to Nelson. The water was calm, and locked in by bold, ponderous land, that stood out magnificently in the deepening darkness. At eight o'clock, after twenty miles of this grand Sound, we were moored at Picton, and the moon gave us a glimpse of the scattered, hill-surrounded township. The population is not large, but it has swollen 300 during the last three years, owing, as a rival town has it, to a vessel having been wrecked here, and relieved of her passengers! We had a moonlight stroll, and then came back to bed. The bunks were the smallest we had ever seen. A person boasting five feet of height had to lie with pyramidal knees. Four individuals breathed the air of one. Between every eight berths was a small washstand, and a person had to watch lynx-eyed for a momentary dash at the basin.

The steamer left Picton at four in the morning. About breakfast-time, we approached the "French Pass," which separates an island from the mainland. We were told to look for the deep funnel-holes in the water, caused by the swirling of the sea through the narrow channel—also for the heaving of the vessel in the throes of the tide. Disappointment ensued. The waters went into small whirlpools, but there was no great tidal phenomena. However, the sail through the exceedingly contracted passage, with high cliffs on either hand, was very interesting. We could have thrown a biscuit on shore at one side. The steamer entered Blind Bay, and drew gradually up to Nelson. The sun was hot, and the sea shone smooth. Every one lay at full length on the deck. The general feeling both of sea and sky was one of extreme somnolence. By-and-

by we noticed a strange sight—what we had taken for a long stretching shingle beach began to move past quicker than the coast-line. Of course we concluded that this "beach" was much nearer to us than the shore. It was the famous Boulder Bank, the natural breakwater to Nelson Harbour. This strange formation runs for eight miles along the coast. It is supposed by geologists to have been washed down from a headland and gradually carried out by the tides.

Nelson is situated on the northern shores of the South Island, at the western extremity of Cook's Straits. Geographically, it should have followed our description of Christchurch, but the steamer goes from the latter place to Wellington, then zig-zags back through the Straits to Nelson. This place was named after the hero of Trafalgar, its streets after his famous compatriots. It was founded by the New Zealand Company, who were encouraged by the success of their first settlement at Wellington. The young colony progressed under some difficulties. After a while, it was found that the site selected was not large enough, so a band of explorers departed in search of additional country. The fertile Wairau Valley was discovered. Two chiefs, Rauparaha and Rangihaeta, claimed it by conquest, came over Cook's Straits with a body of followers, and drove the expedition away. The police magistrate then armed seventy special constables, thinking by a simple display of force to frighten the Maories. But the Europeans, labouring men not used to fire-arms, found themselves no match for the Maori warriors. The natives forced the settlers up the hills, and slew twenty-two of them. Such was the famous Wairau Massacre, which took place thirty years ago, and did so great damage to British prestige in New Zealand. It was the first and last encounter in the South Island between the Maories and the settlers.

Nelson rises on a gentle slope from the harbour. It is the headquarters of quietness—cradled amongst hills, and fanned to sleep by warm zephyrs, with its back turned to the winds and the tumult of the Straits. The heavens look benignly upon it—the climate is the most enjoyable in the colony. Nelson, by universal consent, is called the "Garden of New Zealand." It is almost impossible to speak of it in moderate language. The streets of the town looked to us like roads—the houses were principally peak-gabled wooden houses, with here and there a square stone "block"—while taking the place of street lamps were green oil-lanterns on the top of white wooden posts.

From a hill we looked down upon a beautiful view. Nelson lay intersected by roads, and interspersed with trees. All the colours of autumn shone around—vivid green plots framed in by tall poplars—vineyards with yellow foliage—bright red bushes, elms, beeches, willows, orange-leaved shrubs—avenues of brilliant transparent green—patches of ground piled up with stacks of hop-poles like muskets—orchards, gardens, fields, bush, scrub, flax, and fern. The red berries of the sweetbriar mixed with the yellow blossoms of the broom. In a meadow a party of youths, in coloured caps, were tussling at football. Little singing streams, crossed by hand-rail bridges, ran into gaps of hawthorn hedges; larks, which are numerous in the province, carolled above us. The ground was densely strewn with a carpet of leaves, which fell in a golden shower from the elms. Blue-roofed cottages were perched on the hill-slopes, with a wealth of flowers in front of them, like baits for more sunshine. The river Matai flowed at our feet, dazzling with broken light, as if it had washed down diamonds and silted them up in the channel. No mere inventory of charms, however, can justly describe the bright picture. Beyond the town lay the smooth harbour, lined by the wonderful boulder bank, the straight regularity of which was relieved by the tower of the lighthouse—then farther off, the waters of Blind Bay, a sheet of blazing light. As background stood the first rising of the mighty Alps that occupy the interior of the South Island—mountains stretching majestically through a purple mist, as far as we could see, with Mount Arthur as the loftiest peak, 8000 feet high.

The weather was ecstatic the whole time we were in Nelson. "This is a delicious climate you have here," said we to a Scotchman—"have you had many days of fine weather lately?" "Ou aye," said he, "it's been real gude for the last twa year!" While here we received from the pilot of the harbour, a Scotchman, every possible attention. In the mornings he took us across the harbour to the boulder bank, where we had enjoyable bathing. Our friend also arranged a pic-nic on Rabbit Island, a mile or two out in the bay, beyond the breakwater. A boat was supplied with a cask of provisions, a basket of fruit, and a filter of fresh water. After a tedious row against tide we landed on the island—a sandy, scrub-grown spot, fit residence for a Crusoe, but not very promising for a pleasure party. However, on groping our way through the manuka, we came to a place where bits of burnt stick,

improptu fire-grates, ashes, and bottles, showed that others had been before us. We lit a fire and made tea, while a bounteous "spread" of good things was laid out by our kind entertainer. When we had finished, we wandered about the island, disturbing stray rabbits, and enjoying the sea view.

This bay is sometimes a roaring sea, as we heard from the lips of the pilot. Scene: A fully-laden brig riding at anchor. Exit captain and crew to the shore. Fierce gale begins to blow —vessel drags from her moorings—pilot and men put off to the rescue—go on board—crash! the vessel rends herself on a rock. Exit right and left the crew of the pilot boat. Dismay!—the boat is inextricably fastened to the brig, which is settling fast by the head. "Have any of us knives?" "No." "Then we are all gone men." Pilot dashes his hand into his pocket—"Ha! here's an old blade." Quickly the rope is sawed through. "Hurrah! we're saved!" Almost too late! One of the crew, not quick enough to escape, is whirled down into the bowels of the sea, reappears from a great depth, and is dragged half-drowned into the boat, which has pushed off as the vessel sinks. Drop scene. As finale to this spasm of a drama, the pilot showed us the valuable knife, which he had found and mechanically sharpened only the day before the wreck.

We went to see the races here, four miles out. The attendance was not large, but the people were commendably orderly, and gambling unknown. We saw an exciting steeplechase "over three miles of good hunting-country." The spectators galloped their horses over hill and down dale after the jockeys, jumping fences and ditches in the most reckless manner. The site of the course was worth the journey to see—homestead and field, river and wood, rising ground and plain, dark green hill and shaded hollow, stretching away to a faint, far upland, behind which, through a horizon of mist, rose the snow-sprinkled Alpine ranges. I am afraid that several times we missed an interesting race looking at the entrancing prospect.

The population of Nelson province is 22,566. Its resources are exhaustless. Thanks to the fertile valleys, however, farming is very profitable. Sheep are reared on the rich grasses of the hills. Valuable timber is found on the ranges. The genial climate encourages all fruits and flowers. Then the Nelson people have awakened to the fact that a fortune lies at their doors—a regular mountain of iron, the Para Para, with thousands of tons of valuable ore lying ready for the furnace. We met a decent young Scotsman, an ironworker, who said he

had been in the colonies four years—had sailed first to Melbourne, but found it too hot to work at a blast-furnace there—came to Nelson, and, as foreman, was superintending the moulding at an ironfoundry for £4 a week—was a teetotaler and well off—paid sixteen shillings per week for his house, and 3d. to 6d. per pound for his beef—thought himself the contented man—and was the first who smelted the Para Para ore. To persons wishing a retired life, or the thorough teaching of their children, this province offers many advantages. Nelson was the first place in New Zealand that brought out a system of popular education.

CHAPTER XVII.

TARANAKI—MOUNT EGMONT—THE CITY OF AUCKLAND—THE THAMES GOLD FIELD—A MAORI DEBAUCH.

After seven performances in the pretty town of Nelson, we left for Auckland. The steamer sailed at eleven o'clock at night. Having secured our berths, the next thing was to secure sleep, but a crowd of men in the saloon banished that idea —talking incessantly of the wheat crop, and the present and prospective prices of wool—playing cards all the while and chinking the stakes in an ostentatious way. We did not close our eyes till an early hour.

In the morning high land was seen on the horizon—Cape Egmont, the principal promontory on the west coast of the North Island. Slowly we crept up towards it, till at last the base of Mount Egmont came in sight. The summit was invisible owing to heavy overhanging clouds. The vegetation on shore was of the densest and richest description. We rounded the cape, a line of cliffs one hundred feet high—passed through a group of outstanding rocks like a marine Stonehenge, and dropped anchor in the roadstead of Taranaki, about half-a-mile from the shore. Through a powerful glass we viewed the town, which was prettily situated, sloping up from the water's edge, with the houses standing amongst trees, luxuriant bush in the rear, and the lower slopes of Egmont as a further background. The beach was dark-coloured with tons upon tons of iron-sand. In the centre of the town rose a flat-topped hill, called Marsland, the summit crowned with a fortified stockade enclosing a group of buildings. This was the shelter for the settlers during the Maori war some ten years ago, but is now transformed into Immigration Barracks. Taranaki is to a great extent cut off from the world. The surf rolls heavily on the beach. There is sometimes great risk in landing, and occasionally the steamboats have to pass without calling in. This detracts from the place as a settlement.

Mount Egmont was first sighted by Tasman, the Dutch

voyager, in December of 1642. In 1772 Captain Cook arrived and named the mountain after the Earl of Egmont. Then whalers came and went about here for a period of sixty years. The Maories at this time were of the most depraved nature. We hear ghoul-like stories of their cruel wars, sometimes bordering on the grotesque—how the introduction of fire-arms produced fierce struggles between the various tribes—how thousands of the Taranaki natives were slain and many taken captive—how a Maori tribe crucified a hostile chief on the gateway of his "pah," and ate up some hundreds of his people—how twelve sailors of a whaling-ship were killed in a quarrel with the natives, and how the Maories attacked the vessel itself, plundering it of a large cargo of soap, which they ate ravenously with most disastrous effects! In 1841 the ships arrived with the immigrants for the settlement of New Plymouth, or Taranaki—principally Cornishmen, and all of so good character that for many years they could not raise a criminal amongst them. From all accounts they seem to have been a good-hearted, industrious people, proud of their new home—even raising a stirring song at their farmers' clubs in praise of their grand mountain, the gist being that no matter what troubles, trials, or difficulties arose, the colonists should one and all keep up their hearts, for "Old Egmont crowned the land!"

All the troubles of the native war were concentrated here, taking their rise in that great source of Maori dispute to this day—the question as to the real ownership of land. A tract of country, the Waitara Block, was bought from a native called Taylor, to whom it undoubtedly belonged. But the chief of the tribe denied the right to sell it; and when the surveyors came, the native women quietly drove them away. The Government threatened the Maories that if more resistance was offered, the offenders would be fired upon. The next occasion saw the surveyors' chain hacked in two. On Sunday the 4th of March 1860, this latest and fiercest of the Maori wars commenced. In February of 1861 the battle of Huirangi took place, in which the natives lost thirty-six men. Not long after, in a fight near the town, 1700 English soldiers were panic-stricken by a volley from forty-one Maories. Another Preston-pans! General Cameron carried the campaign into the Waikato district, where the instigators of the Taranaki tribe dwelt, and where some of the most terrible struggles took place between the natives and the troops. Then there sprang up in Taranaki a new Maori religion, the "Pai

Marire," the followers of which were called Hau-Haus (How-Hows), from the barking sound they made during their wild devotions. The head of an English captain, who had perished in an encounter, was cut off and embalmed, and an insane native flourished it as the oracle of the new faith. This belief was a mixture of Papistry, Maori superstition, Biblical facts, and gibberish, which they chanted round their Niu or sacred pole. Any lingering spark of Christianity was quenched—the Maories who embraced this religion swept back at once into cannibalism and debauchery, drinking the blood and swallowing the eyes of their enemies. This religion had great influence for many years, and still exists in a subdued form amongst the natives. We met a number of Hau-Haus near Auckland. The Taranaki natives never acknowledged defeat, but were gradually driven off the disputed territory. The war ended in 1865, the English troops being assisted greatly by the colonial volunteers, who were more expert in pah-capturing than their brother redcoats. Such was the war as waged under the shadow of Mount Egmont.

Were we never to see this great peak? The sluggish clouds shifted uneasily on the mountain's side, but failed to rise. From the shore there came, undulating over the heavy rollers, a large white surf-boat, rowed by two or three rough-looking fellows with unwieldy oars, followed by a smaller boat containing a sample of the Taranaki folks, not omitting our interesting acquaintances the Maories. Several native women were on board the steamer, and when some female friends came up the gangway, they rubbed noses in a leisurely manner, accompanied by a long, plaintive, nasal wail. Probably only a few days had elapsed between this meeting and the last, but the tone of their noses had a wealth of sentiment:—"Oh, oh! what weary, weary years have groaned their dreary length along since we last met; and to see you now, when we had given up all hope—ah, ah, ah!" While we were watching the boat, the wind had blown the clouds off Mount Egmont. When we looked round, the grand peak stood before us, far higher in the sky than where our eyes had been fixed, and seeming to have no connection with the earth's surface. It looked to us like a mirage-mountain, so lofty, so isolated, so removed was it from the detracting influences of other heights. Mount Egmont is 8270 feet high, an extinct volcano, and the most perfect cone in New Zealand. A long black band of cloud cut it in half, making a kind of double mountain—the lower slopes shadowed

by the cloud, the summit catching the full rays of the sun, and of a light tawny brown colour, with downward dark lines representing rifts in the mountain-side. It came to a very sharp point, or double-lipped crater, containing a blob of snow, some of which had trickled out in small drifts at the narrow mouth of the peak. We had seen a mountain for the first time. The massive ranges of Lake Wakatip had a prolonged grandeur, but not the height or symmetry of Egmont. The steamer left Taranaki late in the afternoon. The dividing belt of cloud vanished, and left the full contour of the mountain displayed. The sun set, the strip of the town faded into the rising mists, and Mount Egmont, now a shadowy mass, was in time swallowed up in the darkness.

In the morning we neared the Manukau Heads, the entrance to the western harbour of Auckland, but as the tidal signals were against us, we dropped anchor outside. At breakfast there arose a discussion about the Maories, founded upon the incidents of the preceding day, one dark-whiskered Scotsman being exceedingly savage in his attacks on the native race. "'Od," said he, "they should a' be hounded into a piece o' grund just big enough to hold them, and let us white folks have whatever land we want—set *them* up, the broon beggars!" This man was only one of a large number in the North Island, who look upon the natives as incumbrances to be got rid of as soon as possible. This class is not in the majority, for most people wish to do the Maories justice. Moreover, during the past few years this party has decreased. The latest, and let us hope the last native war, if it resulted in nothing else, at any rate enabled the Maories to assert themselves, like the Scots of old under the invasions of the Edwards, and earn from both Government and people a great deal more respect and consideration.

Sitting next me at table was a man who laid pretence to extraordinary powers of physiology. "Watch," he whispered—"watch that long row of persons in front of us—observe their various temperaments—I'll tell you who'll take tea and who'll take coffee—just from the party's looks, you know." The steward commenced his questioning. "Now," said the physiologist, "examine carefully that man immediately opposite—he's a tea-man, he's sure to take tea—his quick nervous eyes, his fidgety manner, his hair too—watch!" "Tea or coffee, sir?" said the steward. "Coffee!" cried the man, "asked it hours ago—coffee, coffee, coffee!" I hardly ventured to look at my

neighbour after this, though the perturbed state of his feelings was only shown by the harsh staccato manner in which he buttered his toast. During the detention here, the time was spent in angling. Two or three "schnapper" were brought on board. Then a "dog-fish," like a blind puppy about the head, and its body something of the conger-eel in shape—a dry, rough-skinned fish, with no eyes visible save when you forced open its stiff eye-lids—writhing like a snake when landed on deck, slowly and painfully twisting its tail into its mouth at every turn. Afterwards a most lovely creature was hauled up—the gurnard—an exquisite fairy fish, about thirteen inches long. It had a dullish red body, dotted with vivid red spots. On each side of its head was a large delicate fin, or wing, coloured dark green, rimmed with bright blue, and in the centre a neat pansy mark, while underneath its gills were a bunch of trembling crimson feelers. A pail of salt water was brought, and the butterfly-fish secured for general inspection, amid innumerable "ahs!" and "ohs!" and craning of necks. Lastly, a young man dropping his line over the stern, felt a most powerful bite at the hook, and with a tug sufficient to have raised a small whale, he exposed to view a couple of red herring! The line had been caught, and the dried fish attached, by some wags at the port-holes below. The bewilderment of the angler provoked general mirth, the laughter even extending to a stiff old gentleman who was on his way to be cured of rheumatism at the Hot Springs of Rotomahana. By this time the tide-signals were in our favour.

While we were sailing up the Manukau Harbour, there was pointed out to us a genuine kauri forest. As a general rule, whenever you hear the word "kauri" (kowree) mentioned in these parts, you are to listen with the greatest possible respect, for what the "brave old oak" is to the Englishman, what the big trees of Yosemite are to the Californian, the kauri tree is to the man of Auckland. The grandest of all New Zealand trees, it is frequently 200 feet high and twelve feet in diameter. Kauri is found chiefly in the tapering northern extremity of this North Island, is unknown south of Auckland, and is now dying out very fast, all attempts to plant the young kauri having been so far failures. The grand old giant will one day disappear.

We landed at Onehunga, a tasteful-looking village at the head of the harbour, and originally a settlement of military pensioners from the old country, several of whom still live about the place. It may be called a distant suburb of Auckland, and

the Manukau itself the suburban harbour of that city. The island at this point is only eight miles in breadth. Auckland is built on the shores of the Waitemata Harbour, on the east coast, and connected by a short railway with Onehunga and the other harbour on the west side of the island, so that the city is wonderfully well off for water communication. A branch of the Manukau runs to within three-quarters of a mile of a river flowing into the Waitemata, and a canal may in the future connect the two important harbours. As a train was not to start for some very long time, we engaged a waggonette to take us into town. The drive was very enjoyable, chiefly because the landscape was of a totally new character—the grass of an emerald greenness, and the soil a dullish pink. Neat private houses frequently appeared, encircled by fine gardens, very few of them without the graceful cabbage-tree. By-and-by, we came in sight of the outskirts of the city, and at length reached the steep descent of Upper Queen Street, down which we rattled to our hotel.

Auckland has the best business site of any town in New Zealand. Queen Street, the principal street, one mile in length, glides down till it merges imperceptibly into the long wharf that stretches from the shore. The Waitemata harbour is large and well land-locked. The triple-peaked Rangitoto, an extinct volcano, with several other islands to the eastward, relieve what there is of monotony in the country round, but they are almost too distant. The country about here is volcanic, and saved from being commonplace by the afore-mentioned emerald grass, and the strange pink soil. The streets are paved with lava stone, the side-walks strewn with scoria, or volcanic ash, which crunches beneath your feet.

Mount Eden forms part of the background to Auckland. It is a flat-topped, verdant volcanic hill. Its slopes are ridged with terraces, the remains of Maori earthworks thrown up during old tribal wars. Each successive embankment bears witness to a defence and a retreat, the unlucky besieged having step by step been driven over the summit. Cartloads of Maori bones, the remnants of Maori feasts, have been dug out of Mount Eden—in reference to which a man gravely assured us that these were being secretly converted into flour, and that we in turn would unwittingly be committing cannibalism under a milder form! Though the top of the hill looks flat, yet on climbing up you find yourself on the edge of a very symmetrical crater, like a smooth inverted cone. From the summit you

command an extensive prospect. Your eyes compass the neck of land separating the two oceans—you see the many gems of islands studding the Waitemata Harbour, and the larger islands, the Great and Little Barriers, standing to seaward as advanced guards of the approach to Auckland—you can faintly distinguish the busy Thames gold field, thirty-five miles distant—you see a great rugged peninsula stretching north, and forming the Coromandel Gulf; while to the south, amid a green country fading into blueness, and extending to a farther cloudland of mountains that seem moulded in mist, you behold the ever-famous valley of the Waikato, the hot-bed of the Maori war.

Auckland, as we first saw it, under inclement weather, did not prepossess us in its favour. Under sunnier skies we subsequently found a great deal of charm in the harbour. But the architecture of the city was inferior to what we had expected, though we say this with recollection of some very commanding buildings in Queen Street. However, several destructive fires have lately opened the way for better buildings. Shortly before we arrived there took place the fourth fire within a radius of a quarter of a mile during the last eighteen months. The destruction of the Government offices gave the people an opportunity to boast about the magnitude of their calamity, though the Americans laughed at their "one-horse fire" and said, "You mean well, Auck., but you can't conflagrate worth a cent!" Going down Queen Street, we caught sight of one of several gutted-out blocks. Children were sprawling amongst the ruins, and a poor man was grubbing about the rubbish with a stick. An orchard at the back had been "devoured"—a melancholy sight—the trees standing charred and bare, mossed over with soot instead of nature's verdure, withered by a swift fiery autumn. We were amused at the rapidity with which temporary buildings were put up. One day a sheet of fire-rusted iron, on which a placard had stated that "Brown would shortly open," was removed, and carpenters were hammering away at the timbers of a new wooden shop. Next day the corrugated iron was being nailed on—the day following, the premises were finished—and on the fourth day the place was stocked with groceries, while a man was engaged on the top of a ladder painting the new sign. Several of these burnt-out shops had quite recently been re-opened, one wag, who kept an eating-house, advertising that "like a phœnix he had risen from his hashes!"

The population of Auckland city, inclusive of the suburbs,

is 21,803, composed largely of English and Irish. The Papal and publican elements are strong. "Sandy" is not so fully represented as he ought to be, though I do not drag this forward as a cause of Auckland's backwardness! Business seemed only moderately prosperous. The labour market was not particularly lively, though many kinds of persons were advertised for—among others, female servants, nurse-girls, men-cooks, an elderly female cook for one of the suburbs, and above all, a lady-pianist for Fiji!—while, on the other hand, a young man desired "a situation as warehouseman, groom, gardener, farm-labourer, or any other employment!" Auckland is behind the other important provinces in prosperity. Wages are higher both in Otago and Canterbury than here. There is a good deal of poverty in the city proper. Strongly contrasting with this lower stratum of society is the very pronounced aristocracy that rules in Auckland. Within a few days, a complimentary ball was given to the Governor by the citizens—then a ball by the Governor's servants to the shopkeepers of Auckland—then a ball by the shopkeepers to the Governor's servants. No meeting is complete without the patronage of vice-royalty, or some other big man.

As usual we met one or two Scotch folks. First, a man who had done well in the world, yet who grumbled sorely. "Man," said he, "this colony is no fit for a Scotsman to live in." "How's that?" we inquired. "Weel, the fac' is," said he, "I canna get my parritch made to please me!" We received a letter from old Mrs Nicol, mother of the late Robert Nicol, the celebrated poet of Perth. She is living 100 miles from Auckland, at Alexandra, in the Waikato district, surrounded by her great-grandchildren—seemingly a hale and hearty old lady, though she must be far advanced in years. We spent an evening at the house of an old Scotch lady, a widow, who had arrived at Auckland in 1841. As she truly said, "What times I've seen!" Her husband and she were tempted to emigrate by the representations of the Great Manukau Company, formed to promote settlement in Auckland. When the vessel left Greenock the captain was drunk, and the passengers strove to reach the Cove of Cork. They fell in with a small brig arriving from Sierra Leone. The skipper of this vessel saved the emigrant ship from total wreck, and afterwards took full command. Then the captain thought he would show off the large ship to his old acquaintances at Sierra Leone. As there were only three ladies in the colony at the time, the emigrants

were received with acclamation. Balls and suppers were given them—they were *fêted* at the Government House, dancing to the stirring united strains of the bagpipes and the fiddle—the passengers all this time being kept at a fine hotel. At last the captain, in fear lest he should lose by matrimony some of the fairer portion of his charge, weighed anchor and sailed. By the time they reached the Cape of Good Hope, the ship had to call in for provisions, and a few weeks were spent here. Then they came by degrees to Melbourne, where they stayed five weeks more—took a cargo to Hobart Town, where they remained best part of a month—reaching Auckland at last to find that the Great Manukau Company had broken up. This influential man had died, this person had failed, this one had absconded. Many of the immigrants got nothing for their outlay. The old lady and her husband, who were to have entered into possession of £300 worth of land, only received £80 in scrip. The ship, too, had been eleven months on the voyage, leaving in November 1840, and arriving October 1841. Contrast this with a steamer which has recently made the voyage in forty-two days. At this old lady's house we met a young man, who detailed his colonial experiences. For five years he had worked in a Glasgow counting-house; but thinking to make a bold stroke for independence, he came out to New Zealand. At first he had to work hard in the bush and wear rough clothes, receiving, as farm-labourer, five shillings a week for the first year, ten shillings a week for the second, and fifteen shillings for the third. Then his wages rose to £1 a week for three years, at the end of which time he had saved £130. He bought 100 acres of land, took a wife, and was now very comfortable. He was a confirmed teetotaler, and detailed the blight of intemperance which had latterly spread over the settlement where he lived. It was a quiet hamlet till the opening of a "hotel" or grog-shop put an end to all peace. Men became drunk that never were drunk before. Intoxicated Maories staggered through the village—many of the poor fellows lay helpless by the roadside. It was a pitiable tale.

Everywhere about Auckland we saw Maories—not a few here and there, but crowds of them—some in the highest degree of respectability, and some in absolute primitiveness. The men were generally dressed in English clothes, with the addition, however, of black felt hats ornamented by straight pheasants' feathers, which gave an Alpine appearance to the head. Others, again, wore chimney-pot hats, which did not

harmonise in the least with the tattooed faces beneath. The native who had not risen to the supposed dignity of a full suit appeared in a Maori kilt—a mat tied round his waist, giving free play to his bare legs and feet—with a gay-coloured blanket thrown loosely over the shoulders. The women were in many cases exceedingly showy. A few had on native shawls and mats, with their hair in a most ludicrous state of gigantic bushy frizz, and sticking out from the head like a large-sized mop. Once we saw a fashionable Maori lady, with parasol, flowery bonnet, high-heeled boots, and long train, sweeping her silks down Queen Street. On the opposite pavement squatted another Maori woman—squalid, wrapped up in a shabby blanket, and looking in the depth of poverty; but, in a burst of friendliness, the Silk Dress hurriedly crossed the street and saluted the Blanket, shaking hands with her and rubbing noses in the most affectionate manner. Another time a native woman, who would not have been distinguished on the thronged pavement of Princes Street, Edinburgh, save by her brown face, went in a stately way to a cab-stand, hailed a driver with her parasol, gave the man her address, stepped loftily into the vehicle, and sank back into the recesses of the cab. We were astonished at all this. During our whole stay in Auckland we could not help contrasting the native of New Zealand with the aboriginal of Australia. The Australian black is an uncouth fellow, a loafer round country hotels, a grinning plaything for passing strangers, a kind of human tree soon to be rooted out. But the New Zealand savage is by far superior, physically and mentally, to the Australian aboriginal.

Walking down Queen Street, we looked into a photographer's window at a large case filled with pictures of Maori women. While pointing out one or two as being more than usually ugly, we suddenly felt a great pressing behind us, a hard breathing, and an odour of stale tobacco. Squeezing round, we came cheek to cheek with the brown realities of the photographs! At the foot of the street we reached the wharf, 1700 feet long, which stretches into the harbour. Amongst warehouses, small shipping-offices, and eating-houses for sailors, were frequent congregations of Maories. They were idling about, with flax-baskets in their hands, and had evidently arrived by steamer from the country districts. Heaps of newly-landed vegetables lay on the wharf, watched over by native female eyes. One Maori woman sat on the ground, with a ring of cabbages round her, as if it were an incantation-circle of skulls, and she a

market-gardening witch. A goodly number of vessels lay at the wharf—among others, the celebrated craft "P. C. E.," which brought the prisoner Rochefort and confrères from New Caledonia to Sydney. This wharf is the promenade of the townsfolks on Sunday afternoons.

Hotel accommodation, good or bad as the case may be, has a great deal to do with one's liking or disliking of a town. The house where we put up was not the cleanest or most comfortable we had ever seen. The presiding genius of the place was an old fossil waiter, whose sole business appeared to be the drawing of corks in the most out-of-the-way of corners. His attendant imps were two or three loafing, slovenly servant girls, who were constantly engaged eating bread and jam surreptitiously behind parlour and bedroom doors, and who always answered the call of the old-world waiter with the sound as of a well-crammed mouth. The domestics were always being changed too, and during our stay there were several dynasties of girls. The housekeeper was a young damsel, whose face in the morning was colourless and soapy, her hair hung down to her waist, while she wore a common print dress and a very dirty apron—later, she appeared in black, with her hair all padded up and combed—in the afternoon a ribbon would creep round the chignon, and colour would settle on the cheeks—at night, aha! she came forth in blue silk dress and dark velvet jacket, with lace collar, lace cuffs, a high convolution on the top of her head, and an immense pink bow over her ear. By these gradual transformations she reached the butterfly climax, but each morning at breakfast she would sink once more into the grub state. We dined in a room where there was a kind of lift, made out of an old flue. The fireplace had folding doors, like a cupboard, and, when these were opened, you would behold your roast coming up on a tray, which was no sooner removed than, perhaps, a plate of cabbage would fly up the chimney to a corresponding fireplace on the floor above, while at the same time the sepulchral voice of the waiter would very likely be heard calling down for one of his unkempt sprites. It was a most wonderful hotel!

One Sunday there was a terrible storm. A gale blew from morning till night. The rain came with blinding shower. A wearisome succession of squalls soon made us all anxious to retire to rest. During the night I awoke and found that through leakage of rain and strength of wind, the paper on the ceiling and walls had come down and reduced the size of my

bed-room to one half. I was like the man tortured by the Inquisition in a gradually-narrowing cell, and felt as if doomed to be smothered in my sleep.

One night an open-air mass-meeting was held to protest against an education-tax about to be levied alike on married men and bachelors—this gathering being called together at the instigation of persons destitute of olive-branches, and unfavourable, as they said, to paying for the schooling of their neighbours' children. To support this trenchant argument, a noisy mob of two hundred men and boys clustered round the wooden framework of the fire-bell tower in Queen Street. Each speaker in turn stood on a crossbeam of the structure, and with one arm round a post, hung out over the rabble and poured forth his eloquence. There was very little moon, and the only light came from a very dusty lamp. The orators were all pure Cockneys, and the first we heard on our arrival was dropping his H's like dew "upon the place beneath," exclaiming, "Look 'ere, now, if you submit to this poll-tax you'll submit to anythink! Is the rose, thistle, and shamrock to be trailed in the gutter? No, no, it ain't—and I ain't agoing to pay no tax. They'll take the limbs from my body fust! What have we come to this country for, eh? To make a livin'—and they won't let us—they want to keep us down. Who fills all our suburbs for us, eh? Why, it's the snob-bobbery that's got rich through corrupting the morals of the folks by sellin' 'em drink. Them's what hought to pay taxes. What did we leave Hingland for, eh?" "Sit down—get out of it!" shrieked the crowd, and the speaker drew in his head to make way for his successor. This was the chairman, if one might call a person so who stood the whole time on a very uneasy perch. In a light, thin voice he addressed the crowd:—"Now, then, gintlemin, what you've got to do is to listen to this. Mr B. has proposed a motion, Mr C. has sicconded it, and now Mr D. is agoing to say somethink." Mr D. was not seen for some time, at which the crowd grew so impatient that a ragged boy, stationed on a high vantage-post, had to call out, by way of explanation—"Don't be in a hurry, you folks—he's a short man, and they're hysting him up!" The orator, a man of small stature, aided from below by friendly shoulders, scrambled up the trellis-work of the pillar, and breathlessly began his address—"Gentlemen, you're not intending to pay this, are you? I'll also, with my friend here, be torn limb from limb before I pay it. Britons, Britons—

I say Britons—never shall be slaves. No, the flag won't be pulled in the dust; I'll die fust! No, we ain't agoing to stand it. I dont go in for feez-*eekal* force, but in this case I—I'd —I'd resist this poll-tax. If you pay this you'll pay hanythink!" After the brilliant peroration the crowd howled in fearful chorus, one youth in particular making night hideous with his yells—hearing which, Mr C. darted from behind Mr D., and, pointing with his finger, eagerly ejaculated, "Never mind that there boy—he ain't been heddicated!" This was the acknowledged hit of the evening, and was received with cheers and laughter—the chairman, in an ecstasy of anxiety to do something, rapping with his cane and shrilly piping out, "Order, gintlemin, order!" Other persons spoke amidst the tumult, a certain man urging loudly "a canvas from 'ouse to 'ouse," but after the great joke of the evening no one was heard with patience. Volleys of hoots and cat-calls were fired off, questions were flung like missiles at the speakers, and, after a concluding explosion of yells, the crowd broke up. It, however, immediately formed into procession, and advanced towards the Provincial Government Buildings, intending to awe the members. But when they arrived, lo! all was dark, and no one visible, to the intense disgust of the mob, who, after giving their opinion that the people's representatives had hidden themselves under the seats or gone frightened behind the doors, dispersed to their several homes. Thus concluded the great mass meeting, which, if it left us little the wiser as to the merits of the education-tax, at anyrate afforded us some amusement, and gave us an insight into the elements of an Auckland street-crowd.

Auckland is 700 miles from Dunedin, the former lying towards the northern, the latter towards the southern, extremity of the New Zealand group. Auckland may flourish in the future as the New Zealand port for the large trade opening up in the islands of the Pacific. The reasons for Auckland's backwardness, though not so numerous as the causes that led to the American War, or the events that justified the first French Revolution, are quite plentiful enough to account for twice the dulness of the ex-capital of New Zealand. Great damage has been done to the prestige of the province by the Maori war. The land is held in large blocks by speculators. Auckland, too, like the cuckoo, has "no winter in its year." There is a milder season, but none of the sharp, biting weather so healthful to the soil. Auckland is great in imports. It gets potatoes from

Victoria, flour from Oamaru and Dunedin, cheese and butter from Canterbury and Taranaki, hops and malt from Nelson, salmon from California, wines from Australia, sugar from Hawaii, coals from New South Wales, apples and jam from Hobart Town. A good deal of the soil is volcanic and poor. The city itself has suffered rather severely by the removal of the seat of government to Wellington. The withdrawal of the military after the Maori war was also a cause of depression. Commerce and trade declined. But fortune so willed that life was galvanized into the province. In 1867 there arose a new source of wealth to Auckland at the place we next visited, the great gold field of the Thames.

We sailed down the eastern shore of the Firth of Thames—a large inlet of the Great Hauraki Gulf, with high forest-crowned hills stretching along, and in the distance, the smoke as of some extensive manufacturing city. Coming closer, a mining-town developed out of the vapours. Not far off, on a slope cleared from trees, we noticed a graveyard. "Ah," said the captain, his conversation acquiring a local colouring—"ah, many a poor fellow has pegged out his last claim there." We were conveyed from the wharf to the town by the first railway that ever existed in the North Island. Two small carriages, entered from the end like omnibuses, were drawn by an upright engine fitted into a truck, and the motive-power connected in some unseen manner with its wheels. The small boiler in constant jolt, and its tall rusty funnel in continual quiver, were too much for our gravity, which was by no means increased at seeing a late passenger run after and easily overtake the fiercely-puffing train.

There are two towns on "the Thames"—Grahamstown and Shortland. The latter, falling off in its prosperity, had to be partially abandoned, and the gold discoveries were prosecuted in other parts of the field. Grahamstown is now the head-quarters of mining vitality. The gold field is very picturesque, lying on flat ground on the shores of a wide bay, with ranges clothed in dense trees rising immediately behind. Wooded heights look down into the streets. The place is a miners' warren. The town, being a gold-town, and a very young one, is irregularly built, and the buildings are mostly of wood. Thin, tall, peaked gables are jammed in between small, squat houses, as if the long line of street had been shunted together, and the weaker structures had shot up collapsed with the pressure. From the window of the hotel we overlooked the

main thoroughfare. A couple of mules, laden with panniers, were conveying bread and beef to the people up on the hills. Men smoked under every verandah and at every corner. Boys were running along the streets shouting the *Evening Star*, purchasing which paper we learned some exceedingly startling facts:—"The Crown Prince has been showing gold freely—the Foresters have just had a crushing—the Black Angel is looking up handsomely—the Bright Smile procured a good retort on Saturday—the Bird in Hand exhibits little sign of exhaustion—and the Golden Calf has had its boilers cleaned!" Finishing the news, we had dinner, which consisted of roast sucking-pig and roast turkey, two very palatable dishes, the first of a series of good things provided at this hotel. Being close to the sea there is not the same difficulty in getting supplies here as in gold fields generally.

We went amongst the chimneys and quartz-batteries, along irregular, slimy roads. Crossing high over the streets, and striding down to the sea on lofty timbering like stilts, were long aerial tramways, on which men were engaged pushing tip-trucks of earth, removed from numerous burrows on the hill-sides. At different places mounds of quartz were boxed in from the streets by high wooden walls. In these were long rows of square holes like the ports of a man-of-war. A cart came up and backed underneath one of these openings; the driver pulled a handle, and an iron slide shot up; the quartz clattered out of the porthole till the stream was cut off by the small iron door, and then the full cart drove away to the crushing batteries. We went into one of these latter, the noise making us talk in dumb show to the man that conducted us through, and the vibration benumbing our feet. Upon leaving this abode of noise—noise so deafening as to produce, by its very intensity, a kind of silence—we were shown into a quiet room, where a most beautiful process was exhibited. The smelter of the establishment took up a pot, the sides of which were of iron and the bottom of chamois leather. When he put some amalgam of quicksilver and gold into this vessel he screwed on an iron lid with a small hole in the centre of it, into which was introduced a water-pipe. The hydraulic pressure purified the gold by driving the quicksilver through the pores of the chamois leather, the clear metal dripping off at first like infinitesimally small beads, and latterly, with increased force of water, uniting in one continuous glittering stream.

We next went round to the "Great Pump," one of the

sights of Grahamstown. For some time the water coming into the various claims created great perplexity, and an association was formed to erect this pump at a cost of £50,000. In this way most of the companies can keep their workings dry. We saw a high building with a huge shaft projecting from it like a battering-ram, and at the extremity of it an immense box filled with stones, this unwieldy arm being the counterpoise to the pumping machinery. The actual suction-gear is enormous, and sinks slowly into the shaft, with a lumbering lazy manner, as if it had half a mind to bring up only a pint or two this time instead of the great wash of water, ten tons a minute, that it wells out far up above, and sends rushing down a trough into the sea. We went to an upper portion of the pump-house, saw the large engine, and felt the strong shudder of the building, the great sigh of the wind, at every fall of the mighty piston.

Amongst mud, noise, coal-heaps, stacks of wood, carts, and office-sheds, we made our way to the "Long Drive," another of the township's "lions." We climbed a hill-side, got to the level of a square-timbered hole, and entered it with an intelligent guide. Each of us had a candle, which, however, was not always necessary, as the "drive" is lighted with gas-lamps at intervals of 200 feet. This is a kind of small underground street, 1500 feet long, from right and left of which branch off the different mines. All along the roof of the tunnel were glow-worms, with bright purple heads, clusters of them shining above us like twinkling stars. Our sight-seeing ended in the specimen-room of the richest claim at present on the Thames, where we were received by a person in an old dirt-spotted coat, rough trousers, and an inelegant hat. This man was one of three who owned the claim, now valued at £300,000. He had £20,000 in the bank, ready cash, and a prospective £100,000 in the mine. A few years ago he was a poor butcher boy. We afterwards met the other two members of this rich trio, but these lords of thousands were all equally unpretentious. A fellow lounging on a verandah-post, with a pipe hanging loosely in his teeth, and rubbing tobacco between his hands, looking as if he were in receipt of five shillings a day, had literally £120 a week as dividends on mining shares. The gentleman who kindly acted to us as cicerone had himself been offered £16,000 for his interest in a claim. We felt ourselves in a community of disguised Rothschilds.

Gold has been found in this neighbourhood since 1852, but nothing permanent till 1867, when the Superintendent of

Auckland offered a reward of £5000 for a payable gold field, and the Thames Diggings sprang into existence. The gold field was very prosperous, the yield in 1867 being £20,700, the second year £168,874, rising in 1871 to £1,188,708. There has been something of a falling off since then, the monthly return being now 10,000 ounces, an ounce to every person at present on the gold field.

We walked one day to Shortland, the decayed half of the gold field. When we reached the end of the long street, we witnessed an interesting but pitiful spectacle. A crowd of Maories were huddled closely round the front of a public-house, and a large number were drinking in the bar. What talking, giggling, shouting, reeling, and furious language! What a bright display of ornamental tattoo, striped shawls, coloured mats, and gay head-gear! Some of the men had on long graceful robes of feathers, some of the women were dressed in tartan, some of the youngsters were simply clad in epidermis. One woman, in Rob Roy tartan petticoats, and looking like Helen Macgregor after a prolonged sojourn in the tropics, was grimly wheeling a perambulator, containing a dark-skinned baby, backward and forward in front of a row of befuddled Maories sitting on their hunkers, with their chins between their knees, smoking vigorously and enjoying the performance. Roars and growls came from the interior of the public-house, where three white men with tucked-up sleeves were hard at work behind the counter serving out grog to a noisy press of elbowing and pushing natives, who were rapidly becoming intoxicated; while from a back part of the bar came a melancholy chaunt, sung by a knot of big-jawed women, any one of whom might have sat for the picture of a Fury. Staggering across the street, with the mud oozing up between his toes, came a grand old chief, his hair fast silvering, a long feather stuck in his head, and a rich-coloured mantle over his shoulders. He was very drunk, but managed to get into the public-house, from whence he re-appeared stamping, smiting his hands, and striding about in a fearful passion, his wife and child plucking feebly at his cloak to calm his feelings. Another chief, with a short clay pipe in his mouth, darted out, dragged the white-haired old man tottering into the bar, and we never saw him again. The street all the while resounded with shouts and yells, dozens of the savages gathering together in wild debate, and in the midst of the confusion a white man, who seemed a stockbroker, and was not quite

sober, came up to us familiarly, saying that he and some of his friends were taking this favourable opportunity to "worm some land out of the Maories!" The law says that no drink shall be sold to the Maories. Yet within hail of the public-house was a police-office, so the whole affair took place under the immediate eye of the law, which on this occasion must have been winking.

Some of the Maories were Hau-Haus, or unfriendly natives, who still hold themselves aloof from the white man, who will not sell their land, and who are permitted to come into the towns that they may see and experience some of the benefits arising from being friendly to the Government. Most of the Maories we saw owned land in the neighbourhood. The Thames gold field belongs to them. Each miner pays a "miner's right," and most of this goes to the Maories, who, as we have seen, generously spend the money in the public-houses. A short time previously, owing to the increase of the timber-trade, a saw-mill and bush were bought from the Thames natives for £16,000. This handling of large sums by the Maories alone would render them the most unique of savages. The natives and the miners are the moneyed classes of the district, as the store-keepers well know. The Maories have great reverence for law. They will not interfere with a policeman who takes away one of their number, but if a private individual assist, they assault him as a non-official. They have also great respect for anything Caledonian. When the Thames Scottish Volunteers parade the town, the Maories feel it their duty to tie blankets round their waists like kilts, and come out as Highland as any man in the procession!

Our grandest view of the quartz mines was obtained by a walk up the Waiotahi Gully. We passed on the way a small village of cottages on a kind of retiring shelf or recess off from the town. Other houses stood on the brink of precipitous red cuttings. You could imagine a man saying to his wife:—"I expect Jones to haul himself up to tea with us to-night!" or, "I'm going to drop sheer down to a friend's at supper-time!" Standing on one slope of the deep valley, along the bottom of which flowed a tortuous rivulet of a tramway, we looked across at an amazing extent of mines. The wide scarified hill-face was lined with battlements of quartz, ribbed with long trailing red paths, and spread over with a distracting variety of huts, water-races, and long wooden shoots, down which every few moments clattered a rush of quartz. Jets of red earth poured

from tunnel-holes. Blue, white, and slate-coloured cataracts of mineral rolled down from terrace to terrace of the mines, one stream continuing where the other had left off, like the breaks in a mountain torrent. Away down below rushed the creek in the gully, in its own natural bed, or brawling over some rubbish from the mines. Here also were the crushing-sheds, like railway termini, with a sound of trains continually starting inside but never appearing. Above the boom of these batteries we could hear the clear voices of the children, in the school across the gully, saying over in chorus their morning lesson. Close by, several men were crawling in and out of holes, shovelling seething masses of shingle down the hill-side, and men were digging amongst the few bushes and trees now left in the gully. Old, deserted, grass-grown tunnels were boarded up, like family vaults. Cottages were thickly scattered about, one of them half clothing itself with ivy in a vain attempt to be rural amid such a surrounding wreck of nature. Besides all these immediate shafts, tunnellings, and claims, there were mines lying far up amongst the mysterious dark bush on the mountains, and often concealed by the driving, low-hanging mists that scoured along the ridges. Our feet lingered about the place, principally owing to the pasty nature of the road; but after a glutinous journey of a mile and a half, we were again in Grahamstown.

The Thames is a very respectable mining district. The people are free-and-easy, as on most gold fields; but there is a staidness and a settled feeling generated by the sure character of the quartz reefs. There is no grade or rank, as we at home might know it. The bank managers and bank clerks go about in light tweeds and elegant neckties, but they are most courteous to the rough fellows from the mines. Not that these are all rough, for we met many gentlemanly persons, who treated mining as a scientific question. The clergyman goes his rounds amongst them with no clerical airs, and perhaps has a bit, just a little tiny bit of interest in the mines, and is thought none the worse for the fact. Every man smokes—every man talks gold. The very minister on Sunday, in his sermon, either by chance or as a striking application, used gold as one of his similes; just as, on the Sandhurst gold field, we heard a clergyman refer to deposits in the sure bank above, and urge his hearers to take shares in the great gospel "claim." The church we were in at the Thames had a good congregation, composed very largely of men. The minister was formerly of

Scone, a few miles from the fair city of Perth. He came out to a charge in Auckland, but left it for the Thames on account of ill health. When the great gold-rush took place, it brought him nearly all his old congregation from Auckland! So here he is, with a fine church and a snug manse, in which latter we received a kindly welcome.

As at Auckland, a violent storm blew here on the Sunday evening. At the back of the hotel, the sea roared over the wide flat of the bay and raged against our landlord's long wharf. A small vessel rapidly dragged her anchor and came crashing upon the pier timbers, knocking out the piles on the opposite side like broken teeth. The craft butted and plunged, increasing the damage, which was heard in the dusk by the crashing of the woodwork—rain and mist now and then obscuring the scene of destruction—till at length, despite all the heroic efforts of the landlord and a company of men, the vessel made a clean breach through the wharf, and, drifting along, grounded on the flat near the shore. A side wharf was lifted bodily by a wave and tilted broadside against the other—at the same time a portion of the rear of the hotel was washed away—while during the night three other rents were made in the wharf by as many drifting vessels. Next morning the storm abated. In the evening we were to return to Auckland. On reaching the steamboat wharf we found that it had also been broken through by the storm, and that the passengers would have to be conveyed to the steamer in boats; and as these could not come close inshore, we had to have ourselves and luggage with great difficulty driven out into the surf by spring-carts.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WAIKATO VALLEY—RANGARIRI BATTLE-FIELD—A MILITARY OUTPOST—A WEARY HORSE-RIDE—A NIGHT IN A MAORI HOUSE.

From Auckland, "Tom," my two brothers, and I started on a romantic journey through the interior of the island, while the rest of our folks went by sea to Napier, a sail of over 500 miles round the east coast in a little steamer. We four young men travelled overland to the same place, passing through the volcanic country of this North Island, with its hot lakes, geysers, and terraces—wonders so great as to call for the pen of a Munchausen, if, indeed, they might not have disgusted that worthy, seeing they would have precluded the necessity for invention! The first section of our trip lay through the Waikato district. I know of nothing so uncomfortable as rising in the dark of early morning to go upon a coach-ride—to leave a snug warm bed, to see the gas-lamps shining dimly into your room and shedding the cheerless shadow of the window frame upon the ceiling—to hear the far-off crowing of a cock—to creep into the gloomy, cold, echoing streets—in short, to be utterly miserable, as we were on this especial occasion. The four-horse coach toiled up Queen Street, and reaching the outskirts of the city, sped along a level road into the country. The passengers were not very talkative at first, for all seemed awakened out of sound sleeps. They all lit cigars, however, and soon a young man, full of knowledge of Maori customs, commenced telling the coach generally, how at a late meeting he saw a race between two natives war-canoes, with two hundred warriors in each. This was denied, as absurd, in most extravagant terms by a gentleman who sat behind—he declaring that eighty persons was the limit of accommodation of any Maori craft, and that he wondered how people would persist in spreading ridiculous statements about the poor savages. Sociableness now received a severe blow, every piece of information that the young man hatched being pounced upon by this conversational hawk.

Daylight soon began to appear. In time the hills were suf-

fused with red—the hedges lost the blue mists and sprang into greenness—the windows of Otahuhu township, far distant across the Manukau harbour, shone as if in royal illumination. The sky was covered with gradated colours, blocks of white-peaked clouds stood on the glowing horizon like icebergs on a pink sea. The country, as it began to show up, proved to be rather dull. The ground was littered with lava stones like petrified sponges, some of them covered with a dry white moss. There was no grass to be seen either, nothing but brown and dirty-green fern-covered country, fenced in with walls of the volcanic stone. One peculiarity of this part of New Zealand is, that there is no grass—bushes and ferns have full occupation of the soil. The landscape would be common in the extreme, when a grass-tree would step in with its graceful outline against the sky, saying, "There!" and the whole country would be transformed at once into a foreign-looking scene.

At Drury we had breakfast and a change of driver, the reins being now handled by a jolly, red-faced Nova Scotian. We passed a caravan of new arrivals going up-country—the women and children in waggons, the men trudging alongside and trying to look as hopeful as possible in the rain, which was now falling heavily. At Point Russel, or Mercer, we first beheld the Waikato, a noble-looking river, familiar as a household word by its association with the Maori wars. Its banks were thickly fringed with flax, and packed closely with bright green grass-trees. While we stood at the river-side a canoe came paddling across. Three Maories were in it, one of them with a red sash over his shoulder and a white scarf tied round his head—a picturesque sight, and one that seemed intended for effect. A number of natives crouched under the verandah of the hotel here, and some of our fellow-passengers aired their stock of Maori phrases. Being near the scenes of the war, we looked about for trophies, but only saw the old turret of a gun-boat, now used as a police lock-up.

Five horses were harnessed to the coach, and we proceeded on our journey. The wheels hissed through pools of water, guttered through lumpy mud, and bumped in awkward holes. It was a most dreary performance—a long solo of yells by the driver, supported by a running accompaniment of horse-hoofs and the jangling of swingle-bars, conducted by a vigorous beating with a stout whip. The scenery was very fine in respect to the vegetation, which was more luxuriant than down Otago way. On one hand the river-side was occupied by a jostling

confusion of brilliant green plants and a wealth of tall reeds, amongst which lay here and there canoes with high perpendicular prows—on the other, we had dense manuka scrub, out of which waved the long fronds of the high fern-trees. We came to a series of steep, muddy hills. While going up one of these, there was a sudden stoppage, a hard kick, a loud crack, and away went the three leaders, dragging the reins out of the driver's hands. The coach, with the two remaining horses, gradually commenced slipping back, while the runaway steeds swept up and over the hill, waving their tails in triumph. "After them, head them!" cried the driver to the passengers, who had all scrambled out at the first sound of danger, and oft we plunged along the hill-side, up to the shoulders in damp, tangled fern—every now and then one of us tripping up and melting out of sight like a snowflake amongst the billowy expanse of bracken. After getting wet through, and losing a large amount of patience, we caught the horses down in a gully, on the edge of a small precipice, which had brought them to.

The harness was repaired after some little delay, and about an hour afterwards we were rapidly approaching Rangariri, the scene of one of the fiercest conflicts in the New Zealand war. We passed the rifle-pits and trenches of the Maories, but were not in the least impressed with the idea of a battle-field. On seeing the small earthen grass-grown fortifications, we thought the fight must have been utterly child's-play. But now there is a road where there was then no road, no bush where there was bush, so that we could not realise the full details of the struggle. The Maories had possession of two pahs, from which they were not dislodged till two hundred men fell, both sides inclusive. The natives were shelled and fired at from the gunboats on the river, and were assailed also from a strong redoubt, into the remains of which earthwork we climbed on arriving at Rangariri. Its sod parapets and embrasures could never have been very strong. The redoubt, when we saw it, was occupied in one corner by a Maori wharè ("wharry") or hut; while at the bottom of the slope stood a blacksmith's shop, the smoke of which, escaping from every pore of the thatched roof, wreathed itself in peaceful curls round the sides of the fortification. Add a little hotel and one or two cottages, and you have the whole of Rangariri.

During the afternoon we passed a group of armed navvies—men who are supposed to join themselves to the constabulary in case of an outbreak, and who were at the moment engaged

making the great Waikato railway, which will do more to settle the native difficulties than troops of soldiers. We came also upon an encampment of the native contingency—Maories who are enrolled as militia, who get six shillings a day, and who do apparently very little for the money, though the fellows certainly looked smart in their foraging caps and steel-buttoned jackets. All this employment of the natives is a sop to the great Maori Cerberus. Flour and blankets are also liberally distributed amongst the natives. The Government, as the saying is, "would rather feed the Maories than fight them."

Night set in, and we rumbled alongside the Waikato for the most part of the way, the river shining clear with the reflection of the now star-lit sky, and contrasting with the solid black range running along the opposite shore. In front, the manuka bushes, like grey wraiths lit up by the strong lamps of the coach, glided past into the gloom. With a terrible amount of jolting and splashing we reached Ngaruawahia, which word is the shibboleth of all those who aspire to be Maori scholars. Here we were conveyed across the Waikato on a large punt, worked along a chain by two quarrelsome Irishmen, who at certain intervals dropped the handles of the winding gear and broke out into wild abuse of each other, but who on reaching the shore went off together to have a drink. This is the largest town of the Waikato, and will be a place of no small importance when the railway reaches it. Our journey was not to end here, for we had a dreary ride of some miles more, through continuous water, reaching Hamilton, another township, where we spent the night.

Next morning, after the usual bush-breakfast of sharp-edged coffee, mealy bread, and thick steak underlying a deposit of onions, we drove in a waggonette to Cambridge, which lies 100 miles south-east of Auckland, and is the farthest outpost of civilisation in this Waikato Valley. Two hotels, several new stores, and a few houses compose the township. A body of constabulary, a semi-military force, is here. Their redoubt, or camp, visible on the top of a hill ten miles distant, had to us a great deal of interest. It lies on the confines of the King country, the region of the disaffected Maories, and overlooks the spot where, a year or two ago, a white man employed on a sheep-station was killed by the natives in revenge for some land grievance. As the tribe would not deliver up the murderers, the affair was likely to lead to fresh hostilities, but the ominous cloud somehow or other blew over, to the intense

relief of the Waikato settlers. Sir James Ferguson, the Governor, lately paid a visit to the friendly tribes of this region. He took a dignified position, and did not go near the Kingites or the rebel Hau-Haus. At Ngaruawahia, where is the confluence of the Waipa and Waikato rivers, he was received enthusiastically, and spoken to volubly by the assembled chiefs. "Welcome, Governor," said Major Te Wheoro, "let the union of the two races be as the meeting of these rivers." "O come!" said Mohi te Rangiora, "may God guide you in your administration. Welcome, our guardian parent, to your country." "I am rejoiced to meet you," said Sir James, "but I am sorry to see the division existing between you" (alluding to the rebel tribes). "If your absent brethren prefer their isolation, we do not seek to drag them from it. When the earthquake splits the ground, the parts do not come together in a day. But as surely as the great Waikato flows to the sea, so surely will civilisation and Christianity spread and be extended over this land, and over all the world. It is better for us to live on its banks, and to be benefited by it, than to be swept away before it." This speech was received with cheers, and the Governor was supposed to have made a happy use of Maori metaphor in the peroration. As I write this, I see by New Zealand papers that Sir Donald M'Lean, the native Minister, has had an interview with the rebel tribes, so that an important step has been taken towards a reconciliation between the Government and the Kingites.

The little village of Cambridge was lively with troopers, native constabulary with jaunty caps, settlers with whips and spurs, and tattooed Maories. At dinner I sat opposite an old grisly Maori, who had weighty greenstone pendants dragging down the lobes of his ears. On my right were two troopers, while a drunken fellow, feebly dropping his hands each side his chair, leaned his head on my left shoulder. On the other side of the table were two surveyors, the local doctor, and an Irish guide to the Hot Lakes, who spoke the Maori tongue with a rich brogue. We told him our route, and asked if he knew our first stage, Te Whetu. "Tay Fettoo!" he exclaimed —"troth an' I do know that place, for during the war I was captured there as a spy by the Moreys, and the brown daymons tied me to a tree to burn me; but the flax broke that they fastened me with, so I got away, gintlemin, an' that's how I rimimber Tey Fettoo!" We thought this an excellent item for Mayne Reid, and quite equal to Letts's Diary as a means of recollection!

All the afternoon, Maori drank the health of Maori, and settler took "nobbler" with settler. At night, in the hotel parlour, cards were played under the supervision of an old Maori, who had been imbibing too freely, but who was very expert in euchre. At the other end of the room a young gentleman played on the piano the Shadow Dance from "Dinorah." Then a major, with a deep bass voice, sang, "I'll always think of thee!" at which several Maories cried "Kapai" (good), to the great delight of the vocalist. Next a captain sang, then another officer, then some of the constabulary who sat round the wall—the applause being kept up by a lot of fellows over tumblers of punch. They were all making merry, when a "swell" with a comically paralytic eye-glass twitch in his left cheek, ejaculated: "Doocit you know, give us, you at the piano—ah—a song with chorus, perhaps—say the Miserere from Trovatore, and I'll join in!" "Yes!" said a man, raising his head sleepily off the table, "yes, we'll all join in—give us the Miseries! darn it, but a like a chorus! give us something with a chorus!" The pianist immediately broke forth into a comic song, which was refrained loudly by everybody within ear-shot, the Maories swinging their arms quite enthusiastically over it.

During the height of this, the cook, a red-headed and red-whiskered Highlander, put his head into the room and beckoned us out to a large armful of sandwiches, asking if these would be sufficient for our desolate journey on the morrow. We had previously made arrangements with a worthy captain to guide us to the Hot Lakes, and have the horses ready to start early in the morning. Our plan was to leave about seven or eight o'clock, but this idea was the cause of great mirth to the landlord and his lady. No other "gents" had ever left before dinner—some "gents" started late in the afternoon—never had "gents" taken their departure so hastily. Numerous were the bets made that we would not leave before eleven. We went betimes to bed, just as a bugle-blast announced the change of sentry on the bridge that crossed a neighbouring gully, and fell asleep to a lullaby of distant operatic airs half-drowned in revelry. Thus concluded our experiences in Cambridge, the advanced sentinel-town, the sensitive antennæ of the Waikato Valley, where a good deal of unsettled feeling exists, hidden over by routine and an outward show of security, and where the slightest indication of Maori disturbance would send an instantaneous thrill throughout New Zealand.

Our faces were turned at last towards Ohinemutu, the native

village in the Hot Lake district, and to reach which was a two days' journey of no slight difficulty. Behold us, at nine o'clock in the morning, leaving Cambridge, to the astonishment of every settler, Maori, trooper, and storekeeper thereof, utterly upsetting all the prophecies against an early start, and riding off in the most laughable of processions. First, the guide, cantering ahead in short jacket and gaiters, dragging after him the grey pack-horse, which wobbled along under its load of tent-canvas, rugs, provisions, bags of oats, and tin-cans, with all the gait and appearance of a dromedary. Then we four adventurers in Indian file, each in his roughest clothes, mounted on the shaggiest of small "scrubbers," with a pannikin and a coil of rope dangling behind him at his saddle-bow. Away we went, past the township—past the armed sentry on the bridge—past the last sign of civilisation we were to see for two days—then on into the wildness of the unsettled country. With mad cantering and galloping we sped along—anon giving a blow to the pack-horse as it hung lazily behind—wildly careering on a bridle track, a thread of a path, at the very most only eighteen inches wide, and our only riding-ground for eighty-five miles.

No coach-road had ever traversed this part of the island—no vehicle of any sort had ever disturbed the primitiveness of nature with a wheel-mark. What cared we that the scenery was a dull extent of grassy undulations, or that miles of hard riding lay before us! The brightest of glassy blue skies shone overhead, and our hearts beat high with the excitement and novelty of the situation. On we went, now startling occasional pheasants, now breaking the silence with a song, to the accompanying music of rattling cans and pannikins. By-and-by came a broad swamp, a sheet of water covered with dense flax as high as a man on horseback, through which we plunged and splashed, with the blades of the flax flapping noisily behind us—hearing, but seldom seeing each other, and, after a long time, emerging at the other side of the marshy plain. Here we were accosted by a Maori dressed with a blanket round his waist, who urgently invited us to rest at his hut, and who seemed disappointed when we had to refuse, owing to the length of our journey. Shortly after there overtook us two other Maories on horseback—one of them a young man, with a shawl over his shoulders and a foraging-cap set sideways on his head, crouching in the saddle, with bent back, hollow eyes, and a hectic flush on his dark cheek—very ill, as

he told our guide, and on the way to his native village to die. The captain said that Maories have not much pluck when in bad health, and soon surrender themselves to an ailment. After a few miles, the sick man and his companion disappeared behind some rising ground.

A lengthy ride, with nothing to see but grey swelling hills, one after the other standing against the deep blue of the sky, brought us to wild, broken country. A grand limestone gorge lay beneath us, the precipitous side of which we descended by dragging our horses after us, a process repeated many times and at more risky places. Here we scrambled down a slippery descent, each one followed by rattling stones dislodged by his horse's hoofs, and every now and then literally embraced from behind by the struggling animal's fore-legs. To see the pack-horse sliding down alone, sitting on its hunkers, with its front hoofs planted between its outspread hind-legs, its neck stretching out, the load of bundles swaying and jerking the poor animal from side to side of the descent, might have drawn laughter from a stone. Crawling down, we arrived at the bottom of an immense cleft, with an amphitheatre of white cliffs circling round us, and our eyes were overpowered by the glare that shone from the reflected sunlight on the heights above. Winding for some distance along this wall-enclosed, high-ridged basin, we dragged our horses out of it by another abrupt path. The country had at one time been a clear expanse of table-land, but by some convulsion of nature had been rent at many places into long fissures. So our journey lay alternately over miles of this table-land and through many of these deep chasms, which latter, being below the level of the general country, were invariably reached from the upper ground by steep rocky tracks.

About half-past one, after we had accomplished thirty miles, with bodies inexpressibly sore, with horses sweating and fagged, we heard the pleasant music of a creek, and right glad were we to camp. The horses were tethered by fastening the ropes round the base of a flax-bush. Then we poured out the oats into our greatcoats, which we had spread on the ground as a table-cloth for our hungry chargers. Our guide, who superintended the cooking, tore up a few handfuls of dry fern, gathered some light wood, and soon had a good fire burning. Then, getting two forked sticks, and placing one each side of the fire, he rested another branch across these, and on it he hung our "billy" or tin can. Unloading the pack-horse, we

found that the sugar had mixed itself with the tea, and this put us in a great quandary, till we solved the difficulty, or rather dissolved it, by putting the unlucky mixture in one mass into the can! When we had finished our sandwiches, and had seen, by the horses burrowing into the sleeves and pockets of our greatcoats, that the oats had been consumed, we made ready very reluctantly for a start.

From head to toe every muscle in our bodies was sore and stiff, and motion of any sort, to say nothing of the painfully hard jog-trot of our jaded, foot-sore horses, was many removes from a joke. But twenty miles more had to be overcome, and so we struggled on. The Waikato, now a small stream, flowed on our right, with every mile or so a little foaming fall. The landscape had quite a military look, what with the broken embattled heights of the table-land, with lower down a mound here, a parapet there, and the river running like a moat at the base of the high natural ramparts. No sign of man or beast—no house, hut, fence, or encampment—not even the flight of a bird across the blue sky, broke the weary solitudes. As the sun set, lengthening out our shadows up the rising hill-slopes before us, and casting the quaint shadows of peaks, crags, and fragments of rock, we thought ourselves in as lonely a part of the earth's surface as could well be conceived.

Fields of dirty-grey manuka scrub, averaging five feet in height, stretched before us—the blighted, sad-looking bushes overlapping the small tapering path, the horses breasting it like a sea, ploughing their way through, and the scrub falling over again like water after we had gone, completely concealing our track. As the horses rushed through this, our feet incessantly caught in the tough branches of the manuka, our knees were wrenched almost to dislocation, the stirrups were dragged up to our ankles, and the continual striving to regain our footing was no small item in our discomfort. As one by one we escaped from these long thickets of scrub, each compassionated the other's injuries, compared notes on the probabilities of their respective horses carrying them farther, and burst into cheering prophecies of a speedy end to all this toil. When night set in we laid the bridles on the horses' necks, letting the animals follow each other and smell out the track as best they could. The darkness was not so intense when we were creeping over the brow of a hill, but down on the lower ground you could not see the hand before your face. Up and down, round and about, we dashed, despairing of shelter that night. Sudden

ascents and descents, unexpected jumps, bogs, and stumbles, kept us continually on the alert. At one time the horses would rush down a steep gully which seemed like the earth sinking beneath you—next moment, ere you could recover yourself, a sharp rise would fling you violently upon the horse's neck; and then, with both feet out of the stirrups, and the bridle dangling somewhere out of reach, you would be helplessly carried off in a rapid canter.

Racked with artificial rheumatics, our knees almost refusing to hold us in the saddle, and each of us beginning to look upon the other as the dark phantoms of a troubled dream, we cork-screwed along on our winding way. Never, even for three consecutive yards, did that little rut of a track keep straight. From side to side we were swung continuously, as we pushed on blindly through flax and scrub. The poor horses tore along now without any flogging, but their very liveliness seemed to have a touch of desperation about it. At times the party straggled out into a long line—so at intervals a halt was made till the whole of us had closed up, and then "Canter!" was the cry passed along to the rear. Riding along in this way, the form of our guide, or rather the misty outlines of his white mackintosh, would swell up before us like the figure of a magic-lantern, and we would know the captain had luckily paused on the edge of some dangerous declivity. Then off we would thud and scamper again, with only the sound of the horses' hard breathing, and a voice occasionally calling out for company's sake. Suddenly, as if to signalise our arrival at the precincts of Maori-Land, there shot across the heavens a most brilliant meteor—a dullish red streak at first, that budded out into a clear blue flame, and vanished in a thin shred of light. Weary and worn we arrived at the little hamlet of "Te Whetu," which name in English means "A Star."

We drew up at a large wooden building with an immense expanse of roof, and a fenced-in porch sunk into the gable. We saw afterwards that it had a very picturesque exterior—a broad front, with a verandah overhung with heavy eaves, which latter sloped down to within three feet of the ground, and were elaborately carved with all manner of ornament—while, before the door, at a short distance, rose a long slanting pole surmounted by a nob like a flag-staff. The building was formerly a Runanga, or meeting-house of the Hau-Hau rebels, but since the war had been occupied by chance parties of

Maories. A gleam of firelight came through the chinks of the door. The guide, dismounting, commenced to parley with those inside, shouting "Pakeha!" (white man or stranger), and receiving a reply in a harsh female voice of "Tena koe!" or "Salutations to you." Then after long silence, undisturbed save by the moaning of the wind amongst the trees, the door, a heavy sliding panel of wood, was pushed to one side, and an interior disclosed, no whit less striking than that which greeted the eyes of Nicol Jarvie at the Clachan of Aberfoyle.

We stepped over the low fence and went inside. A fire was burning on the earthen floor, and dimly lighting the farther recesses of the spacious building, the roof of which, one heavy canopy of smoke, was supported like a tent by a stout centre-pole. The middle-aged Maori woman who had admitted us was renewing the fire. In a far corner of the building, in a smoky twilight, crouched a miserable specimen of humanity—an ancient woman, over one hundred years of age, as we were ungallantly told—a tattooed wrinkled wife, with grisly locks and a face as dry and immobile as if carved out of weather-beaten wood. She was huddled up like a bundle of rags, and muttered incoherently to herself. Two little boys, each with a blanket gathered loosely round him, went out into the cold night air, and saw to the safe custody of the horses. They came back with chattering teeth and joined us round the fire, and were highly delighted with the present of some peppermint lozenges. A visitor now looked in to see us—a cheery-faced Maori woman, the mother of the two boys. These three were the only residents of the adjoining hamlet, which consisted of half-a-dozen rickety huts. The woman came in with a large tin dish of steaming potatoes, and after the usual manner of neighbour women, proceeded to help her friend in her stress of household work—a "touch of nature" that was very refreshing, and made us almost forget we were in presence of two uncivilised matrons in the wilds of New Zealand. We had the potatoes to our tea. During our rough-and-ready meal the two women sat tittering, nudging, and comparing notes on the pakehas, to the great amusement of our guide, who burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was soon joined by the two women and the boys—and there was the strange spectacle of four sober-faced young men calmly sipping tea amid loud merriment and jocular remarks in an unknown tongue. The fun roused the old beldame in the corner, who had been silent for a long time, but who now broke out into a long, rambling speech,

principally, as the captain informed us, of events that happened long ago. After a short conversation with the women, through the medium of the guide, we made preparations for rest.

The visitor, along with her two boys, said good-night and left, and our hostess stretched herself out on one side of the fire. We all took up quarters on the other side, in semi-circle, with our feet converging towards the centre of heat—laying ourselves out in our greatcoats on the hard earthen floor, which was covered over with thin flax matting—resting our heads between the flaps of our saddles, and making a counterpane of the tent-canvas, now in use for the first and only time on our journey. Though the hovel was filled with pungent smoke, and the old wife talked incessantly, we soon fell asleep. We awoke several times during the night, at one time finding the fire almost out, and the woman leaning upon her elbow, with her face down amongst the ashes, blowing on the feeble embers—the intermittent glow lighting up her harsh features like a red mask against the darkness behind, and casting her shadow over the dim high roof.

About four in the morning we awoke, partially refreshed, our heads aching a little from our hard pillows, and gathered round the fire. The aged woman was still heaped up in the corner, still raking up long-buried associations, while our hostess was busy preparing another meal of potatoes, assisted by the other woman and the boys, who had again paid us a visit. While we were at breakfast, one of the women engaged herself in making a flax-mat, as civilised ladies spend the passing hour in embroidery—the green flax being cut and its fibre scraped with a half-shell, and the strips dexterously plaited. Then the boys tripped round with the horses, and we saddled up for our next stage, a journey of thirty-five miles. We took farewell of the two women, who had been so kind to us—also of the grim old woman in the corner, who took no notice of us whatever, but mumbled more historical remarks—also of the two boys, so smart and cheerful, who came to the door and smiled and waved their hands as we rode off.

The morning was fresh, the sky still an unflecked blue, the country lonely as ever. After leaving the big picturesque runanga, round which a dozen or so of black hogs were feeding, and the little settlement of Maori huts fronted by the long stretch of bush, we saw very little life. Nothing but nature in the raw. The scenery was of utter wildness, and perfectly original in its way. One could imagine himself in some other

planet, so unlike was the landscape to anything ever seen before. For instance, after descending a long rocky staircase, so narrow that each had to dismount to allow his horse room, the rider's legs being just that too much for the width of the passage, we landed in a plain encompassed by the most eccentric hills—some of them square-topped, some of them with two or three peaks, some of them cone-shaped—while from the centre of the level rose, without any gradual slope, a perfect pyramid of a hill, its sides as regular as if they had been built of masonry and then turfed over. The contrast between this triangular hill and the mathematically-exact square ridges was very queer. No doubt in time the place will be called Euclid Valley. As usual we had to get up again to the table-land by an almost perpendicular climb. With great exertion we dragged our horses two-thirds of the way up, but near the top what was our dismay to find the track skirting the brink of a yawning descent, and immediately above us an immense smooth boulder, over which we had to climb. Each horse in turn planted its front hoofs on the stone, struggled with its hind legs, ducked its neck, gave itself a violent heave forward, and landed nervously on the summit. "Thank your stars you're over that!" said the captain—"often and often have tourists wanted to turn back here."

We cantered some miles over flat country, and then began a long descent into the Horo Horo Gorge—a grand, wild valley, with a castellated rock standing in the centre of it, a hill surmounted by reddish walls or battlements; and in the background the wonderful Horo Horo Mountain, a shaggy, hirsute range or table-mountain clothed with timber, and a prominent object in the landscape. We camped under the shadow of its wooded heights, and were presently joined by a Maori, who took lunch with us at the side of the creek. Then, after the now familar routine of coiling up tether-ropes, putting on saddles and bridles, and loading the pack-horse, we resumed our journey. The Maori showed his horsemanship by galloping, and at the same time skilfully plaiting a flax thong for his whip—the feat being all the more wonderful as the horse was bare-backed. The natives are most unmerciful to their horses when on a journey, always exacting a high rate of speed, and generally use up three horses to every white man's one. Our pack-horse, which had broken loose, made a bolt over the country, pursued by the guide, who had a long steeplechase before he brought the beast back.

So on the afternoon sped, our guide entertaining us with his wondrous adventures in the Maori war. Once we came upon a clump of burning huts, the captain, with a twinkle in his eye, saying this was the peculiar way the natives had of "moving." Occasionally the Maories desert their villages; for, as we had seen at Te Whetu, the settlements are situated near wood and water, and when these are exhausted the natives move off. Just about that time known in civilised parts as "tea-time"—alas! every meal with us was tea-time—we struck the main coach-road that runs through the island—what an elbow-room of road it looked after the slim track we had just left!—and the horses, getting abreast for the first time, became emulous and frisky, and broke into an inspiring gallop. In the dusk of evening we came into the vicinity of Ohinemutu—saw Lake Rotorua, on which the village is situated, reflecting the last rays of daylight, and the country round dotted with little balloons of steam slowly rising and marking the presence of the geysers and hot springs. Then, after a lengthy ride in the dark through dense manuka scrub, with sulphureous smells and bubbling sounds of boiling mud-holes that lurked on either hand, we came to a slight rise, and saw dimly beneath us the huts of Ohinemutu.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE VOLCANIC COUNTRY—BATHING IN A HOT LAKE—A MAORI PAH—THE GREAT GEYSER OF WHAKA-REWA-REWA.

OHINEMUTU stands on the line of the volcanic action which extends 150 miles in a north-easterly direction from Tongariro, the burning mountain in the centre of the island, to the White Island, a restless crater of pure sulphur, lying a few miles off the sea-coast. The village is built on one of the thinnest parts of the earth's crust. The surface is broken up by steaming holes, hot springs, and geysers, and the frail ground imperfectly covers up a seething volcanic tumult, which stretches far under Lake Rotorua, and raises the temperature of the water at many places to boiling-point. Ohinemutu is situated on the south-western shore of this lake, which is a circular sheet of water, with an island rising 400 feet in the centre of it. This island of Mokoia is the scene of a charming Maori legend, a variation on "the old, old story" of Hero and Leander. The heroine Hinemoa was of the greatest beauty, and the ancestress of the present inhabitants of the island and mainland. As her name shows, she was "a girl like the Moa," so the great bird must have been considered graceful in its day. Though a chief's daughter residing on the mainland, she fell in love with Tutanekai, an obscure individual living on the island. The noble family, whose blue blood boiled with indignation, opposed her marriage with the common person residing on the island. So Hinemoa, under shelter of darkness, in answer to the midnight solo of her lover on a flute made out of a man's leg-bone, strung gourds round her waist and swam across to the little isle. Here the "lady of the lake" was received with open arms, and with her plebeian husband lived happily ever afterwards.

Hence this village has been called Ohinemutu, or "the girl that went over." It is at present the chief native settlement accessible to the traveller, and here may be seen the Maori in as near as possible an approach to his native state, which in an age when the tendency of everything savage and romantic is to

become rapidly civilized and commonplace, is no small matter of interest. The white man has only put his face in as yet to the extent of a store and two small wooden hotels; and it was in front of one of these latter that we drew up on the night we arrived at the settlement.

Close by, we could see the dark line of the village huts, and a little farther off, the surface of Rotorua reflecting the brilliant heavens. Distant shouts of laughter, Maori talk, and far-off sounds of splashing came from the lake, where the natives were revelling in a warm bath. On dismounting, our captain inquired at the hotel people for a young native to take charge of the horses—one, he said, with some influence amongst the tribe, as there was a chestnut horse which he feared might be stolen—so a square-built young fellow came, and led off our wearied steeds to shelter. Then, in obedience to a request for oats, the hotel-man carefully weighed out a bag in the verandah, charging us sixteen shillings a bushel, or about ten shillings more than we paid anywhere else. This, as much as the strange surroundings, impressed us with the fact that we were far from a centre of civilization. The hotel was small and homely, and the parlour had a rough table laid out for tea, and round it was gathered a goodly company of surveyors and men working upon the roads. After partaking of tea and spiced beef, we felt our hunger appeased. But our two days' horse-riding had left us very fatigued. So we determined to have a warm bath that very night. The hotel-folks instructed us as to the proper costume. We went to our rooms, removed our clothes, arrayed ourselves with blankets round our waists after the manner of kilts, put on hat and coat, drew on boots on our bare feet, and were ready for a plunge at any moment.

The hotel-man lit a lantern and went carefully in front of us towards the village, a few yards distant. We walked with wary steps on the narrow path, past boiling springs and active mud-holes, holding our noses to exclude the sulphureous fumes, till we reached a square bath dug out of the ground, and fed by a small gutter communicating with a hot spring. Throwing off our hats and coats, kicking off our boots, and letting our blankets fall, we jumped simultaneously into this open-air bath, and, giving ourselves up to the luxury, rested our heads on the warm stone edge and looked up at the stars. Then we rolled, and laughed, and spluttered, and kicked up our heels—the small bath with its struggling occupants being illuminated every few moments by a flash of the lantern, to the great

delight of the onlooking Maories, who were fast becoming numerous. We came out new men, with none of the chill experienced after taking an ordinary hot bath, but feeling as warm in the cold night-air as we did in the water. Nevertheless, we made haste back to the hotel, or at least as much haste as the fear of mud-holes would allow.

Next morning we saw a remarkable sight. The day was clear and frosty, and the lake glittered in the sun, while in the foreground stood the settlement, almost shrouded in immense clouds of steam, and the prosaic thatched roofs of its dingy brown huts unfolding poetically through the wreathing vapour. The coldness of the morning inviting us to a second bath, we dressed ourselves in the approved costume, though thinking we would be the laughed-at of all observers on emerging from the hotel, so ludicrous did we feel in the striped bed-blankets. But we excited no mirth, save when one of our number, who had nervously adjusted his blanket in a loose fashion, cut an absurd figure by the garment at odd moments suddenly drooping at one side, after the manner of classic sculpture. We went down to the lake at a slow pace, winding amongst the native huts, and pausing every few steps to notice some new volcanic wonder. Here a mud-hole was guttering close to our feet—here a hot stream was overflowing the path, and converting it into a treacherous sponginess—here, again, mud was painfully heaving, and with difficulty bursting into a bubble—here a boiling pool was in continuous rapid simmer—here a group of small craters were snorting away, like custards bubbling hot from the oven, with dry mud like pie-crust encircling them. Continual sullen mutterings met our ears, with frequent harsh outbursts, that, combined with the odour of sulphur, gave one the idea of subterranean oaths or fierce language, as compared with the purer utterances of more natural streams. Now and then the heat of the earth penetrated right through our boots, and we had quickly to shift our position, so thin was the pathway. At some places, if you simply poke with a stick into the ground, steam will come out of the hole. To imagine or describe boiling mud is about as difficult as to detail an emotion. To see it is to see something that will assuredly be remembered.

When we got down to the lake, we saw its banks steaming with hot springs, which were sparking and bursting out, and pouring their scalding rills into the greater body of water. Bathing was only possible at certain parts, and a favourite

resort seemed to be a little inlet where the temperature was somewhat bearable. One or two Maories were plunging about when we arrived, while on the sloping bank sat a long semi-circle of natives, male and female — an interesting crowd, increasing every moment, greatly to our dismay. We were for relinquishing the bath altogether, but the guide laughed at our scruples, and it was only with the utmost ingenuity, and at the sacrifice of every elegant attitude, that we glided out of our blankets into the lake. The temperature of the water, owing to the outside frost, felt very warm and highly enjoyable, save when our toes got too firmly embedded in the hot ooze at the bottom, or when hot currents of water would glide out from the shore. The lake was of varying depths, like any other lake, and had an irregular bottom, with submerged warm rocks here and there, on which you could stand when you were tired of swimming. The captain, tempted to explore the depths of Rotorua, swam out some little distance, and, after a long dive, reappeared almost breathless, having twisted down into deep darkness, in a vain search for the bottom.

The news soon spread that a party of pakehas were bathing, and the youth of the village swelled the already considerable assembly. A long string of Maori boys, running over a raised point of land just above our heads, plunged one after the other, with shout and shriek, into the lake—some flying head foremost, some shooting feet first into mid-air, some springing off with a high somersault—all flinging themselves into the steaming lake with jollity, dash, and precision; and one squat little four-year-old amusing us greatly by the comically manly way in which he bundled himself into the water. The boys, who were not only more than usually happy, but also extremely clean, swam with their mouths puffing and protruding like penny trumpets. For variety, they played at hide-and-seek, one diving after the other, and the pursued reappearing in unexpected places, the disappointment of the pursuer being hailed with loud laughter from the shore. Then the boys squeezed soap-bubbles out of their hands, and the glittering spheres glided away into the steam, the heated air that rose from the lake keeping them for a long time unbroken. In one corner of the inlet a young Maori girl, who had been sent out to "mind the baby," sat in the water with only her head and shoulders visible, and the face of her little charge; and, if I am not mistaken, any display of noisy temper on the part of the infant was quelled by a sudden immersion of its head! All this time a heavy curtain of steam

moved over the water, and we saw only a very few yards out from the shore, though at favourable moments the air would stir the vapour, and through a rapidly-shifting vista we would behold further parties of Maories disporting in the lake. The full enjoyment of this open-air bath, with all the wonder of seeing such an expanse of warm water, together with its strange surroundings of picturesquely-clad Maories, quaint huts, and steam-dotted scenery, is almost indescribable. To have the opportunity of being so utterly removed from the world, to have an entire freshness of experience, was to us worth all the toilsome journey. We were in the water three-quarters of an hour, and felt no weakening effects, but came out with sharp appetite for breakfast.

The table at the hotel, though not first-class, as might have been expected in such an outlandish place, was very liberally supplied—steak, chops, and preserved meat in lumps figuring at every meal. There was never any appearance of milk or eggs; but then we had failed to get these in some of the most rural parts of the colonies. The only white woman in Ohinemutu was the wife of the hotel cook, and no doubt her presence partially toned down the rudeness inseparable from domestic matters performed by men. Though the weather was cold, yet the only fire about the place was in the kitchen, and used, of course, for culinary purposes. But the habit of the folks on feeling chilly was to go out and bathe—the body by this means being kept warm for hours, owing to some property in the water, or to the uniform heat. The hotel was resorted to during the forenoon by several of the invalids who visit the baths of Ohinemutu every year in search of health. Some of these persons had come over by canoe from a place on the other side of the lake, where the afflicted ones sit for hours under a hot waterfall, freeing themselves gradually from rheumatism and other ailments. The invalids had made their weekly visit here for provisions and for the sake of company, seven days being long enough to make them as desirous of seeing new faces as of getting fresh food. The hotel people grew eloquent over the marvellous cures effected. "This man here was reg'lar tied in a knot with rheumatics, and now, in a few weeks, he's bathed them all out of him. And look at Thomson!—that feller was awfully down with nervous fever and no appetite, and now he's like to swallow up the 'ole 'otel! And that man over there, that couldn't move with pains in his right leg when he came first, is hard at work getting up a foot-

ball club. Old Parr is nothing to the bilin' waterfall!" What with strangers flocking from all parts to see the phenomena of this district, and invalids coming to benefit by the really curative properties of its waters, Ohinemutu will at a future day be a popular holiday-ground and sanatorium. At present the number of visitors is very small indeed, owing chiefly to the difficulty and expense of the journey from Auckland, and to the rough accommodation provided at the lakes. When railways and fine roads are made, when a large hotel is built, and when a score or so of Maori huts have given place to as many boarding-houses, there will be less of interest, and still less of romance, but there will be more tourists.

After breakfast we went through the pah, or enclosed section of the settlement. The palisade is constructed of wooden rods, but is now falling into decay; the corner-poles, with their hideous carved heads, toppling over, and the whole fence looking as if blown down by a strong wind. No care seems to be expended on it. The rising generation of Maories are lazy, and have lost to a great extent the traditions of their forefathers. They do not build fine runangas now—the young girls have no deftness in mat-weaving. We saw the runanga here—a fine building, with a most elaborately-carved front and the usual large porch, in which sat a group of the grey-bearded elders of the tribe, dressed in all those combinations of flaring and striped shawls and blankets which make any gathering of Maories look gay. Under the eyes of this august assembly, just four or five feet from the porch, was one of those artificial baths dug out of the earth, and in it reclined a white man, nothing of whom was seen but his head resting on the edge, and his hand upholding a yellow-covered novel—certainly the height of reading luxury. These tanks are common throughout the settlement, and are much used by the natives. Then, again, over the hot springs the Maories place large stone slabs, on which they squat in the shades of evening, with their blankets wrapped round them, enjoying the warmth. Women were sunning themselves at the doors of their huts, while some were rolling pumpkins to the bottom of a boiling pool, and some were cooking fish and potatoes in flax "kits" or bags, which they let down by a string into the water. I do not recollect seeing a fire the whole time we were in the native quarter. The boiling springs warm the Maories and cook their food. It is said, however, that the sulphur fumes cause their teeth to decay. Going along the pah, we saw a large heap of pipi shells, the accumulation of long-

continued feasting. Another mound of shells showed the resting-place of the hotel groom, who had fallen into scalding-hot mud just a day or two before, and had perished in great agony. The grave of the wretched man was dug in the centre of the pah, and during the last ceremony the boiling water, horrible to relate, burst in and gushed over his coffin. Maori graves were also to be seen, all marked with carved posts and flat boards, with ornamental designs, some of which might have been regarded as unseemly by the European mind. The pah was lined with small paths, which ran past the huts like small streets, and when we came to the end of one of these, a break in the rod fence let us out into the general settlement.

We saw few young or middle-aged men about, but were told that they had all gone some miles off to prepare for a grand feast. The Maories are great in the matter of feasts. When we were at the Thames an important meeting was being arranged. The women had been sent on in advance to erect tents and to dry fish. One hundred tons of flour, fifty tons of sugar, two tons of dried fish, together with grog and shell-fish, had been despatched to the ground. For the natives gather in large numbers, and the festivities are prolonged. The meeting, as usual, was simply to break the ordinary routine of Maori life—a kind of social reunion, with a discussion at its close on some matter of important business. This blending of the banquet, the pic-nic, and the committee-meeting is peculiar to the Maories.

Walking along, threading the mud-holes, and wondering how so many children could romp about unscathed on such a perilous playground, we met several little Maori boys with school-books in their hands—then an urchin vigorously making figure sixes all over a large slate—then a little girl, spelling-book in hand, murmuring her lesson. The school was in a rude sort of shed, and presided over by a Maori with some knowledge of English, who was imparting instruction in arithmetic, the children swaying their bodies and gabbling over the multiplication-table. In front of a wharè an old man sat cross-legged, a gun in his lap, a file in one hand, and in the other a nipple several times too large for the piece, which he held up for our inspection. The guide, in his usual quiet way, informed the veteran sportsman that a shot from the gun with that nipple would be more fatal at the butt-end than at the muzzle, hearing which the old man's jaw fell, and we left him quite crestfallen.

Our stroll ended at the general store, which is kept by a kindly Edinburgh man, whom we saw standing in front of his premises soaping down the leg of a horse which had stumbled into a mud-hole. The limb was fearfully swollen and quite raw, and was a most unpleasant reminder of one's own danger. Beside the storekeeper stood a Maori, who was signalling most energetically with his arms, twisting and waving them in every possible direction, talking in this dumb-show to a party on the lake in a canoe, propelled swiftly with six paddles and two large sails. This store was made out of an old Maori house, and the shop-sign appeared out of keeping with the overhanging thatched eaves and wooden door-posts. On one side of the premises were woollen goods and drapery, and on the other shelves of books—the first sold chiefly to the Maories, the second patronised by tourists in the summer season. The shop was divided into front and back by a huge wooden figure, erected by the former Maori tenants, and we walked to the rear of the building between its outstretched legs. A clock had lately been let into the paunch of this Colossus, giving it a most ludicrous appearance. The storekeeper was in fear that his act would be resented as an insult to the Maories, who hold the stomach to be a sacred part, and also regard it, very sensibly, as the seat of joy and anger. A week previously there had been severe shocks of earthquake in the village—of all places certainly the least favourable for such a visitation—and several new hot springs had made their appearance, one stream rushing up alongside this store, to the astonishment of the proprietor, who had seen springs gradually coming nearer and nearer, but who had never expected to have one so close. By careful calculation he finds that the next hot spring will break out in his bedroom, which he thinks will be a great comfort in the winter evenings, and will considerably save his fuel!

Our friend concluded by showing us a bath, about half a mile off, which he had lately made, but for which the Maories obstinately want payment. It is formed on the banks of a creek, so that after a warm bath you can at once roll over the edge into a cold running stream. Different pools were next pointed out to us, lurking amongst the high manuka scrub, and all of different temperatures, ranging from tepid to the highest boiling-point—one basin being fed by a particularly noisy spring, that burst fiercely from under a weighty stone slab. We had hardly left all this commotion when we came to another scene of disturbance—an open space of ground, where

stood a Maori, his face convulsed with rage, tearing down a palisade which divided some disputed property—the man passionately plucking up rod after rod and flinging them into a large fire which blazed behind him. It was certainly a most summary case of litigation.

While here we visited the hot springs of Whaka-rewa-rewa, three miles from the village. They take their rise in the midst of what we thought the most unholy, unhealthy-looking spot that could possibly be on the face of the earth. The ground for several acres seemed to have been violently flayed, and scorched by fierce fire of all vegetable life. Not a green leaf showed amongst the steaming earth and hot rocks. It seemed to be a weird, enchanted ground, the scene of wild revel and *diablerie*. In the centre, like a witch's cauldron, and reached by rude, natural steps, stood the elevated basin of a spring brimful of hot water, the surface of which was calmly steaming, though tremulous a little from latent heat. There were stony mounds, too, clambering up which we looked down into roaring cavities of fiercely-hot water; and heavy slabs of rock overshadowing deep holes, bending your ear to which you could hear far down a tumult of boiling mud. The ground was very hot, cracking all over with subterranean heat, and sounded portentously hollow to the tread, as if one were walking over vaults. A strong smell of brimstone and of mineral decomposition pervaded the spot—mysterious rumbling noises haunted the ear. Immense boulders lay about, many of them crusted over with white scaly growth, and some hardly bearable to the touch. In these huge blocks were small bore-holes, their mouths flecked yellow by the sulphur fumes that blew out in frequent puffs of steam. Such a display of cooked chemicals we never saw before. Great lumps of sulphur strewed the ground, and gave the queerest possible look to the scene. I picked up a large piece, so temptingly bright, yellow, and floury, but instantaneously discovered that the sulphur was just about red-hot! Further research was continued by chipping the sulphur blocks with the butt-ends of our whips, during which operation one of our party, whose whip boasted a silver head, was surprised to find it rapidly change to the hue of brass, a transformation that lasted long after we had left this unhallowed spot.

We walked amongst steaming crevices, yellow tracks, hot smooth boulders, and mud-craters innumerable, that boiled thickly like porridge, with bursting bubbles that released little

jets of steam—a feeling of insecurity beginning to creep over us, increased by the sound of our sepulchral footsteps. Interest and apprehension struggled for the upper hand, as one moment we would be almost taking to our heels, and the next, gazing in admiration at the great geyser, a spectacle so magnificent as to more than repay us for all our fear and trouble. This splendid natural fountain was rising to its full height, swathed in a shroud of steam, pumping its poplar-shaped columns sixty feet into the air. It shot them up irregularly, something like thirty, forty, ten, twenty, and fifty feet; and sixty feet flying up every now and then as a bold, unmistakable climax—the hot spray glittering in the sun amidst the enwreathing clouds of steam, which the wind blew off in time for us to see the next high jet as it burst violently out of the earth. Our luck was really enviable. Numberless were the tourists who had failed to see this geyser in action, coming at the wrong season, or when the fountain was indulging in well-earned repose. And here, on a hap-hazard visit, were we favoured with this, one of the grandest exhibitions of the volcanic forces of nature. We stood for a long time enchained to the spot, a few yards from the fountain, on its windward side, listening to the plashing of the water and the heavy, impelling thuds of the geyser, and watching its varying heights with the greatest interest. This irregularity was one of its chief charms. The play of an artificial fountain is regular, beautiful, and tame. This was uncertain, wild, wonderful, and had a spice of danger in it; for the wind, veering slightly, sent the hot spray showering over us.

After the first blush of the wonder was over, we amused ourselves by throwing in large stones at the hot roots of the poplar fountains, a practice we had heard of as being indulged in by travellers in Iceland, the geysers of which, by the way, some authorities declare to be inferior to those of New Zealand. But our geyser did not at first, as we had read of other geysers, instantly eject the foreign material; and it was not until fully a quarter of a minute, during which one could imagine the stone dashing and swirling in the cauldron, that the geyser, with a loud, spluttering snort, hurled the fragment of rock high into the air, where we lost it amid the confused upward rush of the water and the agitated circlings of the steam. This was so exciting sport that, I need hardly say, we repeated the process over and over again; and I cannot tell how long we would have remained here but for a startling interruption. A loud

bass solo came rumbling out of a yawning gullet of a hole behind us—a cavity quite dry and inactive when we took up position in front of it. Steam began to curl about our legs, and, with an exclamation of alarm, we all rushed off, preceded by our guide, and never stopping till we got some yards from the newly-awakened spring. We had been standing with our heels almost into the mouth of an intermittent geyser! Our departure was not a moment too soon, for the boiling liquid commenced to well and spurt out, making a good deal of fierce fuss—thick, lumpy masses of water vomiting out and deluging the place where we had been standing, any one of which outbursts, had we remained, would have been remembered by us for life. It was a thrilling conclusion to our experiences at Whaka-rewa-rewa; and after a last look at this unearthly, sulphur-strewn locality, and a lingering farewell glance at the noble geyser, which would soon be playing unseen by eye of man, we retraced our steps through the scrub to Ohinemutu.

CHAPTER XX.

PIERRE'S "MAISON DE REPOS"—ROTOMAHANA—THE WHITE TERRACE—THE HOT SPRINGS—THE PINK TERRACE—A DANGEROUS HORSE-RIDE.

ABOUT half-past two in the afternoon we left Ohinemutu for Wairoa, the village where the canoes were to take us to Rotomahana. At first the road lay alongside Rotorua, the shores of which were strewn with yellow blocks of sulphur, that loaded the air with heavy fumes, and the water lukewarm and unpalatable, as shown by the many unsuccessful attempts of our hacks to get a drink. We made a short cut across the corner of the lake, with the water up to our horses' bellies. Then a ride through luxuriant bush brought us to Tiki Tapu, or the sacred lake, out of which the natives will neither fish nor drink—a calm beautiful expanse of water, seen by us on a lovely afternoon, and so glassy that reality and reflection seemed one and the same. Beside this lake were one or two Maori huts, made of grasses and sedges, and out of one of these wharès a white man came to greet us. "Ah! Pierre," cried our captain, "we intend living with you to-night at your *Maison de Repos*, so hurry up and lead the way!" hearing which we looked at one another in utter surprise. Could this man possibly be the ideal Pierre, the urbane Frenchman whom we had pictured in our minds, whose little gem of an advertisement, announcing every accommodation and comfort at "*Une Maison de Repos*," had appeared regularly in the Auckland dailies? He would have made the soberest person laugh. Trudging before us, Pierre looked every inch a veritable Communist. He had on a short old coat, a battered slouched hat, and baggy blue trousers, revealing secret raiment, walked barefooted, had a canvas bag slung over his back, and carried a double-barrelled gun over his shoulder, talked with a slight French accent, and told us he had been out "trying to get some peegeon," an expedition that his lank wallet showed to be unsuccessful. He shambled before us for a mile or two, perhaps, and after passing another

charming little lake, Roto Kakahi, we came to the Frenchman's house.

If our wonder was great at seeing Peter, how much more were we astonished at seeing his "*Maison*," a hut made of raupo, a kind of reed which grows in the swamps, and is much prized by the Maories for building and thatching. It looked a wretched abode; but how could we expect a hotel in these desolate parts? As usual, one or two Maories took charge of our horses, and then we went inside the hut. The Frenchman lit a fire in the centre of the earthen floor, and filled the room with smoke. A table measuring three feet by two was taken from a corner, a small napkin of a cloth spread over it, and then as many dishes as possible crowded upon it. Two wooden boxes, two chairs, and two trestle sofas completed the furniture. A couple of doors gave ingress to two miniature bedrooms, each occupied by a very hard pallet. In a back place, Pierre stood and cooked our tea, surrounded by numbers of cats and dogs. After long frying, several dishes were brought in, but they were all "peeg," as Peter said. His nationality asserted itself even in this lonely bush, seasoning being an essential part of all the viands. We had pork and mint, ham and celery, bacon and balm, or something to that effect. There was soup, too, with a flavour of "peeg" about it, and one of us pulled out of his plate what looked like a boiled locust, upon which our host exclaimed:—"Hah! leaf it there; dat is de bouquet, de flaivaire, a leetle packet of mint!" We enjoyed our tea very much, the Frenchman all the time cutting bread for us with a sharp bowie knife, a long blade with a richly jewelled handle, which he had got in a present at Brazil.

After this we made inquiries as to our pending canoe-trip. The arrangement is, that there are two Maories to every European in the boat, and that each native is paid five shillings. As there were five of us, and as there were five shillings to add for the canoe, the fare would amount to £2, 15s., rather a large sum for a few miles of water-journey. We expressed ourselves as not being very well pleased with the Maories. "Oh, I hate them!" roared Peter—"I belief that Rotomahana is de infernal regions, and these felloss are de imps. I could kill them, and cook them too!" Our Frenchman was Soyer and Robespierre in one. "They are the plake of my life," continued he—"only shoost the other day I horsevipped a Maori woman that I caught setting fire to my house. Dey are demons, every one of them. Once, during de war, a rascal

Maori he come and he look in through the hinge of my door—so I steal up quiet, put dis here gun to his noss, and" (drawing his hand rapidly across his face) "I blowed away all dat! Oh! it woss rare times—I did like to see dem battlefields—all de black fellos lying! Oh! de hacked faces, de cracked skulls, de red faces, de slashed boties! Oh! I could haf danced with delight." "Surely," we said, "you must like your Maori friends here—they cannot be bad neighbours?" "I tell you wot it eez, now," said Pierre—"dey are the biggest rokes in de country—dey want all the trade of this place, so they are going to turn me aowt, de yellow Indians! Dey shall lose a peeg presently. Oh, de fowls I haf stole from de blackguards! I put down oats on my floor—one hen come in, I wreeng his neck—another come, I do de same—another, shoost de same—another and another and another, till I had two dossen of dem under de floor of my hut—and I liffed on dem for days—de blackguards, de pagans, de cut-throats!—what, is dat you again?" and away he rushed with a broom after a dog that was licking a leg of pork in his back room; "one would think he was starfed—I gave him a ham-bone this morning first thing!"

Then we asked about the Wairoa Maories, and he told us they were paupers born and bred, would not work, and preferred to live on the Government allowance of flour and sugar. There was a flour-mill here belonging to the natives, but it is now broken and decayed—a church and school, but both are deserted. Laziness and ingratitude were loudly charged against the Maories by the Frenchman, who finished by saying—"Dey never think of all that I'fe done for them, bringing visitors to this place, this good-for-nothing hole, which I belief woss the last place created on de face of de earth!"

We sat for a long time round the fire, listening to his tales of adventure, war, slaughter, theft, and other cheerful subjects, but there seemed no signs of him preparing our beds, so at last we suggested that he turn his place into a "Maison de Repos." "Well, one he can sleep here on this sofa by de fire, and another one he can lie on this side, and one on de floor—that make three; and two can sleep in de rooms—that makes de five of you." Without taking off our clothes, and with rugs over us, we lay down in our appointed places, though sleep was difficult to obtain, owing to Peter walking out and in, telling us a tremendous story of how he single-handed met a crowd of Maories, gave them no quarter, but slew them all, and grafted the butt-end of his gun into the skull of an old chief. He

ended his tale by throwing a billet of wood at a cat which was jamming its head into a jug, and then, with our eyes almost blinded by the heavy smoke, we sank to sleep.

In the morning we arose, stiff and cold, to find the wind howling, the rain falling in torrents, and Pierre chasing stray hens in the middle of a sanguinary tale of war, half heard amidst the hissing of bacon. By-and-by a Maori slid quietly in at the door of the hut, and told our guide that the canoe could not face the gale, and that the "pakehas" (we) would have to wait till the weather cleared up. As that seemed a question of weeks, and our exchequer was not without limits, we said we would go by land, with this Maori as an additional guide—one of the rules being, that a native must accompany you. Fair or foul, we were determined to see Rotomahana that day! In a short time six Maories, in long straggling file, came sidling up towards the hut like cats. One by one they sneaked past the front door, one by one they disappeared round the gable, one by one they invaded the back kitchen, one by one they came in and silently stood before us. Then they all sat down, to the great disgust and anger of poor Peter. After a long pause, the spokesman of the party commenced a running fire of words in the most voluble manner, with looks of deep indignation, his eyes flashing, his arms gesticulating, and his voice becoming husky through vehemence. Our guide, the captain, with his head to one side, and a meek, condescending smile beaming on his face, leant on his arm upon the table, and after the Maori had finished, said: "This excited individual declares that you mustn't go by horse—or if you do, you must pay all the same for the canoe, whether you use it or not!" The Maories looked at us to see the effect of their speech, but we laughed it off as a good joke, while the captain rattled off, in his placid manner, his opinion of the matter, telling them our determination to pay only one guide. The spokesman said it was against their "turè," or laws, to allow such a thing, but he was immediately extinguished by a gush of eloquence from a storekeeper who had looked in from next door. This new ally was getting out of breath, when Pierre broke in with great impetuosity, uttering Maori with a strong French accent, hurling phrases about him like firebrands, awaking the resentment of every member of the deputation, and raising a perfect Babel of harsh clamour—our excited host, in the course of time, becoming galled by the restraints of a foreign tongue, and giving vent to long strings of

expletives in broken English—finally driving the whole party out of the front door with the flourish of a saucepan, still dripping with bacon-fat. We told Peter to have tea ready for us when we came back, and left without any opposition from the natives.

For nine miles we rode over mountainous country, through damp scrub, and against blinding showers that the wretched horses could scarcely face, and that made us sit doubled up in the saddle—the bridle-track winding up and down hill and dale, and stretching along the face of dreary broad mountain-sides. At length we reached the brink of a high ridge, from whence, to our great joy, we saw beneath us the famous Rotomahana. "Roto" is the Maori for lake—"mahana" means warm. It is a small lake, about a mile in length, covered with reeds in many places, and girdled by green hills, which, when we saw them, were being swept by driving mists. The Maories, amongst a number of similar fancies, have a saying in reference to rain, that when strangers come the mountains weep; and certainly on this occasion the little hills around had burst into uncontrollable grief. On this lake are situated the two "Terraces"—unparalleled volcanic phenomena—each a long descent of wondrous basins formed by the silicious deposits of an overflowing boiling spring, which takes its rise high up on the hill-side. One terrace is white, the other pink—one on each side of the lake. From our high point of vantage we saw only the first of these, "Te Tarata," in full view, like an immense white altar sunk into the hills that encompass the lake—the succession of basins a broad flight of steps, and the cloud of steam at the summit the rising sacrificial incense. We hastened down to have a nearer view—tied our horses in an open part of the scrub—crossed a warm-flowing creek in a most rickety canoe; and opening up the flax-bushes on the margin, came upon a large white flooring of silicate leading to the lower steps of Te Tarata, which terrace now sloped up before us in all its strange grandeur and beauty. We had to walk for thirty or forty yards along the peculiar flooring, finding it crisp, hollow to the tread, and covered with a thin film of water, like ice in the first stage of a thaw—the surface veined with countless arteries or skeleton twigs interlacing with each other, and half washed over with deposit, like twigs that had been frosted into the ground. These petrified twigs, and the wings and bodies of birds, together with a large variety of other articles hardened by the white deposit, can be purchased as mementoes from the

Maories, who, to keep up the trade, place a constant supply of fresh specimens in the magic waters of the spring. We were lucky enough to procure some preserved leaves and sticks.

The basins that compose the Terrace are really wonderful. They have been formed by accretion, though one would have fancied they had been hollowed out by the water. As the hot spring poured down year by year over the hill-side, it slowly built up these basins. These are of an exquisite shell-shape, with smooth rounded lips, and fringed with the most delicate stalactites, that droop thickly over the rim of each basin, in some places like a thick fleece, in others like lovely hanging moss transformed into marble. The basins are of varying sizes, from those capable of accommodating four, six, or eight bathers at once, down to the smallest and most elegant of puddles; yea, dwindling off at the base of the terrace to miniature pools about the size of breakfast-cups, mere ripples in the silicate flooring. The large basins all curve outwards, and the limits of one frequently overlap or blend imperceptibly into another, which, as well as their different sizes, relieves them from the tameness of regularity. Then the water that flows down the terrace is of a bluish tinge, coloured by some mineral pigment; and the brimming pools in the basins are of a deep, opaque blue—a blue never seen in sky or sea, save in a boy's first water-colour painting. The colour inclines to violet, and though affording a startling contrast, yet harmonises in hue with the general appearance of the terrace, which is said to be of a most dazzling whiteness in the sun. The brilliant blue water looked very queer to us under a dark rainy sky.

Led by white guide and brown Maori, we commenced to ascend the Terrace. Crisp, crisp, crisp!—we went crunching along the rims of the basins, from one to another, zig-zagging thus up the front of the Terrace. Crisp, crisp, splash!—our feet frequently slipped down the smooth, shelving interior of the basins, and we felt the warm water unpleasantly in our boots. As step by step we ascended, each successive series of pools became of course hotter and hotter, necessitating more and more careful walking, till at the top we beheld the cause of all these phenomena—the boiling cauldron, one hundred feet above the level of the lake. Looking through some manuka bushes that had been left intact by the silicate, we saw it was a semi-circular crater, composed of walls of red earth, which had been gutted out of the hill—according to scientific authority, a crater of felspathic tufa, decomposed into yellow and red clays by the

steam and gases of the spring. The cauldron was still, but small bells like diamonds were rising through the indigo depths to the surface, the blue of the water tinging the body of steam that moved about its placid surface. This cauldron, strange to say, ebbs or flows according to the direction of the wind, the spring at times boiling over, and again, during an unfavourable breeze, becoming a yawning void.

Turning round from the crater, and looking down upon the terrace, the grandest sight of all burst into view. The whole of the basins were seen at once—the blue pools set in a long descent of alabaster steps—a gradient of white marble, inlaid with basins of exquisite shape and loveliness. It was a fairy scene, viewed under the acme of personal discomfort, a gale and driving rain, which however had no power to break the spell. Mingled emotions of wonder and admiration sweep over the mind on seeing Te Tarata. You have before you an abnormal but charming sight, a new revelation of volcanic power, an unlooked-for display of the versatility of Nature. You can but exclaim, "Is it real?" Not till long afterwards could we believe we had been ten minutes here, and had seen this rapid vision of great beauty. The whole scene was so amazingly unreal—the shape of the basins and the vivid colours so unnatural. Nature seemed for once to have had recourse to art, and eclipsed man in his own principles of design and effect. We said to ourselves, "Here is the eighth wonder of the world, and the greatest!"

From the White Terrace we went through the scrub that grew along the lake by a succession of paths of yellow, pink, red, and brown clay, and one that had all the appearance of mottled soap. We came to a deep crater, with high, steep sides, where water was roaring and steaming in a way to make the hair creep on our several scalps—so much so, in fact, that when the guide proposed a closer inspection, we felt the same as if suddenly called upon to visit the fragile cage of some infuriated wild beast. A large cone of water, rising four feet amongst a host of smaller dome-shaped bubbles, travelled round the crater in all the agony of boiling point, flinging itself in wild concussions against the walls that mercifully imprisoned it—flying round in a frenzy, as if trying to break out and away from the scene of confusion—steam all the time whirling, and the ground trembling with the boiling gusts that drove up the liquid mass. Skirting the raging spring, we came upon a ridge, or top of a thin wall of earth, separating this crater from another

of equal size and impetuosity. The narrow ledge shook, and we trembled in our boots, between the conflicting forces. We had literally at last to cower down and hold on by any small shrub we could get within reach, turning our heads first to one side and then to another, according to the violence of the one crater or the other. Imagine us thus, enveloped in clouds of steam at times, hidden from each other, with a great commotion of tossing waters all around us, and unaware of how or when the fury of the boiling springs might burst upon us. It was an awe-inspiring scene—or rather experience, for we saw but little —and right glad we were to crawl along the thin high wall to a place of comparative security.

This was afforded us in a bare, open space of flat stony ground, broken up and seamed by rivulets of hot water, all of which took their rise in what looked like a moderate-sized fish-pond, a circular pool rippling with heat. In connection with this, as with many a hot spring in these parts, they tell a most thrilling story. A native woman, with her child slung behind her, was one day stooping over this pond, putting some potatoes in to boil, when the infant, rolling out of the shawl, fell over into the fatal pool, and in an instant the mother had sprung after it to certain death. Our guides here went slowly in front of us, the captain now and then, with outstretched foot, tapping the ground in advance, and a hollow sound sometimes showing how needful was the precaution. At one place a hot spring hissed and puffed away with all the thudding and steady rythmical sound of a stationary engine at work ; at another, a jet was roaring like a steamship blowing off steam ; and at another, an intermittent fountain was ebbing and flowing, the water at certain intervals suddenly sinking out of sight in one mass, without the slightest bubble or commotion. This spring was in connection with another some distance off, one falling as the other rose.

To this neighbouring intermittent fountain we next directed our steps. It was a large, rough natural basin or sink, with a kind of escape-hole at one extremity. This hole was about four feet wide at the mouth, funnel-shaped, narrowing as it went down, and the strata of the rock could be seen descending spirally. We stood waiting for the water to rise, which it was said to do every two or three minutes, and had not remained long when we heard a far-off, deep-down gurgling in the funnel. Nearer and nearer it came, louder and louder, with steam at last and a heavy rumbling noise. Then the water itself ap-

peared, rising slowly but tossing actively—a wave swinging from side to side and bursting, losing its motion and flipping up in the air—jerking, lashing, swaying—sending a spurt of spray this side, dashing a wave now to that side of the funnel—splashing, and foaming, and rearing, falling back exhausted, and heaving up again, till in a few minutes the water was flush with the mouth of the hole, and then the wave swung surging round the basin, shooting out columns of steam and bursts of scalding water. We shrank away at times as it came near. After raging for a time, the spring began to ebb. The bursts languished, the water oscillated and fell, the steam disappeared from the basin, the water bubbled for a little while at a certain level, and then abruptly gurgled away like the last dregs in the neck of an upturned bottle. The Maori broke from our side, scrambled across the warm basin, darted in pure curiosity to the edge of the funnel, and gazed down, with some of the hot water trickling through his toes. But soon he sprang back. The underground hot wave had commenced to rise again. The waters rose in wrath and drowned themselves in steam—dashed and broke on the sides of the hole amid explosions as of miniature torpedoes, and then sank as before. We stood amid pouring rain and in heavy damp clothes to look at this natural wonder. We could have watched that animate spring, with its enthralling uncertainty, for hours on end.

The peculiar thing was, that we had a narrow escape from not seeing it at all. The Maori guide had just before this assured us that we had visited everything, thinking thereby to save himself a great deal of trouble, and prevent his getting further wet. But the captain, true as ever to our interests, and knowing the neighbourhood well, vehemently insisted upon the lazy fellow showing us all the objects of interest. So the Maori, with a great deal of reluctance, brought us first to the intermittent spring and then to the "Green Lake," a complete change from the wild turbulence of the former. Underneath an overshadowing mass of scrub we saw this most extraordinary dark-green lake, a small body of cold water, quiet and unruffled—its green not the green of a lake dank with the scum of vegetable matter, but the green of a pigment, like the blue of the water on Te Tarata. "It's a lake of arsenic," said the guide. Its coldness and placidity were very grateful amid the surrounding heat and turmoil.

A canoe was to take us across the lake to the Pink Terracè. The boatmen proved to be two aged Maories, who, when we

arrived, were sitting up to their necks in a warm bath, which was fed by a small gutter running across the road from a hot spring. They were partaking very heartily of potatoes and a peculiar compound of fish—an enormous mess of whitebait. They very cordially invited us to share their meal, which, to tell the truth, we were not sorry to do—eating of course with our fingers, like the Maories, for when you go to Rotomahana you have to do as Rotomahana does. Through our guide we told the two old fellows we did not want to hurry them either in meal or toilet, but that as soon as they had finished their humble repast we would be ready to start. They were replying, when the spring gave three alarming snorts, and a volume of boiling water came pouring across the road, making our two old friends roll out of their bath in double-quick time. Simply clapping on a hat, the elder of the two conducted us to the canoe. This proved to be half of the trunk of a tree scooped out, which when new, say some thirty years ago, may have been a safe craft. At the period of this history it was so frail as to make us shudder at trusting ourselves in it, even on so smooth a lake. It could only accommodate three at a time, and two trips had to be made; so, after the old man had baled out the canoe with an empty preserved-meat can, and spread some ferns on the bottom, three of us crept quietly in and sat down. The canoe wobbled violently, though weighted down to the gunwale; and as we clutched to steady ourselves, our fingers were continually in ripples of hot water. The Maori pushed off, waded in, and sprang into the stern of the canoe. The precision with which the old fellow stepped into the frail log, without making it tilt, seemed a feat in our eyes, for the canoe was so delicately balanced that when we turned our heads to look at any object, the boat heeled over. It was an absurd sight to see the old gaunt Maori sitting up on the stern, stark naked, and dripping with bead-drops of rain, looking like a carved image, and gravely propelling the canoe. This he did, by the way, with a single paddle, and only on one side, giving a peculiar twist to the blade, which drove the canoe forward, and at the same time kept its head straight.

The lake was of variable heats. At different points we saw boiling springs bubbling up, and all over we felt the water very hot. We passed a beautiful little island, and on coming near the Pink Terrace, crossed a veritable white river flowing out from the shore and running through the lake—a river of hot milk gushing out of a crater of white cheese—a sulphur-

stream, in fact, taking its rise in a boiling spring. When the canoe had cleared it, we came in view of the Pink Terrace.

Now, this is what we regard as the greatest wonder of all—that there should be two terraces. You could believe in one, as a kind of phenomenon or "fluke" of nature, but you are startled to find a duplicate marvel. The Pink Terrace is of exactly the same nature as the White Terrace, but is neither so large nor so beautiful, though it has a charm all its own in coming down close to the edge of the lake, like the flight of river-steps leading to an Indian temple. The "pink" of this terrace is a delicate salmon-colour, and though it has not so bold an effect as the white of Te Tarata, when seen at a distance, yet the tint is very beautiful on a close inspection. Along one side of this terrace, tourists have written their names with pencil on the silicate, thereby ensuring immortality, for the deposit carefully prevents any erasure. We stopped our denunciation when we saw we were forestalled by an indignant gentleman, who had written:—"Here, where the feet of angels might tread, are inscribed the ubiquitous names of Brown, Jones, and Robinson!"

We had a bath of baths here! The Maori led us up the terrace to the best of the basins, and then rolled into it himself without taking his clothes off—that is to say, he kept his hat on. He shrugged himself with ecstasy, and with a face expressing delight, as far as tattoo-marks would allow, unctuously exclaimed, "Kapai! kapai! kapai!" (good). The wind had increased to a gale, and we could hardly stand and undress on the edge of the basin for fear of being blown down into the one below. We laid our damp clothes close by on a little bush that had not yet been overrun by the deposit, and then one after the other stole quietly into the basin. The water was neither too hot nor too mild—just the exact temperature, in fact. The only drawback, and a very slight one, was that the wind blew down occasionally an annoying mixture of cold sleet from the clouds and volumes of steam from the cauldron. The sides of the bath were white, smooth, and velvety, covered with a thin coating of ooze or slime, very pleasant to the touch. The basin had a sloping side. You could take any depth you liked, and at the bottom, a trifle warmer than the water, was a thick deposit of white mud. The wind very often drove the water over from the upper and hotter basins down to the one we were in, and this kept up the temperature very agreeably, though the currents of hot water sometimes came in quicker

than we altogether liked. By putting our backs to the upper part of the basin, we could feel the higher temperature of the water trickling over from the basin above. We took a short dip in one of the baths a stage higher up, but the water was so stinging hot that we had to leave. The old Maori, however, who seemed inured to any temperature, remained calmly seated in the scalding water. After a while, he went off to fetch the rest of our party across, and we were left to ourselves.

The whole surroundings—the loneliness and desolation of the country—the exquisite pink enamelled baths rising round about us—the sound of the falling ripples from the basins—the rumble of the cauldron up above—the geniality of the waters—produced such a kindly glow of body and such an exaltation of mind, that we fairly lay entranced and intoxicated. Then the others came toiling up the terrace from the lake—commonplace individuals, compared to us water-sprites disporting in such a scene; but soon they divested themselves of their clothes, and rose to the fairy level we had attained. There were six of us now in the basin at once, with room to spare. We swam, dived, rolled, floated, plunged, kicked up our heels, crawled out and sprawled in, revelling, lolling, and lounging in speechless pleasure. Rain might strike cold upon our faces, wind might blow, clouds might frown, but we were in a state of ecstasy which even the horror of presently putting on our damp-laden clothes could not allay. It was a bath which European or Oriental luxury has never yet equalled! We bathed an hour, and came out rather light-headed and giddy. We were not surprised, as we had been told of the effects of this before we went in. What agony it was to put on our cold damp clothes and heavy great-coats. It did not have to be lingered over, however, if we were to be back at Monsieur Pierre's that night. So we got into the canoe again, were again paddled through the river of milk, and reached once more the fish and potatoes, of which we partook with the former zest. Splashing through the rain, we went round the curving base of the noble White Terrace, and reaching the spot where we had tethered our horses, were in a few moments in full but painfully damp trot to Wairoa.

Our ride back in the darkness to Wairoa stands out as one of the most striking events of our New Zealand travel. The darkness was not the mere gloom of night, but an utter darkness, intensified by the deep gorges through which we passed, and the heavy clouds which overhung the sky. The Maori, with

the intention of keeping up our spirits, I suppose, chanted one of his "make-sings" or songs, and his voice, sounding away in the van of our Indian file, produced an effect at once wild and romantic. All descents, holes, and swamps had to be signalled by cries along our line; while to increase the trouble, the closing scrub beat against our horses' sides, and frequently whipped our faces. We crawled like flies along the broad hillsides, though we would have required to be fire-flies for anyone to have seen us in such a pronounced blackness. Level ground came in the course of time, and the horses broke into a canter, evidently knowing they were on the "home-stretch." But by degrees it struck my brother and myself, the last two of the straggling caravan, that the sound of those in front seemed to be getting farther and farther away. Then it flashed upon us we were lost! The horses had failed at last to smell out the small, fern-hidden track, and no shame to them, for, under conditions like these, we would not have blamed even one of Fenimore Cooper's Red Indians. In a few moments there was complete stillness, while we stood waiting for some of our party to return. At last the Maori came tearing back at a fearful speed. We could hear his horse rushing through the ferns, with the sound as of rending calico; and, with all the breath the fellow had left, he kept on shouting till he was close at our ears. Then, riding off apparently at right angles to the way we had come, he led us back to the right road.

When within half-a-mile of Wairoa, we saw lights twinkling far beneath us, and then recollected a precipitous descent which still lay between us and the settlement. We had crawled up this on our hands and knees, dragging the horses after us, and how we were to reverse the process now became a profound mystery. The road here was simply a narrow trench of alarming gradient, and as greasy with mud and rain as if soaped for our special destruction. The captain went off first, amidst confused foot-slipping, hoof-sliding, invectives, and a sound as of man and horse alternately taking the lead down-hill, and rolling over and over each other—the noises dying away at last to a most eloquent silence. Then the Maori started, followed by his horse, and with one long rush he went swiftly to the bottom of the slope. We waited anxiously on the top to hear tidings from below of broken legs or contusions, but were pleased to learn both adventurers were safe. The Maori now proceeded to strike matches to show us the way down, and each successive twinkling light broke out almost

beneath our feet, so precipitous was the descent. "Tie up the bridles!—let the horses slide!" cried the captain. We groped about and made a big knot in each of the bridles, turned the first horse's unwilling head to the opening of the trench, and, with a good push on its hind-quarters, sent it off like a newly-launched ship, the animal not being able to stop itself for love or oats, and gliding helplessly down the declivity. Then away went the second horse, swift as an avalanche. Number three swerved at starting, and escaped from us. We had to yell vaguely at him in the darkness, but he arrived safely by another route, for we heard him crashing and thundering down-hill through the bracken. "Number four now!" shouted the captain, while the Maori struck his final match; and whiz went the last of the horses. One by one we slipped, tumbled, and rolled down the muddy trench, pitching about from side to side, tearing up the grass on either hand, and arriving amongst a cluster of horses' legs. Here we learned the extraordinary fact that our steeds had not at all arrived in the order we had sent them down—so there must have been some ludicrous mixing and scrambling on the hill.

The lights of Wairoa were all this time in great agitation, moving about as if distracted, for the Maories had heard our shouting. We made good haste, and soon alighted at the "*Maison*," the owner of which bustled out to greet us. "Ha!" said he, "I woss shoost coming with my lantairn to show you down, but I thought I could do more good making your suppaire." "Quite right, my worthy Pierre," replied the guide; and, following the example of the latter, we stripped ourselves to the skin, and hung up our wet clothes to dry. Then each robed himself simply in a blanket, and gathered round the big fire that crackled on the floor. After a while we signed our names in the Frenchman's book of visitors, and paid our bill, the charges of which were not higher than those of a first-class hotel! Then, after a ham supper, we sat warming ourselves till a late hour, talking over what we had seen and were to see, and listening to Peter's wild stories of adventure. What charm lay in those ever-memorable days of unfettered life—those days of pleasure, hardship, and hard fare! Another month would have made us savages!

CHAPTER XXI.

LAKE TAUPO—TONGARIRO, THE BURNING MOUNTAIN—NAPIER —HAWKE'S BAY PROVINCE—A NEW ZEALAND FOREST.

ONE morning very early, in the cold and the darkness, we left Ohinemutu for Napier, a coach-ride of about 150 miles, which extended in this case over three days. We were the only passengers, the season of the year not being favourable to tourist traffic. The first stage of fifty miles was unequalled in roughness—the coach travelling over the hard "tussocks," which caused the most distressing succession of jolts, and literally made our heads sore with continued bumping on the roof. Sometimes there would be a brief cessation, when the coach came upon parts of the road formed by Maori labour, but roughness would set in again. We arrived at Lake Taupo that evening, and drew up at the township thereof, called Tapuaeharuru, a large name for so small a place. It consisted chiefly of a stockade enclosing the post-office, a telegraph-office, store, and barracks, and surrounded by a ditch with plank-bridges thrown over it at places. The hotel was not within the palisade, and was only remarkable for the fact that in the parlour we met "Jack," the famous guide to the Hot Lakes, a big stalwart man, with a heavy cloak, broad belt, high boots, a hat with a long pheasant's feather, and the appearance of a Swiss brigand.

Lake Taupo is called by the Maories "Te Moana," or the Sea. It is thirty miles long, and in one place twenty miles wide, with an area of 200 miles. There is a beautiful little island, Motu Taiko, in the centre of it. This lake has evidently been formed by the subsiding of the ground, for great numbers of trees are to be seen standing up in its waters. It is 1200 feet above the sea, and of great depth. The country round here for many miles is covered over with a stratum of pumice, sometimes several hundred feet thick, overlying a charred forest, and completely burying up acres upon acres of splendid soil—all this the result of great quantities of matter ejected in former years from the neighbouring volcanoes of Ruapehu and Tongariro.

Ruapehu is over 9000 feet high, and is not active now, but Tongariro, 7000 feet high, occasionally breaks out into grand eruptions. Three years ago there was a magnificent display, the whole country being illuminated by the fierce flames that shot out from the crater, and the loud booming of Tongariro being heard as far as Napier, sixty miles distant, from whence also, during the daytime, people saw the heavy clouds of smoke that rolled from the burning mountain. Tongariro is the birthplace of two powerful opposing elements, fire and water, for the great river Waikato flows from the south side of the volcano. This evening we had a transcendent view of these two mountains, together with Lake Taupo and the other peaks, ranging from 3000 to 5000 feet, that surround it. The scene was lit up by a gorgeous sunset. A bright crimson hue overspread the sky, and the mighty forms of the mountain-masses, almost entirely snow-clad, stood out white, with bold sharp-cut outlines against the glowing red horizon—the crater of Tongariro being visible as a black rift on the pure mountain-side, while the lake lay quiet and sombre-coloured in the shades of twilight.

We left Taupo next day amid doleful rain, that boded ill for our crossing the rivers. Seven miles on, we reached Opepe, a small constabulary station. Here we drew up at a store or canteen, on the counter of which lay boots and bottles, butter and nails, hams and tin-pots, and other promiscuously arranged objects. Like Waverley's steed, one of our horses had cast a shoe, and, like that young hero, we had to stop at this village to get the services of a blacksmith. Here, too, there was a large gathering of people, most of them in semi-military costume, talking over something of great interest. It was neither a Maori rising nor a rebellion; but a "play" acted by the Military Dramatic Amateurs on the previous evening:—"Oh! Henry, how capitally you did the Count! Really, you're a born aristocrat, ha, ha!" "I don't know now; I think you as the Marchioness was splendid! 'pon my word, you're a tip-topper in the acting line." "You're both on you good—I liked you both," said a man, evidently a carrier, staggering in with his long whip; "I bet on both of you—giss a drink, lallord—and Jobson there, he come the Marquis, the long-lost heir, in nobby style, I tell you—he's all there, an' no mistake!" "Harry, I'll wager there was eighty people in the place if there was one." "Hunder-an-fifty's what I make it to be, but that's wrong, for Charlie here says it's nearer two-hunder." "Get out—you must have been seeing double—the footlights have been getting into your eyes—

ninety to a hunder's my count!" And the dispute had not finished when we drove off.

The coach now passed through splendid timbered ravines, and over rolling, swelling country, through fine forests of totara, miro, matai, and kahikatea. The road was fine, the gradients being long and easy. You could lay a railroad track over this mountain-road and never distress a locomotive. By nightfall we arrived at an inn, and had an excellent tea, which the hostess, however, did not like us to praise, for whenever we eulogised the viands she huffily replied, "Oh yes! we always keep the best of everything here;" and though there was not another house within miles, yet when we commended the tidiness of her rooms, she exclaimed in injured tones, "You didn't think you was in the bush, did you?"

By daylight we started upon the grandest range-scenery it has ever been our good fortune to witness. We had travelled over mountains in Australia, but they had not the colour, the style, the bush, the height of these ranges. Hundreds of feet below us rushed a foaming river, confined in a narrow rocky bed, while roaring torrents, leaping out from the towering mountain-sides, shone white through the grey mist of early morning. Snow-sprinkled heights glittered here and there. The ravines smoked with vapour like cauldrons, and the gullies were packed with solid mist that looked like drifted snow. Lofty steep slopes, mantled with rich green forests to their very summits, swept majestically before our gaze, and extended far below, till lost to sight by the projecting edge of the giddy road upon which our coach was circling. Every turn revealed new beauty and intensified the grandeur of the landscape; while our eyes seemed to widen, and our whole frame to expand, in sympathy with the amplitude of the view. By-and-by the coach ascended a long hill, and from the high elevation we saw a strange sight. Thirty feet down the slope, there commenced a level white expanse of mist that completely concealed the country beneath on every side, isolating us as it were above the clouds, on an island high in mid-air, and extending away out till it reached another mountain-range, the peaks of which, protruding through the mist, seemed little islets in the great sea of vapour.

"Get out!" our driver cried at last—"there's a tree in the road." So we hastily jumped out and took charge of the horses, while he plunged into the bush in search of a woodcutter. The tree, with its two thick limbs, had fallen out of

the cutting on the roadside, and looked a formidable affair. But the driver returned with his man, and the two soon chopped away the under limb, while the coach drove slowly under the natural archway with only one inch to spare. Our anxiety during the few moments of this close shave was great. A little farther on another tree lay across the road—a prodigious root which could neither be lopped nor lifted. No assistance being near, we had to unharness the horses and lead them over the thick trunk—then, with the help of skilfully-made gradients of logs, half shove, half lift the coach over, the vehicle descending with a groaning crash down the farther side of the obstruction.

To complete the day's adventures, we stuck on a long hill. Though the road was well graded, yet the horses proved no better than bullocks. It required all our Australian experience to overcome the stubbornness of the team and the want of pluck in our stolid Scandinavian driver. It was quite dark when we got to Pohui, a roadside inn, where we learned that the rivers were up, and that our journey was stopped. After a good warm at the parlour fire, we had a fashionably late dinner in a woe-begone outhouse in the rear of the inn. An Irishman waited on us—a most eccentric fellow, who also officiated as cook. He had a very high-flown manner of speech. "Gentlemin, little did I think of seeing such as you in this lone bush, here in this wild; and though it may cost me my place, surs; though I may be acting in direct opposition to my masthur, yet I'll rishk it, I'll rishk it! yes, come what will, I will make you a cup of tea!" The whole dinner was one long joke. "Did time permit, surs; did the heat of the rapidly-lighting fire allow, gentlemin, I'd prepare you a plate of buttered toast." "By removing this obstructing plate, I may be able to deposit the potatoes." "In the cruet-stand you will find, in its apportioned place, the newly-mixed mustard." We were greatly amused, too, and felt highly flattered when the Irishman stepped up and said in a stage-whisper—"I was once a gentlemin like any of you, surs."

We were up betimes in the morning, finding the rain had abated, and left with a wish from the waiter that we might "reach our destined place of arrival in good safety." This day consisted principally in fording, though it was always the same river we came to—the Esk, "where ford there was (next to) none." We crossed it forty-two times in ten miles, and as it was a turbulent, swollen river, you may imagine we had a very

interesting time of it. We simply zig-zagged up the channel of the stream, which here ran between high banks—the coach travelling from one strip of shingle to another, sometimes cutting right across the river, sometimes going obliquely, and very often heading straight up against the swift current, which, running high and strong, on one occasion poured completely over the wheels and came into the coach. The flooded state of the rivers had washed away all the fords, and numbers of workmen, with spade and pickaxe, were to be seen starting off to make graded approaches on the different river-banks, that had been partially swept away. We came to one place where it was impossible to ford, the current having broken down the approaches, leaving a steep descent of unknown depth into the river. But as we had to get over somehow, we sounded and reached bottom with a moderately long sapling. In the middle of the river, a heavily-loaded dray was stuck. The horses had been taken out, and there the waggon stood surrounded by the rush of waters. We saw, however, that it was possible for our coach to ford. So we set to work filling up with stones and logs, and after long exertion made a kind of gradual slope into the river. Then we came on with coach and horses. The poor brutes tried to sniff and shy, but they stumbled on the logs and stones, and kicked all our wonderful engineering away, to our horror as we sat on the box, and with almost a sheer downward plunge the coach went with direful crashing splash into the river, almost on the top of the horses, and half turning over with the violence of the shock. Those outside were almost thrown off their seats, but managed to hold on till they reached the opposite shore.

A careful examination of the coach showed that it had sustained little damage, so we resumed our journey. We had more bumping and jolting, and one jolt so severe that it threw my brother off the box-seat upon the sloping bank on the road-side, from whence he rolled upon the wheels, grazing and contusing his arm. Our eventful ride ended on a long shingle spit which runs out into the harbour of Ahuriri, the port of Napier. Along with the mails, we were rowed across in a small boat upon a lumpy sea, two or three waves coming on board and soaking us to the skin. The river Ahuriri, in high flood, was dyeing the harbour a reddish hue, and running with terrible current. It caught our boat and carried us with great force towards the opposite pier, some distance down, bringing us, despite all efforts, in the direction of a large moored vessel,

against which the water was breaking heavily. The boatman, not being able to make any headway across the harbour, dropped the oars, and yelled for a rope from those on board, who were anxiously watching our progress. Before we could catch or see a line, the boat was swept at great speed round the ship's bows, and pitched upon a heap of round slimy rocks. Quicker than we had ever done anything before, we jumped out and scrambled to our feet. We had a narrow escape from being carried out to sea. It was a fit conclusion to our adventurous journey. In consideration of the hard work we had on the road, and the assistance we had given to the driver, the coach agent actually offered us a considerable reduction in the fare.

At the hotel here, two days afterwards, we met those of our party who had come from Auckland to Napier by sea. They were five days in a small steamboat, which at every unfavouring breeze had to run round some headland for shelter. Our folks said the coast was thoroughly explored, though it is not known that much has been added to the discoveries of Captain Cook and others.

The town of Napier lies on the shores of a large indentation on the east coast of the North Island, Hawke's Bay, which gives its name to the Province. A little more than a century ago this part of New Zealand was first seen by a white man. On the 12th October 1769, Captain Cook arrived in Hawke's Bay in his ship the "Endeavour," intending to explore this district; but a body of ninety natives, unacquainted with the great navigator, came off in five canoes and drove back the vessel's boats, which had tried to effect a landing. Napier is situated just about the scene of this little incident. It is a pleasant, bright-looking wooden town, skirting a clear, unbroken horse-shoe beach, straggling along the shore, but huddling up to the shelter of a headland, over which the houses thinly trickle till they join on the other side with the little port-town of Ahuriri. Of late years the town has been looking up. It is a thriving place, with a good stamp of people about it. The climate is delightful, and the town stands on a dry, healthy site.

The province of Hawke's Bay, of which Napier is the capital, has a population of 9256. One cannot but think it strange to find a Provincial Council existing in a community this size. While we were here, the Provincial Council was in full debate, voting hundreds of pounds for roads, and making as much of a storm as that thundering on their shores about a stone's-throw

off. There was also a great public meeting held to see whether Napier should or should not be created a municipality. The principal cause for this agitation, I think, was the fact of some wooden stables having been burned down one night, the water-supply not being equal to the occasion. The people argued that if there were an energetic public body, there would be no such remissness as to place the town in danger. Napier was positively frightened at this fire, for not only are the houses wooden, but the water-supply is by artesian wells dug about the town; and though the folks can support a local parliament, yet there is no such thing as a fire-engine within their borders.

There are a great many retired military here—colonels, majors, and captains created during the Maori war. A good story is told in illustration of the peculiar composition of Napier society. A colonel, going to a ball, hired a cab, and as luck would have it, the cabman, a retired captain, had also been invited to the dance. The colonel arrived, and shortly afterwards the cabman returned in full evening costume. About midnight, the colonel was observed leaning moodily in a corner, and a friend remarked:—"Hullo! what's up? what's the matter?" "Matter!" echoed the colonel, "why, I wanted to be home by eleven, and there's my confounded cabman engaged for three more dances!"

Napier is famed for its rearing of horses and cattle, while a line of boats run to Auckland and supply the market of that city with meat. Maories hold much of the land round about, and have leased it to the European. Some of it is sold, and much litigation has resulted. The irrepressible ownership-question crops up. This man of the tribe owns the land—that man has a share in it—so has this other; and so on. The Maori of to-day is a good enough fellow when he is well treated (which is a truism), but he is somewhat of a rogue where money is concerned. Cases illustrating this were tried not long ago in the Napier Court. An enterprising European bought some bush from a party of Maories, and erected a saw-mill upon the land. Other Maories who had kept in the background now stepped in, and said they also wanted payment, as they were the real owners. Of course there was resort to the law, but these natives were declared to be in the right as to proprietorship, and nine Maories got the extra purchase-money between them, while the saw-mill had latterly to be abandoned, as it could not pay. A man told us it was the same in smaller

matters. When he bought a pig or a fowl from the Maories, others would afterwards come forward and demand payment also. Very often the real owner would hold back, employing some one else to sell his pig, and then he would appear, saying, "That's mine—pay me also."

In Napier we came across an elderly gentleman, organist in one of the churches, who had led a luxurious London club-life in his day, and had come out sheep-farming to what he called, in his English phrase, the "wolds of New Zealand." This enterprise not being altogether successful, he had returned to his profession of music. It must have been peculiar for a man brought up to high life to find himself far from society in a remote part of the island, but we discovered several such instances in our journeyings, and they only prove that a long residence in a metropolis is compatible with a liking for a solitary life. Here we also met the Rev. Mr Sidey, formerly a clergyman in West Calder, Scotland, who came out to the salubrious climate of Hawke's Bay for the sake of his health, and is now pastor of a fine church, with possession of a nicely-situated manse, to which we received a very warm invitation. From his house we had an extensive view of the town, and on the way to it a bird's-eye view of the perfectly-shaped curving beach, with the waves roaring in long white line upon the shore. Big rollers swept in, each a massive wall of water some ten or twelve feet high, green and glittering, that curved over with a loud crack as if it were solid and brittle, falling shivered on the shingle, broken into leaping, dancing foam. We had two other capital views here—or rather different aspects of the same landscape—the snowy ranges back from Napier, shining pale in the brightest of moonlight, and standing out so clear, but at the same time seemingly so immaterial and so far away. The following morning early, we saw these white mountains changed to a bright pink in the first flush of glowing sunrise, with the fading moon glimmering yellow above them, and the intermediate country bathed in a transparent blue mist—another of those views in which New Zealand bears the bell above all the other colonies.

Our route now lay across the North Island from Napier to Wanganui by coach, a trip that occupied five days. As the road was only opened a few months, and had not yet made a great impression on the public mind, the journey was looked upon by folks as a tempting of Providence. Until quite recently, however, there was a good deal of romance and risk

in this undertaking, both on account of the natural difficulties of this route and the unfriendliness of some of the native tribes. Just previous to starting, we heard that portions of the road had been blocked up by the Maories, and that if some grievances of theirs were not redressed, communication would be interrupted, and the coach would have to make a long detour. Word came, too, that the rivers were up, and altogether the look of affairs was far from encouraging.

The first stage was to Waipawa, forty-one miles. In the coach besides ourselves were two ladies, a silver-haired old dame, and a prim young married lady, spouse to a squatter, between whom arose an animated discussion on that unfailing theme, the domestic servant. How the two tongues wagged, and how the squatter's wife smote right and left, putting down all servant girls as pests! "I don't know where to get a good one, I'm sure! they're all good-for-nothing slatterns, the whole of them." Then she bent down her head and shot her eyes up to her *vis-à-vis*, looking as if she intended to probe her soul. The old lady, with sharp eyes, lowered her face also, and looked up at the other as if to pierce her through, and said, "I quite agree with you—I'm sure I've dismissed four servants during the last three months—what I'm looking for now is a nice girl that will consent to learn and do what I ask, and make herself obliging and generally useful about the house—that's all I ask for." Infatuated old lady!

The road was good nearly all the way, and traversed some splendid fertile country, that cheered and gladdened the eye. There were one or two sheep stations also, and leather post-bags were thrown out at these places, as we went by a gate or a hut. The clearings in the bush at different parts reminded one greatly of similar portions of Canadian backwoods. We passed a native settlement of wharès, and in an open part of the village a group of Maories sat in semi-circle, while an old man, once a powerful Hawke's Bay chief, stalked backwards and forwards in front of them, with a high white hat stuck on the back of his head, while he warmly spoke and gesticulated on some important subject of the day. Several other of these Maori settlements we passed, most of them engaged in the industry of drying Indian corn, which is spread on large sloping wooden frames for exposure to the sun. A considerable number of children were visible, which would appear to contradict the statement that the Maori race is dying out. In the remoter "kaingas," or small villages far from European influence,

the proportion of children is very large, and gives promise of long continuance of the race. But according to Sir Donald M'Lean, the native Minister, the Maories in 1820 numbered 400,000, and now they are 40,000, only a tenth of that number. As long as they were kept embroiled in tribal wars and desultory conflicts with the settlers, the population thinned off wofully, but peace and isolation seem now to be nursing their numbers in many a quiet settlement. Schools have been provided all over the island, and much money expended on the civilising of Maori children. The half-castes are an intellectual, well-formed race, and schools have been established for them also. Their leanings are more towards the European than the Maori, as shown during the progress of the war, though several at that time remained steadfast to their native relations. According to the Rev. Mr Taylor, a New Zealand missionary, "They should be educated and taken care of; those totally neglected have become the most dangerous foes to the Government."

Waipawa is an embryo country town, with stores and a hotel. Two new banks had just been "established" here—that is, two rival banks had, in expectation of this place becoming lively, sent two managers here. They lived at this same hotel, helped each other peaceably to beef and mutton at dinner, and smoked in the verandah together most part of the day. One held his bank in the hotel-parlour, the other in the bar. The hotel was full of strangers, whose journeys had been delayed by floods.

Walking in the bush, we met an elderly man, a rough bushman, followed by his wife, who trudged after her lord, looking far older than he. The man carried a sack over his shoulder, had on a blue blouse and white trousers, and his head was covered with a slouched hat, the low-turned brim of which did not conceal the long white locks that flowed beneath it. "I come from Maidstone, in Kent," said he, with a strong English provincial accent—"I've had eighteen children, and I reared ten of 'em under Squire Plummer at home. I came out here with young Squire Plummer; but before that I drove Wombwell's Menagerie, and I'm not ashamed to own it." He led us into the bush till he brought us to a clearing in a green wild of matai timber, where stood his wooden home, which he had just completed in the space of one week. "I was flooded out of my last place six years ago," said this energetic veteran—"I've been flooded out two or three times, and my house went to wreck and ruin, so I've come here to make myself a new home."

He was seventy-three years of age, and yet the old fellow talked of beginning life, as it were. "You've come here," we said, in what we intended to be a humorous tone, "to spend in comfort and in honest industry the long future that lies before you?" "I reckon so," said he, "for my father died at 105, and my mother at 115!"

Next afternoon we rejoined the coach, and safely crossed the Waipawa river. A Maori rode alongside us to show the driver a safe ford on the next river, Waipukurau, which was higher than the first. But our coloured friend failed as a pilot, for he brought us into deep water, against a submerged terrace of shingle, which the team could not pull the coach over till its living load was removed. So the Maori jumped off his horse and carried us one by one to dry land, which was no easy task, as some of the passengers were not by any means light-weights. We had now some miles of a terribly bad road, along the beds of rivers, over mires and sloughs of mud, that tried one's patience as much as they taxed one's nerves. Some flat table-land was a relief, and we rolled along in the dark. At last one or two lights came in sight, and we drove up to a wayside inn, the best of the genus we had seen for many a long day. The door was open, and even when some distance off we saw, far across the level, the blaze of a cheerful fire—though all fires are cheerful when you are cold and hungry and fatigued. We were comfortably warmed, amazingly well fed with a meal of tea, chickens, roast pork, jam, and toast, and sufficiently refreshed by slumber in this model bush-inn, which we will advertise so far as to say that it is kept by a Scotchman of the name of Fergusson, who lives at "Fergusson's." In the old country Lords get their titles from their estates. Out in New Zealand a man's property is named after himself; so the hotel and half-dozen houses in this neighbourhood are called after our host Fergusson. There is of course a native name, and there are plenty of natives about here, who support the hotel and patronise it when "on the spree." There are from 150 to 200 living close by, and, between them, own 4000 sheep, for the Maories diligently prosecute wool-growing and farming on their own account. As usual, we stayed here all night. There is not much inclination in New Zealand towards night travelling; unlike Australia, where the lamp-flaring coach dashes on in the darkness through the apparently trackless bush. But New Zealand presents more natural difficulties and dangers than the common run of

Australian country, and here you would not care to have, through the night, similar adventures to those you encountered during the day.

Next section of the journey was commenced just before daybreak, and lay through miles of mire. It was a most filthy road, with yellow mud heaped up in great mounds on either side, over which we had to scramble and plod, with ever-increasing weight on our boots, while the horses slowly paddled through the long course of pea-soup that spread out before them. The coach wound up hill, with bush on every hand, and gloomy dells opening on either side at times, while we tramped wearily ahead. Looking back, we saw a strange combination of lights, for the moon, still shining bright, was glancing through the shades of the forest—the five powerful coach lamps were effacing the tree-shadows thrown across the road, which, however, reappeared in the darkness at the vehicle's wake—while over all this red glare of lamps and the silver glitter of the moon, the first rays of dawn were shedding a hopeful light. Amidst this partial gloom we stopped every now and then at some Scandinavian cottage, where letters were handed to ghost-like forms, and messages returned in outlandish tongues. There are many of these wild northern people about this district, engaged in clearing themselves homes in the bush. They earn a good livelihood, too, by making railway sleepers, for which they are paid one shilling each. These men are the advance-guard of settlement—bush-skirmishers in the van of the army that is advancing to civilise the forest.

We had breakfast at another of the comfortable roadside hotels of Hawke's Bay. The rain was still falling, as it had been falling all morning, but it cleared up before we started. We now drove through some superb New Zealand bush, to see which is one of the special reasons why everyone should not neglect undertaking this overland journey. The Australian bush is a park—the New Zealand forest is a jungle. You can drive all round about the trees in Australia, dotted widely, as they frequently are, over smooth, grassy country, with many an open sunny glade ; but you cannot make your way through the dense undergrowth and close-standing timber of New Zealand. Coach-roads have to be forced along at the point of the axe. The road we were now travelling was simply a long lane cut sharply through these wilds, with straight walls of vegetation on either side. We entered upon the bush from plain, untimbered country. As a prelude came one or two

bare, tall trunks—ragged and leafless sentinels to the gateway of the woods. Then we were whirled into a bewildering fantasia of vegetation—roulades and cadenzas of foliage—playing round the steady, rhythmical, stately march of the leaden-hued trees, smooth and glistening like pillars, that shot up to a great height without showing stem or branch—with lovely fern-trees appearing like grace-notes in the melodic progress of the grand lofty timber. Everything seemed to be growing on everything else. Green parasites wound up and around the trees, with vines and creepers flying like ropes from bough to bough, drooping in festoons at times, again hanging down like long halters from projecting limbs, while the "supple-jacks," coiling around the humid, cylindrical trunks, buried their heads like snakes in the foliage at the top. And what struck one was the absolute stillness that prevailed; for, save the dull rumble of the wheels over tree-roots, the infrequent harsh cry of a kaka parrot circling overhead, or the cooing of a fantail pigeon as it flew down the sunny avenue of bush, there was nothing to break the solemn silence that reigned in the solitudes around. At intervals there appeared numbers of beautiful fowl, "pukekos," or Maori swamp-hens as they are called, with red heads, purple bodies, white-spreading tails, and long red legs, stepping daintily about as if quite tame, and flying very reluctantly away when the coach rolled towards them. Through the tall herbage, manuka scrub, and spiked toi-toi grass, there trotted, with wagging ears, stray wild pigs, descendants of those left long ago on the island by the practical Captain Cook, and which are now regarded as capital game by the hunter in search of exciting sport. Logs lay on the ground blood-stained with bright red splashes of fungus. The karaka tree spread its glossy ivy leaves; the rimu hung its graceful, willow-like foliage. The beautiful wheke-ponga, or tree-fern, reared its exquisite form, rising from twenty to thirty feet high—a long black stem suddenly expanding into an umbrella of delightful spreading fronds, which sheltered its elegant tracery in the most retired nooks, as if to tempt one to look in. The colours in the bush did not call for much remark, the prevailing tint being a bright, humid greenness; but the attractiveness of the New Zealand forests lies more in the beauty of form than the charm of colour.

CHAPTER XXII.

CROSSING THE MANAWATU GORGE—A MAORI GRIEVANCE—WANGANUI—WINTER IN OTAGO—LEAVING NEW ZEALAND.

At the great Manawatu Gorge we had a trying adventure. This is the line of separation between the provinces of Hawke's Bay and Wellington. Here the coach goes no farther, and each passenger is slung across the mighty chasm, which is 750 feet wide, sitting on a couple of planks suspended from a wire-rope 200 feet above the level of the river. Whether lady or gentleman, you have to get astride this frail support and hold on by both hands to a small line overhead. It is a perilous aerial flight. Very often one of the weaker sex refuses to cross, and the coachman has to go with her, holding the poor woman firmly on the seat, to prevent her falling down from fear or giddiness. Occasionally men are not free from this pardonable timidity, and we met one fellow a short way back, travelling towards Wellington *viâ* Napier—a wonderfully roundabout journey—for the express purpose of avoiding this gorge. One of my sisters and I took position on the planks, and the two men at the windlass launched us into space. At first we kept our gaze steadily fixed on the opposite bank, which seemed to get farther and farther off; but after a few seconds we ventured to cast our eyes down to the seething river, the roar of which came up faintly to our great elevation. Fear never entered our heads, and it was not till a good while afterwards that we realised our full danger. We whirred down the rope, which hung curving in the centre by reason of its weight, and then were slowly drawn up the other side. Now and again the working-gear gives way about this part of the proceedings, and the unfortunate traveller is left suspended high over the raging torrent; but on this occasion everything went smoothly, and we were soon hauled across. Then one of my brothers came over sitting astride between our luggage, a box in front of him and a large trunk behind him; and we heard afterwards that, when he observed these articles to be very shaky,

the men replied, "Oh, hold them in with your knees," which was rather a difficult matter, seeing he was not also gifted with knees in his back. To us who had crossed, what an insignificant creature he looked—a human spider slowly crawling along a gossamer line. But the plank was moving at a good speed, and came violently against the bank, the concussion of the luggage almost knocking the breath out of my brother's body. The signal was given, and the apparatus went back to fetch the elder and weightier of the passengers, who was drawn over in safety. Then the last two of our family started, and had advanced successfully half-way, when a jerk of the hauling rope whipped off my sister's hat, which swooped down into the white foam of the river, where it floated a black speck far beneath. With this exception, no mishap occurred; and we have since heard that the primitive board and pulley have given place to an iron cage, which will lend an additional feeling of security. A buttress bridge, also, is being built across the river, with massive piers, strong enough, as we thought, to resist the encroachments of a sea; but not by any means unnecessary, for the Manawatu, running in this compressed channel, very often rises forty feet in a single night.

The gorge itself was peculiar in its grandeur. Unlike similar scenery in Otago, which depended mainly on its vast proportions and desolate ruggedness, this had the attraction of luxuriant bush. The gorge was so steep that the river appeared to be brawling in a narrow pass. The heights, rearing themselves giddily on either hand, were concealed by thickest vegetation—the immense forests, diminished to shrubbery by distance, and starred by peeping fern-trees, sweeping down like a richly-patterned green carpet upon the face of the precipices. Heavy rain-clouds, brooding over the gorge, trailed deeply into the tree-tops, and through these smote piercing gleams of sunshine, that, striking the opposite heights, lit up the bright verdure with flakes of still more vivid green. The gorge shot out headlands and bluffs—the splended vista stretching along till it ended in abrupt high portals, through which we saw an open window of white sky, and the distant low-lying country framed in like a picture by the natural gateway.

The road now skirted one side of this gorge at an elevation of 300 feet—a mere shelf of a road, only eighteen inches wider than the coach, and cut out of the solid rock. It tried our courage far more than the wire-rope. There were only two horses, and the coach was small, to admit of turning the curves.

On one side the wheels would be almost grazing the rocky cutting—on the other, skirting the precipice. The driver was a young man, who drove so coolly that all his nerves seemed to have been extracted from him by a surgical operation. He told us the road was so dangerous that the economical proprietors had put on an old coach ; but we are inclined to regard this as a fabrication. When we came to a corner, he drove the horses out, as if going into space, and just when their front hoofs were slipping into the abyss, he dexterously wheeled the coach round. Through gaps in the trees that sprung out from the banks we saw the river rushing those hundreds of feet below. We could almost see it by looking straight down the spokes of the wheels. Hundreds of feet above us towered the circling heights. We never felt so strongly that it was every man's duty to ease the brute creation by getting out and walking ; but the eye of the driver was upon us, and our honour at stake. A horseman met us, and he had to stand quietly, at a wider portion of the road, till we had driven cautiously past him. Here and there shelving rocks jutted over our heads. At the softer cuttings the earth crumbled down by the vibration of the coach, and at one spot lay a heap of stones that had fallen out on the driver's last trip, and almost finished his career. But to us the most dangerous thing seemed to be the waterfalls that poured over the road, interrupted in their headlong rush to the river. They streamed over the track in a way to make any horse attempt the Highland fling, but our pair quietly splashed through them. The larger waterfalls, that would have worn down the road, were literally boarded up by wooden shutters, that flung back the stream upon the rocks and sent it rushing through a culvert. This hazardous road is only four and a half miles long, but nine men are employed all the year round clearing and repairing it.

Making the exit of the gorge, we went in a boat across the river, which was running in a way to have opened the eyes of any but the hardened traveller. Our farther journey took us past more settlements of Scandinavians, poor creatures fighting with the rough, tough bush—their patches of cleared land all peculiarly fenced, and their houses all alike in their unpainted newness. Many carpenters earn a livelihood by travelling through the country and erecting dwellings for these new arrivals. At the township of Palmerston we heard definitely that the Oroua bridge had been blocked by the Nga-tika-whate tribe, and that the short cut to Wanganui was

impossible. There was no help for it but to go the long detour. The Maori grievances all centred round one special block of land, one of a number of reserves. The natives wished for power to lease and sell land, like the white man. An old Act of Parliament prevents the selling of land save through Government, and the Maories kick at this. The whole affair seemed to have been instigated by storekeepers, who had advanced money and provisions to the native land-owners on the security of these reserves, and in the hope of being ultimately able to purchase them. A short time previously, a Scotsman, Macdonald by name, who had worked himself into the good graces of the natives and been elected chief, shot one of the horses of a mail-coach that attempted to cross the bridge, and this Scotch Maori now lay in Wellington awaiting trial. When the district engineer went to the scene of the dispute, he found a strong four-railed fence erected across the bend of the river. A gate had been put up and strongly padlocked, and trees were felled across all the tracks through the bush. A large company of old women and children had been stationed to watch the bridge. A notice, also, had been put up by the Maories in prominent places:—"On and after 25th June, the road will be stopped until the disputes are settled. No offer of money will be accepted as toll." So the natives were really determined to have what they thought justice.

Meanwhile we travelled forty miles extra, breathing indignation all the while upon the old Maori chief of the tribe, his right-hand man Macdonald, and the whole cantankerous pack of natives. The road was latterly forcibly opened by the armed constabulary, and Macdonald received three years' imprisonment; while our own private revenge consisted in "transporting" the old chief by *carte de visite* to our friends in Edinburgh. Twenty-four miles of a horse-tramway brought us to Foxton, which place was busy with natives going down by coach to give evidence in Macdonald's trial. Here also we had reached the other side of the island, and could hear the waves loudly rolling on the West Coast as we had heard them a few days before on the East.

Next morning we left for Wanganui. One of the coach-passengers was a boy who had run away from a ship in which he had been a midshipman. He appeared about fourteen years of age, and was engaged in reading a novel. The young exile had left Leith but a year ago, and told us, in a cool, careless manner, that he intended making his own fortune in the world,

and was now on the way to a sheep-station. He appeared to be of the incorrigible school-boy stamp—one who stood always at the bottom of his class, played truant, and was up to every mischief—and did not strike us as being of the stuff from which good colonists are made.

We travelled over lonely plains, sprinkled with homesteads and Maori pahs, fields and native settlements, wharès and villas, white man and brown mixing peaceably in their avocations. We very frequently met natives in large parties, all of them well-dressed, and riding on horseback to see their friends. For the Maories are a very sociable people. They make visits, eat, converse, and go home—their friends come and see them, eat, drink, talk, leave, and so on. This is the sum and substance of Maori society. We came to some striking country. A dark blue landscape spread in front of us, and our old friends Ruapehu and Tongariro presented their bold white masses under a dull heavy sky. Ahead of us, and right at the extremity as it were of the long straight road, a small snow-clad pyramid pierced through the thick mists of the dark-lying country—Mount Egmont! rising from an unseen base, and seventy miles distant as the crow flies. Even our driver was entranced with the prospect, being the first driver, to our knowledge, who ever had an eye for scenery. The country was well taken up with farms and pasture-land, English grasses everywhere usurping the original brown herbage, though practical and commonplace looked those patches of bright grass compared with the native toi-toi and general wildness! Coming to broken country—"Here," said the driver, "the people are sheep-struck;" and when we wondered they did not go in for grain, he told us the farmers down in Canterbury can raise crops, ship them off to the North Island, and sell cheaper than the folks on the spot. So recourse is had to sheep-rearing, which pays well. We next crossed a river, the Wai-something-or-other, which has the peculiarity of being impregnated with sulphur and tainted with alum—an unhealthy river, in which no fish, no life of any sort, can exist. It has its origin on the south side of Tongariro, and is split into two streams by a rock—one in its course becoming this sulphur river, the other flowing northward as the clear, fresh, important Waikato.

Then we sighted the river Wanganui, and drove along one bank of it, while on the opposite side stretched the town that bears its name. It was a unique, picturesque sight. Houses and shops with big signs lined the shore—in front of them,

Maori tents, canoes, produce, small wharves, and the bright shining river—while behind lay the body of the town, with church spires cropping up, and at the back of all, clumps of green hills, on one of which stood the fortified "Block House," the sign of war, disquiet, and shelter. We crossed into the middle of the town by a magnificent iron bridge. This structure, for which the place has been considerably taxed, was opened in 1871, is 609 feet long, has 775 tons of iron in it, and cost £35,000.

We lived at a hotel overlooking the Market Square. This is rather rough and bare at present, with more black sand than business about it, but in time will be busy with people and traffic. The country about here is very sandy—the hills, the roads, the streets are composed of a dark kind of sand. In the centre of the square stands a neat white monument, erected to the Maories who fell fighting against the Hau-Hau rebels in a battle not far from Wanganui. The inscription runs :—"In memory of the brave men who fell at Motua in defence of Law and Order against Fanaticism and Barbarism." There is much here to remind a person of the Maori war. Besides the "Block House," with its loop-holes and musket-holes, there are the many monuments one sees in the churchyards, reared to those slain during that deplorable struggle.

From the hotel we had a fine view of the river, with its high cliffy banks cut by the current, and the verdant hills swelling all around. The river banks were occupied by Maories, who camped here and landed their produce. At night the glare of their fires and the dark outlines of their tents were very striking. All day you could see their heavily-loaded canoes upon the river—the men one minute paddling industriously, and making good progress—the next stopping to have a smoke, and drifting with the tide. Intermittent energy is the bane of the Maori. A great many natives were in town, raising money on the strength of leased lands. Some of the chiefs were fine fellows, with glorious heads, and robed in long black cloaks dotted with yellow tufts. Not a few of the natives aspired to be vocalists, and kept the town lively with songs, which to the European ear were very like the lusty strains of a man crying "Coals!" As showing their aims at the highest civilisation, the fellows have clubbed together and purchased a four-horse coach, in which they drive about, to the no small astonishment and merriment of the white settlers. The Maories here are "Friendlies," and, like all the tribes in the south part of the island, are an inferior

people to the high-born aristocratic natives of the Waikato and the north generally. Long years ago the Wanganui Maories were ground under by the more powerful Waikatoes, were plundered and pillaged by them, their goods taken, and their persons roasted and devoured. No wonder the advent of the British was hailed as a deliverance. Ever since that, these natives have stuck by us, fought in our wars against the disaffected tribes, and on more than one occasion saved Wanganui from destruction.

There is here an extraordinary nest of North Britons. The Scottish element even penetrates into the bill-of-fare of the hotel, and you are supplied with porridge, despite the fact that the cook is a Chinaman. Imagine "parritch" made by an Asiatic! The Scotch people were most of them characters in their way. At home, men are generally stereotyped, seem made in one common mould, with not much opportunity to develop peculiarities, but here, as in all new countries, there is independence of thought and action. Some of the Scotsmen even prided themselves on the way they had kept their dialect intact for many years—displayed their accent as they might have done some fine old wine! One Wanganui man went home to Scotland, but came back again gladly to New Zealand. People in the old country were too formal and stuck-up for him. He could not stand the frigid zone of home, but came back joyfully to the freedom of this part of the world, where everyone can do what he likes and how he pleases, without consulting anybody. A glorious country surely! Many people we met were farmers, all prosperous, with everything good to say about the land, but grumbling sorely at what they called the "pest of pheasants." These birds have become as great a plague as the rabbits in Western Otago. The climate of Wanganui is all that could be desired; though being the winter-time when we were here, the weather was very changeable—wind, rain, and sunshine alternating with great regularity.

One night, between eleven and twelve, the cry of "Fire!" was raised in the hotel. "Who's that?" cried the landlord—"who's that shouting fire—what fool is that, eh?" and we could hear the whole bar emptying out into the backyard. Lanterns flashed upon our window curtains. Then we heard a female voice loudly whispering:—"John, John, have you got on your—I mean, are you—are you *dressed* at all, because there's fire, fire, fire—oh dear me, me, me, what's to be done?—run, John, run!"

Then, after a pause :—"Oh, you needn't, John—its only a boy fallen into the well." The landlord outside was pouring abuse on a small boy, who had soaked himself through by lying in the situation that Truth is popularly supposed to occupy. "You'd fall in the well, would you, eh? If I catch you at it again, I'll shove you in head first, blow me if I won't!" "Hallo," said a man sliding out in morning costume, "isn't it really fire after all?" "Fire!" echoed the landlord with inexpressible contempt—"no, its a confounded sight too much water. Slide off to your mother, young un, and hang yourself up to dry!" And this thrilling incident was the only event of importance that transpired during our visit.

Among our fellow passengers to Wellington in the small steamer "Manawatu" chanced to be two noted Maori chiefs, who were going down to the capital to inquire into some native grievances. Some scores of Maori men, women, and children, interspersed with white sympathisers, came to hold a "Tangi," or "Farewell Sing," in their honour. The excitement as the hawsers were cast off increased to a high pitch. The two chiefs, dressed in tweed and boasting glazed satchels, appeared at the bulwarks and waved their white hats. "Goo-bye, goo-bye!" they cried. "Goo-bye, goo-bye!" was echoed from the wharf. "Ta, ta, old chap," said an English voice, and there was a general "Hooray!" Then the eldest chief mounted to the bridge of the steamer, and while he stood bare-headed, sang a vigorous "Parting Song," one line by himself, and the shore bursting loudly into the refrain. The enthusiasm now seemed to reach its culminating point, and a mysterious agitation thrilled the crowd. One woman in a man's black coat sprang up and down in immense curtsies, twirling or vibrating her fingers, and screaming out farewell. The steamer gliding off, the chiefs stood up together on the paddle-box and sang a duet, which was phonetically as follows:—

"Ah maka eeky pooaroa, ee—ah—too,
Mowy hootoo teeky ranga pah wayratoo!"

or something to that effect, replied to by something like this :—

"Oha reeky pookoo poo, hekky parawa,
Wangaroa whato te, hapoo whakawa!"

Then, at a given signal from the two white hats, the ceremony finished in a magnificent "Hep, hep, hooray!" with a lively coda of hat-waving and clapping of hands as the steamboat

paddled down the river. From different points along the banks rushed other Maories, who sang and kept up to the vessel as long as their doubly-tasked breath would allow; while others darted from their wharès with wild shouts and gestures, fully returned by those on board—the two honoured chiefs bolting first to one side of the steamer and then to the other, according to the loudness or warmth of their reception. This heart-inspiring scene concluded, we sailed down the five-mile channel that lay between the town and the Wanganui Heads, and found ourselves tumbling amongst the white rollers on the bar.

Stormy weather accompanied us all day, and at night the steamboat ran for shelter between the Island of Manna and the mainland, near the mouth of Cook's Straits, the passengers whiling away the time with convivial talk. One thin, dark-haired Irishman told how he had met and talked with Sir Walter Scott in a chapel in Italy, during the closing scenes of that busy life. This Irishman, too, had fought in the Maori war; was dubbed Major, and enlivened the dull hours with his stories. In the morning we faced the raging sea of Cook's Straits, the wind against us, the tide with us, and our squeamish faces almost as white as the billows that seethed around the frail little steamer. A journey commonly of eleven hours lengthened out to one of thirty-six.

Alas! Wellington was not the Wellington we had left. The same high winds were prevailing of course, but now the skies were black—rain-squalls drove pitilessly the whole day long, and the harbour was filled with storm-stayed vessels. What was worse, we could not get into the "Empire" Hotel, or any hotel—for Parliament was sitting, and the country members, with their friends, had invaded our familiar quarters, so we had to poke ourselves into a boarding-house on the top of a bleak but commanding height. The proprietor of the establishment was an eccentric old miser, who let the house to a married couple, and inflicted himself on the premises as the chief lodger. The parlour was occupied by seedy furniture. There were two worm-eaten bookcases, one each side the fireplace, and filled with decrepit leather-bound books, none of the dates of which encroached upon this century. Scattered about the room were quaint green-flowered fruit-plates and other articles *de virtu* the old fellow had bought cheap at a sale. Against one wall stood a huge piano—an old-fashioned cottage with a musty-red cloth front, and harsh, jangling keys. When we sat down to tea, the proprietor opened the door quietly and inserted his head to

see if everyone was present. Then he hopped round, twirled off a long clanking scale with a sweep of his hand, and ejaculating with a chuckle, "Eight pound! there's a big piano for the money!" he vanished from the room, shortly to return and repeat the ceremony. His leisure time was also employed in playing billiards, for avarice did not prevent his having a £250 patent billiard-table—a splendid piece of furniture, in a sky-lighted room all by itself, with patent cue-rack, patent cues, and patent felt-carpeting upon the floor; and here, in this elegant room, this wonderful character took his solitary enjoyment.

After a delay of two days, during which a fearful storm blew over Wellington, our steamer ventured to sail for the southern ports. When we had cleared the Heads, there burst upon our gaze a transcendently striking spectacle. On the horizon, across Cook's Straits, stood the magnificent heights of the Kaikoras, one of them 9700 feet high—a grand far-stretching range, the high land of the South, snow-clad from base to summit, rising like an island of pure white marble out of the blue sea, the lower ground being invisible because of the great distance. The mountains, as the day progressed, loomed higher and higher, shining white in the sun, and looking inexpressibly lofty and serene against the cloudless sky, the plains at length creeping up in sight and throwing the ranges far inland. We were close abreast of the Kaikoras by dark, and saw them in a fresh aspect, for the moon appearing, shone full upon the snowy slopes with a new revelation of mysterious grandeur and beauty. Next morning the steamer was making for the Heads of Port Lyttelton, and across the level country of the Canterbury Plains on our right gleamed the entire sweep of the Middle Alps, their wintry summits extending in a long spectral panorama far to the north and south. The volcanic heights of the harbour, too, were marbled with streaks and patches of white, and looked cold in their now threadbare covering of snow—the remnants of a considerable fall, which we found on arriving at Christchurch had been lying six inches deep in the streets.

The youth of the city, it would seem, almost went crazy with delight over the snow. Butcher-boys, errand-boys, and boys of all ranks and conditions, held high carnival, and snowballs were thrown thick and fast the whole day long, with a vim unknown in countries where snow is a yearly visitation. Such an occurrence as this was of the rarest kind—the landlady of the hotel had

seen nothing like it for twenty years. When we arrived, the town was groaning under mud and slush, owing to a thaw, but two days afterwards a most enjoyable frost set in.

One day we went down to Port Lyttelton. The harbour was full of clipper-ships and steamers. The hotels being entirely occupied by sailors and immigrants, we could not get our noses in anywhere. So our first idea of staying here all night was not practicable. To add to the quandary, there was no train up to town that night; but through the kindness of one of the railway officials we were allowed to go through the tunnel on a trolly. We sat round the edge of the small truck, holding lighted candles in our hands, while two men commenced pushing us into the darkness. The tunnel was lined with brick in places where there might be danger from loose earth, but a considerable portion of the roof and sides was solid rock. We emerged into the fresh night air, after having been half-an-hour in the tunnel, and were more than ever impressed with the importance of this great engineering work.

We intended leaving Port Lyttelton in the "Tararua," the steamer that connected with the homeward-bound mail at Melbourne, so went for information to the agents, who, it turned out, knew nothing of the ship or her whereabouts. They took everything for "granted." The clerk was not even aware if the steamer had arrived at Wellington, but he "took it for granted." "Are you sure she will sail at this given time?" Oh—he "took it for granted she would;" and added, "you know she has the contract for the mail," with an air of indisputable authority. Taking everything for granted, we waited in suspense. Happening to call for letters at the post-office, we discovered that the "Tararua" was at Lyttelton; therefore hastened to the agents and literally apprised them of the fact.

When the steamer got into the stream, a boat put off from the shore, with a pale-faced man standing up in the stern, waving a white handkerchief. The engines were stopped, and the boatmen rowed vigorously. "Passenger going with you," they roared hoarsely; then the passenger yelled, and again the two men shouted. The passenger, urging the boatmen on with sways of his body, appeared to be offering them untold gold if they would overtake the steamer. He displayed his white handkerchief again; but thinking it scarcely forcible enough, hastily stuffed it into one pocket, while from the other he snatched a *red* handkerchief, which he wildly fluttered about his head. He seemed to carry a pocketful of signals, a whole

code of napkins! With one or two sweating pulls the boat reached the ladder, but this being short, the poor passenger had to cling ludicrously, and be shoved up by the boatmen. Then a pilot-boat wanted towing down to the station at the Heads, and as the harbour was very stormy near the entrance, those on the little craft were anything but safe. The speed of the steamer dragged them clear from the top of one wave to another, the boat all the time sailing only on the stern, and at every bound spreading out great sheets of water on either side. The pilots were drenched from head to foot, and every one on the steamer heaved a sigh of relief when the daring fellows at length cast off.

Next forenoon we sighted the snowy hills of Dunedin, and about the middle of the day sailed into Port Chalmers. Wooded hills sloped up on either side, and along the harbour stretched sandy flats, on which men were profiting by the low tide to gather mussels or other shell-fish. After passing a long row of immigrant ships at their moorings, we arrived at the town of Port Chalmers. While here we heard a romance of the sea in connection with two of these vessels. The story opened in Scotland, where a husband and wife, after incessant bickering, had burst into open strife. The man, in a huff, took a passage in the "Sam Mendell" for Dunedin. The wife, left behind, sold off all the furniture and effects, and sailed in the "Peter Denny" for the same port. The latter vessel came in ahead of the other, and when the husband arrived, behold! there stood his faithful spouse waiting for him on the wharf. Surprise was followed by mutual explanation, and the whole matter ended happily.

Dunedin looked as well as slush and rain would allow it. The weather was bleak and uncomfortable; but the hotel was the same, and the friends we met were the same, as on our former visit. The hills were white, and the heavy fall of snow that had astonished Christchurch, had descended also upon Dunedin, completely transforming the city. "Such glorious bickers we had!" exclaimed a douce man, an elder of the First Church—"such fine fun; man, I was sorry when the thaw came in." The snow and the snow-balling had revived his boyish feelings, and he rubbed his hands from cold and satisfaction. A great change had come over Dunedin in the course of six months, for the town was flooded with immigrants in furtherance of Vogel's great scheme. We could see scores of new arrivals, many of them far from prepossessing, and some

with all the appearance of the lower class of Londoners. This was food for the colony—the "raw material" not yet assimilated with the life's blood of the province. The immigrant ships had arrived one after the other so fast that the barracks overflowed, and temporary accommodation had to be set up. Never since the Otago gold-rush in 1861 had there been seen so many tents about Dunedin. There was still the old ferment in public affairs here, for in one night an indignation-meeting of immigrants was being held in the lower hall of the Athenæum, while in the room above raged the Sunday question in reference to the opening of the public library on that day. There might be all the evidences of winter on the hills, but there was plenty of heat in matters social!

We revisited several of the towns of Otago. Gideon, our former driver, again wielded the whip, and mounted the box in charge of some at least of his old team. The weather being bracing and clear, the whole trip was nothing but enjoyment. We went down to Balclutha through Tokomairiro, and found both places thriving. Popotunoa was also progressing rapidly. How insignificant were the things that amused us during these delightful journeys! All along the road our red vehicle was constantly being mistaken for the public coach, and the amazed appearance of the folks when we did not stop at their call was in the highest degree laughable. A man rode fully half-a-mile after us on horseback; and another came flying with a leather bag across a twenty-acre field, exclaiming when he reached the coach, "Well, I *am* sold, an' no mistake!" The wind with its biting sharpness brought out the purple hue upon our faces, and made us wrap ourselves up in greatcoats and cravats. Every now and then we met a coach. "Hallo!" cried Gideon, jerking his head familiarly to an acquaintance, "here comes Yankee George, a-bullockin' his horses along—he's a card, an' no mistake!—hot wind day this, eh George? ha, ha, ha!" and this powerful joke was answered by yells of laughter from the other vehicle as it swept past us—the peals of merriment being heard for a long time after through the clear frosty air. This same piece of humour on the part of our driver was repeated and re-repeated, with the same cachinnatory response from every person on the road, till at last we could not help seeing some fun in the "hot wind" joke, and laughed as loudly as any one!

Our second journey lay up towards Oamaru, this time by way of Blueskin, a suburb of the metropolis. As we gradually rose up the Dunedin hills, past howes, knowes, and fertile patches

of alluvial ground in the valleys, the snow lay more and more thickly, till at the highest elevation one might easily have fancied himself on a "Hieland hill" in winter-time. From the heights of Blueskin we saw that grand expansive prospect of the harbour which should not be missed by any one visiting Otago. You overhang the view much as you might if you were looking from a balloon in mid-air. Below you the harbour stretches from right to left, enclosed by the peninsula, a narrow strip of land shutting it off from the sea. This peninsula, though narrow, is rugged and mountainous, with a wave of sand sweeping over its extremity; while beyond it (and herein consists the uniqueness of the view) spreads the blue ocean. You have the double view of the harbour and the sea. As we looked, the whole appeared at first to be nothing more than a large museum-model, the water only thick green glass, and the mountains painted stucco. Then a revulsion took place, and the whole scene became revivified. The hills lost their imaginary reference-labels and sprang into verdure and grandeur, and the sea became a living, glowing mirror, reflecting the azure heavens, and the bright rays of the sun. The coach was stopped—we stood entranced, and could only exclaim repeatedly, "Grand, grand!"

The night was spent at Waikouaiti, a small township on the east coast of Otago. Next morning our breakfast was made interesting by the presence of what the good people of the house called a "frost-fish"—a long-bodied fish like an eel, with fins and tail, and a light, smooth skin that glistened like silver, or more prosaically speaking, coffee-paper. It tasted in no degree different from fresh herring, and was of course very acceptable. The fish has the peculiarity of never being caught. It is always cast ashore on frosty moonlight nights, and is picked up next day by the first comer. During the forenoon we saw two persons—a man on horseback and a boy—searching along the beach for these strange fish. We strolled along, in hopes of a discovery, but were not successful.

Oamaru was as delightful in situation and appearance as before, and one did not altogether like bidding it good-bye for the last time. However, we almost forgot our sentimental feeling in the exhilarating drive along the highway to Dunedin. Moving about becomes after a while a kind of friction that generates a mental and physical electricity of being. We will not forget those winter journeys of ours through Otago. The hard frost-bound roads, the congealed puddles, the fields white with rime

—the brisk air that seemed laden with a second life for animal nature—the light blue sky, the cheerful sun, the snow-powdered mountains reflected in clear lake and glassy-flowing river, formed a scene of unequalled pleasure.

New Zealand is a picturesque and lovely country. The settlers in this colony will no doubt in time become the governing race of this hemisphere. Their descendants will be hardier than the inhabitants of the sunny continent of Australia, which is not nearly so invigorating in climate as New Zealand. Viewing these grand islands—with their fine climates, ranging say from the climate of Orkney to that of the Isle of Wight—one is tempted to exclaim, "This is my own, my native land!" For there is much of home in this "other Britain." The magnificent scenery—composed of rich agricultural country, far-stretching plains, grassy hills and dales, dark valleys and gorges, and glassy lakes embosomed in majestic snow-clad mountains—is full of suggestiveness of the old country. A person almost feels constrained to acknowledge that, in respect to natural scenery and without regard to the noble, historical associations which hallow almost every foot of ground in the mother-land, New Zealand is a grander Scotland. It was with no common feelings of regret that we parted from the many kind friends and acquaintances we had formed in this far-off quarter of the world. When we fairly set sail—when the south-western ranges faded away in the mists of evening, and the country had become a memory of the past—our verdict on New Zealand was summed up in these words, "We ne'er shall look upon its like again!"

BRUNSWICK MECHANICS' INSTITUTE

CHAPTER XXIII.

A FLOOD IN MELBOURNE—A FANCY BALL—THE AUSTRALIAN DERBY-DAY—THE EX-KING OF FIJI—A TERRIBLE STORM—VOYAGE TO HONOLULU.

As we left New Zealand, a gale started up and blew in our teeth for eight days, increasing time after time, and culminating on the seventh in a raging tempest. The captain vowed that had his not been a mail-boat he would have turned tail. During the night a wave smashed under the "counter" of the steamer, and all, even the mate, who was on duty at the time, thought she had struck a rock—all, save one old traveller, who turning himself over in his berth, said knowingly, "One!" and listened. "Ah," he continued, with a relieved expression, "it's all right—had there been three bumps, it would have been a rock. I'm used to shipwreck—I've been in the China Seas." The voice of this connoisseur in disaster then became lost in a howling climax of the storm.

Right glad were we to arrive in Melbourne. As we drove up the busy streets our waggonette was stopped every minute by some friend or other, while we extended a cluster of arms at the back of the vehicle and received the heartiest of greetings. A walk in the afternoon put us once more *en rapport* with the life and stir of this important metropolis. Melbourne loses nothing by comparison with any town of equal population in the old country. Each returning visit only added to our liking for this bustling city—its fine buildings, wide streets, numerous parks, and delightful suburbs having for us an ever-increasing charm. The day after our arrival, a storm broke over Melbourne. When we went out, the wind was blowing high, and the dust flew in whirls throughout the city, while a man here and there was hosing the streets with a brass nozzle, which he affixed to one after another of the various water-plugs—the powerful stream being squirted to an immense distance, with the greatest precision, amongst the hurrying traffic. One moment it would pop beneath a horse's nose, next burst through the

wheels of a cab or omnibus—then, suddenly depressed, would playfully dodge behind the back of a foot-passenger, till the street was thoroughly watered. Next day the gale had grown in intensity, and Melbourne was to be seen in its most disagreeable aspect. The business part of the city was overwhelmed with blinding dust, and for long intervals you could not even see across the street. In the suburbs the dust was almost as annoying, while the roar of the storm and the groaning of the trees was not the most enlivening music.

The following day, Melbourne was flooded by a deluge of rain; and this is no figure of speech, but an actual fact. The gutters were swollen into yellow torrents, rushing down the streets with great impetuosity, welcoming tributaries at every corner, and dashing on with increasing force and breadth till they met from both sides and transformed the road into a running sheet of water. Elisabeth Street, which lies in a valley, received all the converging streams, and rapidly became a deep, swift-flowing, turbid river, impassable to foot passengers, and swamping all the shops. During the early stage of the flood, cabs plied across the street, conveying passengers over for sixpence a head. At last there came a time when vehicles even could not ford with safety, one unlucky cab being swept down the street. A man, too, was carried off; but fortunately, as he was passing under one of the small wooden foot-bridges, he threw up his arms, clutched it, and was dragged out by a number of bystanders. No serious accident happened from this inundation—unlike former Elisabeth Street floods, when several lives were lost.

Thanks to a friend, we received tickets to witness the Mayor's Great Fancy Dress Ball, which was held one night in the spacious Town Hall. We drove down and found the glass roof of the building lit up with the brilliance within. A door opened on a staircase, up which was trooping a long procession of masqueraders, all so richly and quaintly dressed that they gave one the idea of being present at a Court of the Elizabethan period. Our sober garb not being altogether in keeping with the gaudy costumes, we left the lords, dukes, countesses, and signoras, and made our way to the spectators' gallery, where a magnificent scene spread before us. The immense hall was ablaze with light, which was reflected by the huge organ at one end, with its rich and varied hues. The balcony that circled round was occupied with fancifully dressed on-lookers; the high sloping gallery at the southern extremity of the hall, closely

filled with a dark mass of the general public; and away below, the wide floor of the building seething with an ever-changing sea of colour—1500 dancers in all kinds of dresses, in every shade of tint, in every possible combination, quadrilling to the stirring music of a brass band mounted high on the orchestra. Sir George Bowen, the Governor of Victoria, the good-humoured, self-contented gentleman and scholar, was conversing with the Scottish Mayor, Mr M'Ilwraith, and occasionally taking part in a "set." On went the dance—such a ball-room, such dancers! —green lords, yellow duchesses, blue queens, brown monks, black senoritas, red officers, mauve shepherdesses, white sailors, purple countesses, gauzy springs, flowery summers, icicled winters, bespangled follies—all in a grand kaleidoscopic maze. Two ladies were dressed as Mary Queen of Scots. The town-clerk was a knight in glittering tin or silver armour; and we were greatly shocked to see the daughter of a temperance man waltzing with a gigantic champagne bottle. Soon the early birds began to migrate, and we also departed to dream of the chromatic glories we had witnessed.

Sight-seeing ended with the races at Flemington on the great "Cup Day," the Derby Day of the colonies. This race-course must be about the best in the world, for it lies on fine flat ground, and is overlooked on one side by a natural amphitheatre, which has been raised and sloped so as to form an immense vantage-point for thousands of spectators. The admission fee to "The Hill" is one shilling. When we arrived, hundreds had already taken up position on this fenced-in rising ground, and hundreds more were strolling about the level ground inside the course, to which there was free admittance. One of the features of the Cup Day is the vast crowd—50,000 being the very lowest estimate—which, considering the population, is a far larger attendance than that on the great Derby Day in England. At the foot of the hill was the saddling paddock, judge's box, and lawn—the latter a smooth green plot, on which promenaded the fashionable ladies of Melbourne, dressed in the richest silks, of most singular tints. Refreshment stands were on the hill by the score, and equally numerous the betting-men. The order that reigned amongst the crowd was wonderful, no mobbing or fighting being observable. The racing was exceedingly pretty, the whole course being open to the view, and the diversified colours of the jockeys visible the entire distance. The final rush past us to the winning-post—the shouting of the assembled multitude—the waving of countless hats and handkerchiefs, and the

ripples of motion that swept over the sea of heads, was exceedingly striking. Besides the "flat races," there were hurdle-racing and steeplechasing, and the height of the various fences, together with the manner of jumping them, would doubtless have astonished an English fox-hunter. People from all parts of Australia and New Zealand were here, the Cup Day of Melbourne being unsurpassed for interest in the Southern Hemisphere. Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor of New South Wales, who never misses the Melbourne Races if he can help it, had on this occasion to attend to the minor matter of the annexation of Fiji, but was represented on the course by Lady Robinson and suite. The day was bright and clear—the sun radiant with that genial warmth which welcomes people to open-air enjoyment. The summer weather of Victoria is constantly calling on the folks to "Come out, come out." There is a holiday epidemic in the air.

We sailed north again to Sydney. Port Jackson was looking as enchanting as ever, and the metropolis sweltering under a very hot sun. The weather seemed almost tropical, as if on purpose to give suiting welcome to the ex-King of Fiji, whose arrival on the shores of Australia was every day expected. At last H.M.S. "Dido" hove in sight, and we went down to the jetty to assist in the reception of Cacombau, or Thakombau, or Whakombo, or whatever his name is. The sky was blue, and the shores of the harbour had put on their most beautiful aspect, Nature being far more auspicious than the inhabitants, who only turned out to the number of about two hundred. At the gate of the delightful grounds that led to the Governor's residence, stood several dark-skinned Fijians, one of them with a formidable war-club. A gentleman shook hands with each of the blacks, gravely saying, "I salute you, my fellow-countrymen!" A boat covered with an awning put off from the side of the vessel. It touched the shore, and Governor Robinson advancing, shook hands with his Fijian Highness. Cacombau was a swarthy, grey-headed man, portly in appearance, with a long white beard that curved out from his chin. He was bareheaded, barearmed, barelegged, and barefooted—had his body lightly covered with a clean white shirt, and round his waist was tied a long ornamental robe. It was strange to behold the venerable King shaking hands with her Majesty's representative—to mark the contrast between the wild dress of the one and the faultless black suit of the other—to see Sir Hercules Robinson taking the old man's arm and leading him to the vice-regal

mansion. As they passed us, the Governor was saying to Cacombau, "What do you think of Sydney Harbour?" and we thought of the number of times the poor King would have to answer that question before he left these shores. The party entered the gate without a single cheer, and the affair was wound up by a *posse* of policemen arriving late.

We paid a return visit to Newcastle—thence to its coal-mining suburbs, Wallsend, Waratah, and Lambton. This district was agitated by Parliamentary elections. At one place, in consequence of a meeting of miners in the hall, we could scarcely get the building in time for the evening's performance. The political crisis affected our concerts, the majority of the audiences being composed of the fair sex. At one town, however, where there was a meeting the same night as our entertainment, the national minstrelsy proved stronger than politics, for the member of parliament broke off his speech, and, accompanied by his constituents, adjourned to the hall to hear the Songs of Scotland! Of course we were warned not to come at this time. Advice of that kind is never awanting. "Oh, you should have been here last week—last month—the middle of next week." "If you could only have been here on the miner's pay-day." "Oh, there's the church bazaar." "Ah, there's the Methodist soiree." "All our best families are away just now." "The awful bad crop's against you." "You've made a great mistake—you've come when there's no moon!" Despite all these imaginary odds, we secured large audiences.

In June of 1875 we took farewell of our kind friends in Australia. We left Sydney on a voyage to San Francisco by way of Auckland (New Zealand) and Honolulu in the Sandwich Islands. The day was miserable, Sydney Harbour almost hidden by lashing rain, and all things looking dreary. The dripping passengers and their wet friends were crowded into a small tug and conveyed from the exposed, drenched wharf to the steamer, which lay out in the stream. Climbing the slippery ship's ladder, we reached the sloppy deck, where we strolled about, occasionally darting into the saloon for no other purpose than to dash out again, chatting away to friends under umbrellas, saying last words, more last words, and positively the very last words. When our friends had departed in the rearing and pitching little steam-tender, and were lost amidst spray, rain, and approaching dusk, we slowly battled out of Port Jackson. The sea swept in past the precipitous headlands with seemingly overwhelming rush, lifting the large

steamer about like a tug-boat. The great waves broke crashing on the formidable shelving rocks of the North and South Heads, leaving at every ebb a series of white cataracts that poured down to meet the incoming billows; and the enormous looming cliffs, smoking with spray, showed grandly through the wreathing mist and rain. So closed the night.

During the next five days it was the same dreary game of pitch and toss. The steamer was far too heavily laden. She was a vessel of 1400 tons, and carried 2100 tons of coal, enough to take her to San Francisco and back. Seas washed over the deck from morning to night. The chief saloon being situated on the main deck, and the after saloon down below in the stern, communication between the two was exceedingly difficult. The steward, at very uncertain intervals, carried provisions along by means of a life-line stretched from one door to the other. After a while, the seas poured down the companion way to the cabins below, from whence we heard, after every inundation, the plaintive cries of a large family of children. The waves, too, washed so persistently over the fore deck, that the poor steerage passengers were allowed the use of the hurricane deck, where they crouched all day round the warm funnel.

Every day the gale increased in violence. The engines were put at quarter speed, owing to the strong head seas. On the sixth day, the storm reached its climax. Every billow rose as solid-looking, unbroken, and as dark as lead, till its fluctuating ridge obscured the horizon, and stood out against the grey sky, an alarming exhibition of irresistible power. At two o'clock A.M., the wind rose to a howling tempest, with raging waves and vivid flashes of lightning. A terrific, towering sea broke like thunder over the steamer and submerged it from stem to stern. I was awakened, like everybody else, by the fearful noise, and by the icy-cold water rushing through the lattice-work of the berth, and soaking me to the skin. Getting up in a great hurry, my limbs found themselves in a two-foot depth of water, with boots, socks, and bundles washing about in every direction. The sea had poured over the foreyard, and swept the vessel fore and aft. It first carried away the butcher's shop, never more to be seen—then washed sheep and sheep-pens, pigs and pig-styes, hens and hen-coops, clean overboard—stove in the wheel-house—washed the boats adrift—broke into the captain's cabin, tore the door off its hinges, gashed open the captain's eye with it, and made a mess of his charts and sextants. Then rushing about the upper deck, it flung

about the meat-safe and heavy iron condenser—plunged with a great smash through the skylight of the saloon, strewing the floor with broken glass; and at the same time poured in one great wave into the engine-room and furnace-room, deluging the stokers and reaching to within an inch or so of the fires. Had another sea like this come over, the fires would have been extinguished, steerage-way lost, and we would all have gone to the bottom. The sea in its fury did not even spare two canaries in two cages, which little songsters had twittered away many a dull hour for us. Amid the great volumes of water, the birds were swept down from their airy perch inside the skylight, and the cages rolled pitiably about in the salt brine on the floor. But the poor, cold, bedraggled canaries were rescued from the flood, and a lady passenger compassionately placed them in her bosom. Revived by the gentle warmth, the almost lifeless birds regained their animation, and uttered feeble chirrups. They were again restored to their former mansions; and when bright skies appeared, the little pets sent forth many a joyous carol to the brilliant sunshine.

When the tons upon tons of water had poured into the saloon, the passengers hastily appeared in all stages of dress or undress. We jumped out, huddled on trousers, tucked them up high above the knees, and commenced saving boots, hats, bundles, boxes, and portmanteaus—removing them to high and dry security—treading warily to keep our bare feet from the broken glass that washed about like shingle with every heavy roll of the steamer, while stray tin basins floated violently against our shins. The captain himself soon appeared, with bandaged, bleeding face, and gave stentorian orders. Had the ship been on fire, more energetic efforts could not have been made. We stood in long line, ladling up the water with every possible utensil—some of the passengers handing along the full buckets, and some baling out with pots, pans, and shovels—the harsh scooping up of the water, the clatter of pails, and the chorus of voices shouting "Pass up the empties!" being almost drowned by the noise of the great volume of sea as it rolled backward and forward, lashing up five or six feet against the sides of the saloon with every roll, and pouring over the highest bunks. It seemed an age before we made any impression; but when we did notice some abatement in the water, our hearts rose more and more to the occasion. At last, at four o'clock in the morning, the work was done, after two hours of incessant hard labour. The soaking mattresses and bedclothes were heaped

up on the floor of the saloon, and we lay down to sleep on rugs. Then the stewards came round and gave tea to one, brandy to another, till we all forgot our troubles. This was our narrowest escape from disaster. At one time we thought we were lost altogether.

Next day the weather cleared. In the morning the steamer presented a woful spectacle. The decks were strewn with a chaos of wreckage—the door of the captain's cabin, the remnants of pens and coops, and three stoved-in boats. The companion-ladder was in pieces—the sky-light of the engine-room completely smashed—railings twisted like cork-screws—and a strong iron ventilator punched in like a cocked hat. The hardest heart, too, would have been touched by the affecting sight of a scraggy, drenched hen roosting with sad feeble eye amongst the skeleton wreck of its old coop, to which the fowl still seemed to cling with a tender feeling. In time the rubbish was cleared away—the sun shone and dried the decks; and pale-faced ladies tottered up to the fresh air for the first time. Exhilarated by the weather, all the young men on board, and several old ones too, instinctively formed themselves into an impromptu troupe of Christy Minstrels, sitting along the saloon skylight, going through a long programme of songs and choruses, laughing, singing, and joking.

On the ninth day out we approached Auckland. The steamer was four days overdue; and the New Zealand people were hardly expecting to see us at all. Before leaving, we took on board three carpenters, who were going with us to San Francisco and back for the sole purpose of repairing the damage done to the ship during the storm.

Our experiences during the run from Auckland to Honolulu were delightful in the extreme. All was sunshine and pleasure. We had not long left New Zealand when a public meeting was held in the saloon, and an entertainment committee elected, which sub-divided itself into a concert-programme committee and a dance committee. During the day of the concert the programme was tacked up outside the cabin, with such notices as "Boats and life-buoys may be ordered at ten." The entertainments were held sometimes in the saloon and sometimes on deck, according to the temperature. Nearly all the passengers could sing, and our little piano was brought out of the hold for the occasion. A hale, well-built old Scotsman, an Otago squatter, sang quaint old Scotch lyrics, his pronounced accent being received as excellent humour by the English passen-

gers; a Highlander, also from New Zealand, gave songs in Gaelic; and Captain Grainger, a bluff, stout, genial fellow, sang regularly at every concert a funny song called "Noah's Ark," which detailed the entrance of the various animals thereinto, the stuttering manner in which he told how "the hip-ip-ip-popotamus stuck in the door" always causing uproarious laughter.

Like the concerts, the dances were a great feature. Equally successful was the newspaper. An empty cigar-box, with a slit on the top of it, was hung up in the saloon to receive contributions. The editor was one of the United States Transit of Venus Commission—a frank, affable young American. The newspaper was publicly read on the evening of publication. Not the least noteworthy of the institutions on board the steamer was the morning service held every Sunday in the cabin. The captain read the Litany, the purser officiated as clerk, and a good choir was organised amongst the passengers.

We were sixteen days on the passage from Auckland to the Sandwich Islands. There was no hot weather to speak of—the thermometer at no time stood over 83°—and the trip was the coolest known for a long time. Best of all, the passengers were hearty, enjoyable people. There was not the slightest stiffness, and everybody seemed bent on making everybody else happy. Time went swiftly on golden wings, and we look back upon this journey as a bright spot in our lives.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE SANDWICH ISLANDS—HONOLULU—TROPICAL SCENERY—THE KANAKAS.

NEAR the close of a summer afternoon, in weather surprisingly temperate for that season in the tropics, we steamed up towards the Sandwich Islands. First there was sighted an island, with its peak, 10,000 feet high, buried in the clouds; behind it, but lying a great deal farther off, a mountain 13,000 feet in height —both active craters, though not very busy at this time. Before us appeared the brown velvety outlines of the island upon which Honolulu is situated. Thick clouds hung over the higher parts of the island; and heavy rain-squalls, through which the setting sun shone with a softened yellow glow, frequently obscured the outlines of the land. When the sky cleared for a little, we saw the island to be very broken and serrated, with queer-shaped peaks and all the usual indications of volcanic country. After a gorgeous sunset, against which the wild grotesque sky-line of the land showed with striking effect, we came round in front of the town, which could only be seen in the darkness by its twinkling lights.

The steamer whistled again and again—rockets and blue lights were displayed—but no pilot came. At last our long-expected man, who, being a pilot, lived some distance inland, was seen approaching in a boat and lighting the small beacons of the harbour. Then he shot towards us, waving a red lantern and shouting out, "Back, back! you're over the reef!" He clambered up on board, telling the captain in Scotch accents that he, the pilot, had never been so frightened before, for a few moments more and the coral would have rent a hole in the steamer. When we were opposite the wharf, rain began to fall, and the operation of reaching the shore became more confusing. See! a boat shoots off from the side of the steamer. Hark! what hideous yells break forth upon the murky air! Six natives appear to be killing two others in the bows. The victims utter thrilling cries. They reach the shore. Fearful

shrieks! Then fresh yells from a party of rescue, determined to conquer the bloodthirsty villains by superior lung-power. A pitched battle ensues, a flapping of bare feet, two piercing cries, a low murmur of many voices, and the dark deed is over! "Good gracious!" we say to the man-at-the-wheel, "what has happened?" "Oh," he replied, "'specks them niggers have just taken a rope ashore!"

The wharf was covered in like a shed, and lighted at certain distances with flaring oil-lamps mounted on tall iron pedestals. By the aid of these we saw a host of glistening dusky faces, and, in the background, a great heap of bright-coloured fruit, amid which sat the cross-legged native vendors. Our passengers trooped down the gangway, pushed their way through the dense crowd of Kanakas, and commenced haggling over melons, bananas, mangoes, limes, plantains, and oranges—disputing prices and changing English money into Yankee dollars.

In the morning the little harbour, backed by the rugged volcanic mountains, was bright in the sun—its blue waters fringed with cocoa-nut groves and huts, and dotted here and there by a native canoe loaded with fruits of bright and varied colours. Behind the town appeared the sharp-cut outlines of the hills, forming a defined entrance to a deep valley. The general appearance of the place was pretty, with native houses in great numbers, and an irregularity of grouping that had quite a romantic air about it. Close to the wharf, though, were prosaic stores, bonded warehouses with large bold signs, a timber-yard, a harbour-office, and several other unromantic and untropical-looking buildings. We went into the town after breakfast, seeing on the road a battalion of marines belonging to two American war-vessels lying in the bay. The men as they marched and wheeled flaunted the Stars and Stripes—a proceeding at which we felt somewhat indignant, for we had not yet become accustomed to being under a foreign Government! The streets of Honolulu were narrow, quaint-looking, and lively. Many Chinese shops were to be seen, their fronts covered with red paper advertisements in Mongolian characters, while Chinamen bustled about their doors or drove past in light spring-carts. Every few steps a Kanaka could be seen toiling along between two lofty narrow bales or pillars of hay, seven or eight feet high, and sold for horse-feed. Down the narrow thoroughfares frequently dashed native equestrians at a headlong, dangerous pace—the women riding astraddle like the men, with long gay-coloured

scarfs floating out behind them—an amusing and at the same time picturesque sight. Walking along, we saw many important places of business—most of them owned by Americans, one or two by Scotsmen—and noticed also the store of a white man who is brother-in-law to King Kalakaua. From the top of Government House we had a lovely view of the town and harbour basking under a bright sun, with two graceful palms standing side by side in the near foreground, their slender tapering trunks rising eighty or ninety feet before they sent out a single branch.

During the whole of the morning the steamer had been besieged by natives with sorry-looking hacks for hire—miserable horses with Mexican saddles, which latter seemed like a house-roof of leather put upon the poor animal's back. The saddle had a large horn in front for hanging the lasso on, an appendage which never happens to be there, and which the unhappy stranger could not use if it were there, though he manages to get his money's worth out of the high pommel, by its digging itself continually into his stomach. Furthermore, the stirrups are covered with protecting leather shoes, and end at the heel in a big flap of waste leather, to keep the feet clean from splashes of mud or from damp in riding through long grass. Though the horses are shaggy and scraggy, yet you must not haul them about as you like, for the Mexican mustang has a spirit all its own and is very skittish. The state of affairs is not improved by the double bit, which you are cautioned "not to pull on." A fellow-passenger mounted one of these little brutes, pulled on the rein to steady himself, and the consequence was that the mustang instantly reared and threw its rider, stunning him for several minutes. The rest of our steamboat friends rode off carefully on their respective little steeds—a side-splitting exhibition, each equestrian being shaded with a straw hat of great circumference, the legs of the rider almost trailing on the ground, and the flaps of the stirrups going like fans with every jog of the animal.

Very few strangers fail to see the wonderful Pali or Pass lying at the back of Honolulu. Every traveller to Hawaii should make a point of witnessing this grand natural spectacle. We hired a waggonette from a Chinaman, another from a Kanaka, and were driven off by these nationalities. The two fellows talked to each other very glibly, for the Chinaman, in addition to "pigeon English," can talk Kanaka like a native. "John" finds it an easier language than the

white man's. After a drive through long avenues of tropical trees, and after passing a succession of alternate cottages and orchards, we came upon the hills. Going up the Pass, we travelled for six miles on a road of volcanic loam littered with stones, along a narrow and as well-defined a valley as one could imagine—its wild, abrupt slopes, with their stern, jagged, and occasionally cloud-hidden peaks, being on both sides almost of equal height. Reaching a slight hill at the end of the Pali, we left our vehicle, walked up, turned a sharp corner, and behold! we were on the edge of an abyss, high above an enormous sweeping landscape, that startled us by its sudden contrast to the cramping limits of the valley. It is a most stupendous and beautiful prospect. You stand still, feeling almost out of breath, and wondering if the little iron railing you are clinging to is safe; while you look and look, turning your eyes away at times as if to relieve the overcharged vision. Away beneath you spreads a vast expanse of country, flooded in sunshine, broken up into heaving brown billows covered with a dark surge of vegetation, and through it all stretching a blood-red road like a long sinuous serpent. To the left, the landscape rises in a prolonged steady swell, till it laps the base of a giant precipice—a sombre, heavy mountain mass, its face lined with downward ribs of rock, like a huge cathedral-wall, and its summit concealed by heavy clouds. At the foot of this towering cliff, but invisible because of distance or concealing foliage, lie some thousands of whitened human skulls and bones, the ghastly memorial of a hideous catastrophe long lost in the mists of tradition. Closer to you stands a peak like a massive tusk or horn, while other heights circle behind you, and a long causeway, a continuation of the valley-road, winds steeply down the sides of these eminences to the low-lying country. To your right, with magical effect, appear the tranquil waters of the Pacific, glistening under the full glare of noonday; and round the curving rim of the shore, a belt of light green shoal water, with a fringe of foam breaking white upon the coral reef, that lends a delicate charm to the mighty view. The mountains give majesty; the country far below excites a wondrous sense of freedom and expansion; the sea confers beauty and grace; the vegetation softens; and the tropical sun above sheds a warmth and brilliancy that first dazzle the eye and then sink gradually into the heart.

Human figures were not wanting to give additional interest to the scene. Up the long precipitous causeway came a party

of three native equestrians—one a woman, who rode of course in Hawaian fashion. Next came a Kanaka riding to town with a pack-horse, on each side of which hung a sack with a black pig's head sticking out of it. Then a party of six Spanish-looking priests, with shovel-hats and long black coats, riding on mustangs into the country. At different points along the road we were accosted by women and boys, who offered us green plants of various kinds for sale; but the only thing done by us in the botanical way was a raid on the rocks for ferns, which in these islands, like New Zealand, are so rife. On the way back, our Kanaka stopped and took us through "Queen Emma's Garden," the grounds belonging to the widow of a Hawaian King. We saw nothing save weeds and rank growth, but the native put a bold face on it, and acted the cicerone in an admirable manner, pointing out the arbour usually occupied by the Queen, and the trees specially admired by her Majesty. He was really a capital guide, and even when we discovered that this was not the garden of Queen Emma after all, we could hardly feel angry with the fellow.

The fruit here is plentiful and varied. The oranges of Honolulu are thin-skinned and dark-green in colour. They are not so palatable as the fruit of Parramatta, Australia; and I think an orange to be really enjoyable must be of a golden-yellow hue. The tamarind, a brittle brown pod, which on being opened discloses a dark kernel, is one of the sourest things in creation. It seems as if it had been raised in alum and watered with vinegar. We never ate it but we ate something else immediately after. Then there is the banana or plantain. You never think of this as fruit—you have an idea of food more than of fruit—while its flavour reminds one more of a perfume than a taste. Before you eat it you peel off the green skin, letting it droop in strips over your fingers, and disclosing the white cigar-shaped fruit, which you nip off bit by bit with your teeth. The liking for the banana grows upon you, and very seldom palls. We shall long remember our first taste of a Honolulu banana, so exquisite was its flavour. The mango is *the* fruit of Hawaii, though I confess to no great liking for it. I was told that after eating it I would turn up my nose at strawberries and cream, but my nasal organ has still a leaning towards that princely dish. The mango is pear-shaped, something of an apple in colour, and when peeled, looks like a moist carrot. It is a very deceiving fruit. It appears soft and melting, but whenever you bite it you feel your molars grating

against a large stone in the centre, a hitherto invisible juice messes itself over your lips and fingers, mysterious stringy threads get between your teeth, and a taste of mingled carrot, gooseberry, and turnip fills your mouth. In India you eat the mango just before you take your bath, and I can hardly think of a better time. However, even if there had been nothing but the banana, we would have praised the fruit of Honolulu.

The Kanakas are very like the Maories of New Zealand—something the same in feature, and very much the same in language. They all appear to be well off, and have a feeling of plenty and comfort. There is nothing of the serf about them. There are, of course, lazy wharf-loafers among them, as there are idle, good-for-nothing persons with us; but the natives in general are industrious and in good circumstances. They are quiet, well dressed, healthy people. The women attire themselves in long flowing gowns, tied high up about the chest, so that their waists appear to be under their armpits. The men dress in modification of European costume. Their favourite food is "poi," made of ground taro-root and water, in a state of fermentation—a kind of vegetable food—the Kanakas being in this respect different from their forefathers, who in the days of Captain Cook went in more for (to put it mildly) a carnivorous diet. There are different stages of "poi." We once saw a native pounding away at a large mass of dough with a flat-headed pestle. This was "hard poi." It is eaten with the fingers. There is, for example, "one-finger poi," which you poultice your finger with, and by adroit balancing convey to your mouth. There is also a further stage of fermentation, "two-finger poi," when it becomes so thin that two fingers are required to lift it. Then there are more stages still—"three and four-finger poi," till you reach "hand poi," when the watery mixture has to be scooped into the mouth. This poi is nothing else than paste. Indeed, a Honolulu damsel (a white girl) told us she used poi to stick pictures in her scrap-book. This same young lady had a most extraordinary fondness for poi—most persons that like it have. If brought up to it from earliest infancy one could possibly eat it, but a passing traveller should not waste his time upon it. The taro grows like water-cress. The poi-plant is amphibious, and has to be periodically flooded.

Life in these islands must be very pleasant. The sun is never very hot. Any exertion, we found, brought out the perspiration; but the heat was never troublesome. There is

always a nice breeze blowing. All the white people we met enjoyed the climate. Certain classes of invalids might perhaps find it very beneficial—consumptives and others would take kindly to the warm, genial temperature. Society here, thanks to the British and American war-vessels in port, is dignified by the presence of naval officers, who honour balls and parties with their uniforms. The general community of white people, however, is very quiet and homely. Any stranger arriving to take up his or her abode here, is welcomed with outstretched arms as a novelty, and open house is kept in his or her honour. The ladies call each other by their Christian name, in the most friendly manner. More than that, if a lady has a dress she doesn't care for, or one that is superfluous, she sells it to a friend; and if, on the other hand, she sees her neighbour with any nice article of attire, she immediately buys it if possible. There is no such thing in Honolulu as throwing away old dresses—they are a marketable commodity. One Honolulu lady we afterwards saw in San Francisco, buying there a great amount of artificial flowers, and saying, "I've bought more than I want, of course, but then when I go back home the folks will be crowding round me to buy them!" This lady also said she intended purchasing a new bonnet, for the one she was then wearing was uncomfortable, and she meant to sell it on her return. The community is altogether unique.

Hawaii (Ha-wy-ee), or Owyhee, as Captain Cook spelt it, contains 3000 white people. The Yankees are of course the most numerous—Englishmen come next—then Scotsmen, of whom there are seventy in the islands. The Kanakas and the other coloured races number 40,000. The natives govern themselves at present, Hawaii being a kingdom under King Kalakaua. A short time ago King Kamehameha died, and a small revolution took place. The lamented monarch had left no heir, so there occurred an election-fight, or "insurrection"—the opposition being instigated by Queen Emma, who had no claims to the throne saving the fact of her being the widow of a former king. The natives are dying out slowly—slower than most savages, I should think. When the time comes, as come it assuredly will, in which Americans will outnumber the natives, there will be annexation to the United States, though it is very doubtful whether the Kanakas will be better off than they are now. A host of Yankee speculators will inundate the islands, and our brown-faced friends will go to the wall. At present they "rule the roast," have the majority of votes, and

govern themselves to their own and their fellow-citizens' satisfaction.

During the afternoon, the Kanaka girls coaxed the passengers to purchase wreaths of yellow immortelles—everybody buying one, till all on board looked as if they belonged to an army of imperishables. A score or so of natives were sending a continuous stream of sugar-bags down a plank into the hold; while in the depths of the steamer, other natives, stripped to the waist, toiled over the cargo, their bare brown backs covered with a sheet of perspiration that glistened with every turn of their lithe bodies. The native boys, too, were not idle, for they swam alongside the steamer, calling upon the passengers to throw money overboard. A sixpence was pitched into the water, and seven or eight of the boys dived in search of it, the lucky finder emerging and exhibiting the coin in triumph. Something like eighteen or twenty urchins now took to the water, and the passengers plied them with quarter-dollars and sixpences. Nothing else was admissible, for a cent or a penny or any copper coin was allowed to sink to the bottom unnoticed. When this sport had finished, the passengers arranged a swimming match amongst the boys, who were to accomplish some fifty or sixty yards. About thirty of the little fellows, in a state of innocence, stood in a long brown row upon the wharf, waiting for the starting signal from the boatswain. When this was given, they plunged in simultaneously with a great splash, and in a second the water was dotted with puffing heads. One by one the boys dropped off exhausted, and the solitary chap that reached the goal had to be hauled up breathless on the wharf.

We took on a number of new passengers, including five or six officers of the American war-steamer "Pensacola," then lying in port. Towards evening, when all the cargo was on board the steamer, and stillness prevailed, the brass band of the man-of-war put off in a boat and serenaded the officers. The musicians, with softly-plashing oar, rowed slowly backward and forward alongside our steamer—their boat brilliantly illuminated with lamps, and shining like an enchanted barge or Venetian gondola as it glided and hovered about us. The music came floating over the water with mellowed tone. When the band finished a tune the passengers burst out with a stirring American song—instrumental and vocal music alternating for about an hour. At last the officers on board gave "Three cheers for those we leave behind." Then we steamed off amid

the strains of "Auld Lang Syne," played by the band and joined in by everyone on board, while the man-of-war showed a series of coloured lights—its spars and yards standing out boldly blue, green, and red against the darkness. So ended our short stay of twenty-four hours—how we wished it had been a fortnight!—in this Pacific Paradise.

The remainder of the voyage was delightful. On the 4th of July the Americans held their great celebration by standing round the saloon table and drinking solemnly the toast of "the Day," following it by a verse of the "Star-Spangled Banner." On this trip, as on most others, the steamer was crowded. This seems to be a favourite route to and from Australia, and it will become much more so when better steamers are put on, and more reliable connections made with the great Pacific Railway. Of course the journey is expensive. The fare from Sydney to San Francisco is £40, from San Francisco to New York £32, from New York to Liverpool, say £18—a total of £90 for bare travelling expenses alone. A person, however, who wishes to see America, or secure an interesting trip to Australia within the space of forty-eight or fifty days from Liverpool, will find this route all that could be desired. In nine days from Honolulu, thirty-one days from Sydney in all, we had arrived at San Francisco.

CHAPTER XXV.

CALIFORNIA—SAN FRANCISCO—THE CITY AND THE PEOPLE—OAKLAND—SAN JOSE—SACRAMENTO.

On a cold misty morning in July, we approached the shores of California. The white sea-fogs, characteristic of the Pacific Coast during this certain season of the year, had descended and obscured the view; but as we neared the Golden Gate, the entrance to the harbour of San Francisco, the sky gradually cleared, and we beheld the high sunny slopes that converge towards the Heads. Here and there white sails dotted the blue of the ocean, one of them the boat of the pilot; and, having hailed that important person—who in all parts of the world is equally self-sufficient, as if, being the marine guide of the ship, he were also the mental, moral, and spiritual adviser of every one on board—we made for the entrance to the bay. The interesting Seal Rock was passed, on which we saw numbers of huge sea-lions basking in the sun. Then near it the Cliff House, a hotel half obscured by its large sign-board, and the favourite sea-view of the city folks. Then, farther in, an old Spanish fort, suggestive of the time when San Francisco was the site of a Roman Catholic mission—a heavy, square fortress close to the water's edge, with cannon on its big flat roof, and looking as if settling into the harbour by reason of its own dead weight. On either shore were the numerous fortifications, consisting of earthworks and embrasures, with which the valiant Californians intend to crush invading Chinese junks or hostile canoes from Honolulu. Ahead of us appeared the island that fronts the city and graces this capacious bay; while a point of land drawing off, displayed an unsatisfactory back view of the arid heights of this great occidental metropolis, which might have been called Sand Francisco without the smallest injustice.

Moored to the wharf, the vessel was instantly boarded by an unbroken string of hotel-runners, who trooped up the gangway, each with a metal badge upon his breast, and each shouting

out the name of his hotel in true American accent, a strong nasal twang with a ring of the dollar about it—adding "Free Coach" as an extra inducement, and each feverishly jerking his cards into the unwilling hands of the passengers, every one of whom feels after a while that this is an interesting round game of hotels, and he holds all the trumps. Having fixed upon one fellow, who bespeaks us urgently for his "ho-tel" (not any sort of "tel," mind you, but a *ho*-tel), we are conveyed to that unrivalled building in a carriage and pair, elegant and well-horsed, as are all the hackney-cabs in the city.

San Francisco is situated on the extremity of a peninsula seventy-five miles long and averaging twelve miles broad, stretching north between San Francisco Bay on the east and the Pacific Ocean on the west. The city, considering its uninviting birthplace among the barren sand-dunes, has made great progress since its infancy. It has grand streets now, though some might have been wider, and splendid blocks of buildings, high, ornamental, and continuous. The more important streets run along the level part of the city, but numbers of the lesser thoroughfares are hilly. Montgomery Street is the chief street, and from one end of it you look down a long avenue that seems narrower than it really is by the magnificent buildings on either hand—the view being shut off by the colossal proportions of the white, new Palace Hotel. You feel yourself at once in an American town by the peculiar lettering of the shop-signs, and the advertising banners that seem hung across the streets for the express purpose of disfiguring the prospect. The large number of palatial hotels also strikes the unfortunate stranger, who is astonished at the way in which the charges are kept up, despite the number of rival houses. The city is expanding every week, and dwelling-houses are going up by the score. The population is steadily increasing, and the census of the city may be put down at 200,000.

Among the run of large stores, hotels, and agencies—agencies for this and agencies for that—for everything, whether it be stocks, grain, or railway-tickets, is sold on commission—you notice the money-changer's shop, its windows filled with greenbacks, and piles of glittering new dollars—then the cigar-shop, in front of which you do not see the well-known effigy of the Highlander, but a more poetical figure of a Red Indian shading his eyes from the setting sun—then the premises of the artist in "ladies' capillary goods," who unblushingly advertises that he has on hand all kinds of Human Hair—then the barber's

shop, gorgeous in rainbow stripes, and fluttering all over with star-spangled bannerets; and the beer and whisky saloons, that burrow like mines below the ground, and from whence at night a sound of dancing and fiddling seems to come welling up through the pavement beneath your feet. In these latter places resorts all the rowdy element, and now and again you hear of a man being shot or stabbed, though the pistol and knife are not nearly so common as they were some years ago.

The prominent buildings, such as churches, halls, and theatres, are all worthy of notice—the first emphatically so; though among the last-named the California Theatre, which is the best in San Francisco, and most of which has a democratic uniformity of seating and price, is far inferior to the Theatre Royal of Melbourne. The post-office is a dingy, dirty building, that a person puts his letters into with a kind of distrust, there being such an air of incompetency about the whole department. The vestibule, too, is filthy, for the roof hangs with cigar-smoke, while the floor is marked with saliva and ornamented with dried tobacco quids. "Gentlemen are Requested not to Spit" is an everyday regulation here. Houses, stores, hotels, theatres, and concert-halls have a plentiful supply of spitoons, which to the newcomer are a great eye-sore, he always associating these disagreeable utensils with sanded parlours, and not with an elegantly-carpeted room. Nearly every man smokes—not the common, vulgar pipe, but the fragrant cigar. One of our fellow-passengers, a young English gentleman, came to us one day with a face of great concern. "Would you believe it?" said he, "I can't get a good meerschaum in the whole city."

We took up our abode at the Grand Hotel, which well justifies its name, being a splendid building of four storeys, graced with towers and a multitude of elegant windows, and occupying a prominent corner. We could hardly get rooms at first, the hotel was so crowded, and we had to find accommodation in remote parts of the building. There being no lift, we had to use our limbs pretty freely, and after going along the weary stretch of passages and down the long flight of stairs, one did not feel much inclined for a walk. In the spacious dining-room three hundred persons could sit down at once. It was a large building, but utterly dwarfed by being opposite the great new Palace Hotel. This latter has been put up in defiance of the earthquakes that occasionally "shog" the Pacific Slope. It is a big thing, "I guess"—the biggest thing of the kind in the world. But the "thing" has been overdone, and architecturally

it is a failure. Sober-minded people, of whom there are a few here, shake their heads and regard it as only a kind of superior barracks. The very Chinaman no doubt thinks it "too muchee." Its "hugeosity" is only equalled by its "uglitude."

This is the city of great extravagance, lavish expenditure, fast living, and excitement. Men weary their brains over stocks and shares till no one wonders that the lunatic asylum of California is the largest in the United States. There is a strong tendency here to aim exclusively at wealth, as if money were the sole object of one's life. A marked looseness of living and dissipation of thought exists. Such-and-such a man was pointed out to us as being "famous" (*Anglicè*, notorious) for certain questionable transactions; and this lady here was described as being the "smartest woman in San Francisco," one who "drove the flashest team in all the city." At one of our concerts there was present a lady who had shot a man. She had been tried for the murder, and had been sentenced to be hung, when it was discovered she possessed forty thousand dollars. Of course, a new trial was immediately asked for—an "intelligent" jury said "Not guilty," and the woman goes free to this day. It would seem that a strong feeling of equality exists here. Being one forenoon in a printing-office, I saw a group of persons round the clerk's desk—the employer standing surrounded by the foreman and several others of the work-people. They were engaged anxiously looking over the prize-list of a lottery. "Oh," said the master, "tut, tut, I had the number just before the lucky one." "And I," growled a small printer's "deil" with a smudge on his nose—"I had the one after!"

The population is very cosmopolitan, consisting of Germans, Frenchmen, Mexicans, Norwegians, "Britishers," Americans—speculators and adventurers from every quarter of the globe. The number of hawk-eyed men we met in the streets was remarkable, and one felt that in a short time he might become hawk-eyed too. A morbid business spirit prevails. Everything seems undertaken as if the end of the world were next week, and much had yet to be done. Nearly every man you meet has the word "dollars" on his tongue. If you loiter on the pavement, you are jostled against by the high-pressure individuals that hurry past—the excitement even extending into the hotel, where men dine in haste. The newspapers are a mass of news, gossip, attacks on opposing politicians, and glaring personalities. We repeatedly read articles and speeches

that in England would have ended in the Court, and in France would have been settled at thirty paces, but which in this highly-strung city afforded spicy food for newspaper readers, and, as far as I recollect, were never answered.

All things here are advertised to death. Political, social, and religious meetings are placarded as if money were not the slightest object. Amusements go into large-lettered hysterics. Pills and every imaginable medicine glare in elephantine letters of white paint on the hoardings. Looking up the grand vista of fashionable Montgomery Street, we see "Gin Cocktails" placarded all along the curb-stones. The Eastern railways puff their lines like any tradesman. Here they have their branch offices, and the struggle for advertising life is great. At odd moments we got large elaborate pamphlets in praise of one unrivalled line—again, a sumptuously illustrated *brochure* of another unequalled picturesque route—while at our hotel we discovered a large envelope with flaming red letters, "Important to Travellers," which turned out to be still yet another unsurpassable railroad. An enterprising Yankee-speaking agent, the most flagrant professor of "nasology" we ever came across, scented us out as new arrivals, hovered about us, button-holed us, and promulgated the great advantage of taking his special route—stating also that "he'd fix us up all straight," "wouldn't fight shy over heff a dollar," and "would be happy to show us any attention while in town." The hotels, omnibuses, street cars, and shop-windows are full of railway advertisements, with photographs of the sleeping and eating cars. The scenery, too, of the various routes is enlarged upon with most fulsome praises, till one sympathises with the vigorous protest once made by Burns when requested to admire a landscape. A great charm in scenery lies in your finding out beauties for yourself, putting your copyright upon what you fancy to be your own original discovery. The lovely valley of Yosemite being dinned into one's ears every hour of the day, began to pall. Its praises are trumpeted in a "highfalutin" way, along with recommendations to take So-and-so's route, which is "carefully watered during the season," vehement requests to hire horses at Thingumbob's "ranch" or farm, and frantic appeals to eat the excellent dinner prepared at Mr Blank's House in the Valley.

A large portion of San Francisco is given over to thousands of Chinese, who inhabit what is called China Town, and many of whom have really excellent stores. These industrious Asiatics are eating their way into the city,

one of their latest conquests being that of an old hotel, which they have completely taken possession of, like ants. The scenes on the streets will live in the memory of any one who visits this quarter. Here will be seen numbers of Chinese women, with their quaint chignons; also Chinese boys and Chinese babies, not to be seen in any other town outside of the Celestial Empire. Hundreds of Chinamen, all as like as two peas, swarm along the pavements, their dark hats and dark blue blouses giving a sombre colour to the view, which is, however, enlivened by the gay paper lamps and ornamental verandahs that grace so many of the buildings. Everywhere we saw wretched haunts, opium dens, and gambling resorts—each of them down a flight of stairs, below the level of the street, with the prostrate forms of the Chinamen seen dimly through the thickly-hanging smoke. In the opium dens, the torpid Celestials are stowed away two deep on shelves—the charge being about "half a dollar a dream!" We purchased a silk handkerchief at a clothier's, where a lot of Chinamen were working at sewing-machines, and smoking long-stemmed pipes. In our shopping in San Francisco we were a little puzzled with the coins called "bits." A "short bit" is ten cents, a "long bit" is twelve and a half. A stranger is much perplexed, for there is this peculiarity, that when you pay anybody, it must always be the long bit; when anybody pays *you*, it's the short bit!

Many trades are in full swing in China Town, for John appears in one place as an industrious butcher, cutting up very scraggy meat and dispensing mysterious "interiors" to the lank-faced customers—in another, hard at work pegging shoes—in another making cigars, a business he has entirely monopolised to the exclusion of white workmen—in another, industriously keeping up his reputation as laundryman, ironing away at shirt "bosoms," and anon, after bulging his cheeks with water, squirting the liquid in thin spray over the linen. This last business, like that of cigar-making, is entirely in the hands of the Chinese, for, living inexpensively, they can work cheaper than the white. Some years ago, feeling rose high against John, and the boys frequently stoned him through the streets. Pat bears a mortal grudge against the Chinaman, for he finds the latter a powerful rival as a common labourer. Most of the Chinese in California are hired from the Flowery Land by Chinese capitalists in San Francisco. These employers—who have possession of the poor creatures under

certain conditions, such as seeing them safely back to their own country after expiry of their servitude, or shipping their bodies carefully if dead—lend out the Chinamen in gangs to the various works in progress. As the Celestial never goes "on the spree" he is a great acquisition, and is much appreciated by the road-contractors and farmers. But the Californians as a body are opposed to the influx of the Celestials. The great problem with them is, how far will this Chinese flood spread? It is no joke to tap a reservoir of three hundred million people. The great Republic is supposed to welcome every creed and colour, but shows some reluctance in embracing the Chinaman.

Outwardly, San Francisco has little or no Sabbath. On Sunday morning there is not much contrast to the business and traffic that closed on Saturday night. A great many stores are open—drinking-saloons, ice-cream restaurants, druggists, clothiers, booksellers—nearly every kind of shop. You can only tell the day by hearing a church bell, or seeing the breakfast hour altered on the bill of fare. The boot-black plies on the side-walk. Street cars convey their loads to "Woodward's Pleasure Gardens." The newspapers are published as usual, with the full theatrical news of the week, and are for sale on tables in the passages of the hotels, for the convenience of the guests at breakfast time. The streets throng with idlers, while numbers are whirling off to pic-nics. At night, the opera-house, theatre, and music-hall are open; while now and then a lively brass band confirms the secularity of the day or night. There is no rest for mind, body, or spirit in this bustling city. Seven working days are too many for man and beast. Yet there is no lack of churches, and some of them with very good congregations too.

In San Francisco there is the greatest possible contrast between the shade and the sun. On one pavement it will be dull and bleak, on the other sunny and hot—on one side greatcoats, on the other linen "dusters." The general temperature of the forenoon is warm and radiant; but in the afternoon, as sure as the clock, the sea-fogs send their cold breath over the city. These temper the atmosphere, so that while the people of New York swelter in heat, the San Franciscans enjoy a comparatively mild summer. The death-rate, they tell you, is lower here than in any other city in the world. California has a more equable climate than the Eastern States. Snow, save on the mountains, is unknown in winter, that season being represented, as in Australia, by a period of rains.

We crossed the Bay to Oakland, the popular suburb of San Francisco. The white, double-decked steamer arrived at a wharf with a wedge-shaped indentation, into which the vessel was steered, the converging sides of the wharf bringing the steamer to a dead stop. The deck being on a level with the wharf, you could scarcely tell where one ended and the other began. Oakland, so called because it is situated in a grove of evergreen oaks, is a pretty town, with the trees all in and about it. The railway, as in most American towns, runs up the middle of the street, with occasional wooden platforms near the side-walk for the convenience of passengers dropping off here and there through the city. The Yankees act on the principle that every man is able to take care of himself. They do not fence in the railways, and think the locomotive-bell sufficient warning when passing through settled districts. Oh, how can the Americans put up with that bell! The Britisher can endure the dulcet whistle, but could he stand the bell? Never! Every engine was like a church in motion, and Oakland seemed blest with a perpetual Sabbath. The huge locomotive and the string of "cars" seemed to fill up the whole street as the train rolled past the hotel. The railway carriages look for all the world like big circus waggons, what with their being half as long again as the English carriage, painted bright-yellow, and entered from either end by a glass door, reached by steps leading on to a platform—the resemblance to a "caravan" being further increased by the stove-pipe protruding through the roof. Inside, you see a long row of red-cushioned seats running down either side of the car—each holding two persons, who sit with their faces towards the engine, but the back of the seat capable of being reversed, so as to bring a party of four face to face. There are about fifteen of these squat sofas on each side, so that one car will hold sixty passengers. There is a "patent" stove at the end of every car; a "patent" drinking-tap also, with other accommodations that could be mentioned; racks overhead for little bundles; and, running along the roof, within reach of the passengers, a "patent" signal-line communicating with the engine-driver, who seems to be the only thing about the train that is *not* patent. For safety, also, there are air-brakes, "patent" of course, that the engineer can put on the whole length of the train; also a patent contrivance to prevent the telescoping of cars in a collision; and, furthermore, a set of patent couplers, that can be disconnected by patent rods, when it becomes patent an accident is imminent. The railway

train is not an object of alarm or dread here. Vehicles drive calmly across the track of an advancing engine, and boys skip playfully almost under the shadow of its large funnel. The locomotive is a domesticated monster—the American has metaphorically taken it to the bosom of his family.

Railways are well managed here. There is not the jamming at a small window to purchase your ticket a few minutes before the train starts. You can engage your sleeping-berths as if you were going on a sea-voyage, and buy your ticket a day or two beforehand, if you like, at one of the various agencies scattered through every large town. Neither do you have to look vigilantly after your luggage at the different stations or junctions. When you come to the depôt, you give your trunks in charge of the baggage-master, who carries a large iron ring, on which is strung some scores of brass labels hung by little leather straps, and who appears with the look of a man about to confer badges of honour upon all around him. He affixes to each article of luggage one of the numbered brass "checks," the duplicate of which he hands to you. You have no trouble whatever. On the other hand, in no part of the world will your trunks receive worse handling than on an American railroad, for the porters pitch them about as if they were made of cast-iron. Experienced travellers now carry trunks that look as if they were armour-plated. One box of ours, that would have lasted many a day in the old country, was totally destroyed here in a single journey. The sides were "caved in," the top broken, the bottom split, the fragments only held together by a skeleton framework of roping—so ruined, in fact, that we immediately gave it to the hotel-porter for firewood. To any one travelling in the States we would recommend a strong basket as the best article to withstand the onslaughts of Yankee "baggage-smashers."

San José, the most beautiful town in the State of California, lies in the Santa Clara valley, fifty miles south of San Francisco. As you arrive, the train for a long distance slowly "tolls" its way down a narrow, winding lane of sweet-smelling orchards, with the fruit hanging thickly on each side of the cars, almost within reach of the hand. Truly it is the "Garden of California." Nature smiles upon it—the skies are blue, the air balmy—fruits and flowers grow in an exceeding profusion. All the thoroughfares are roads lined with trees, which relieve the staring appearance of the streets and form the most inviting walks. It is a perfectly enchanting spot, and seems built in

the midst of botanical gardens. Through the masses of foliage appear the prettiest and snuggest of villas, of all styles and sizes—the eye bathing in a brilliant greenness reflected from the soft turf that spreads in front of these elegant mansions. The grass plots, kept ever verdant under the hot sun by refreshing fountains, are ornamented in their centres by the choicest flowers, displayed in large mounted vases. Emerald lawns, gardens, and orchards are to be seen at every turn, while the odour of fruits, flowers, and rich-clover grass fills the air.

The Mexican element, noticeable all over California, and chargeable with the introduction of a large vocabulary of Spanish phrases, is very strong in San José. Mexicans ride about the streets on their mustangs. At the hotel, too, there were Mexican waiters, sallow-faced, moustached fellows, who looked far too picturesque for restaurant business, spoke in broken English, and darted about as if in prosecution of a vendetta, fiercely and fierily reciting the bill of fare:—"Beef, mutton, pork-an'-beans, 'stooed' tomatoes, veal, tongue, fried-brains-in-crumbs, corned beef, tea, coffee—which?" threatening us thus with a long list of viands. There is quite a mixture of nationalities here, as was shown once in a funny way; for, happening to be in an ironfoundry during an important cooling operation, we heard the foreman suddenly call out in haste, "L'eau l'eau, aqua aqua, wasser wasser—water, you beggars, hurry up!"

In San José is located the Normal School of the State. Oakland possesses the State University, and a number of public schools. Education at the public schools is free, and all nationalities of children attend them. Of the instruction given at these schools we know little; but, judging from a school reading-book that we picked up, it must be more liberal than that of the old country, this volume containing several of Hood's punning poems, and one of Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures! The girls are kept at school for a longer period than the boys. In using the term "school-girl," the stranger is apt to fall into the mistake of supposing that all young ladies over seventeen or eighteen years of age have ceased to be educated. The female American very often remains at school till she is twenty or twenty-one, so that if you were called upon to address a "girl's class," as one of our party was, you would be very much taken aback when some rows of demure, grown-up young ladies met your astonished gaze. The result of this extra superfine polishing of the female intellect is that the

ladies of America are superior in what are called accomplishments. The boys are taken from school at an earlier age, and consequently time is spent with them in the more practical branches—there being also, throughout the country, a great many "business colleges," at which the youthful mind is trained for the serious battle of life.

During our Sundays in San Francisco and San José, we had a good opportunity of hearing American psalmody. One showy church left all the service of praise to the salaried vocalists, who performed each behind a music-stand upon an open platform. When the garish organ had concluded a showy voluntary, the choir of four stood up and rendered a florid anthem, the congregation listening as dumb as mice; and no wonder, considering the numerous duets, trios, fugues, and runs with which the piece was interspersed. Another church had a choir, numbering about one dozen, which sang several elaborately-set hymns and one or two anthems like those in vogue during the palmy days of R. A. Smith, the musical resources being further augmented by a cornet and a flute! Then the congregation, led by the choir, sang a hymn to one of the characterless melodies that are the bane of American psalmody. The amount of feeble church-music that obtains in the land, the musical "pap," the adaptations of this and that, and the weak original anthems without end are something wonderful. Though the pride that prompts a cultivation of "home-made" music is pardonable, yet an abolition of all such inane works as "Angel Harps," "Celestial Strains," "Golden Lyres," "Heavenly Pearls," "Lutes of Zion," and an introduction of solid intelligent psalmody, substantial alike in words and music, would be a great boon to the churches of America.

The tendency of the Americans is to secularise. The Congregational Church at Sacramento is used constantly through the week as a public hall for respectable entertainments and public meetings. The Americans have not, like us, the same hallowing respect for mere buildings. There is not the same line sharply marking the difference between things sacred and secular—they are blended more—there is no great gulf between Sunday and Monday. One San Francisco clergyman, whom we knew, used to promenade the principal streets during the afternoon smoking a cigar, and his dress by no means proclaiming his vocation. Being remonstrated with by two of his elders (who, if Americans, must have been more than usually strict), he replied that he saw no virtue in a white neck-cloth, no harm

in a cigar, and with this overwhelming argument the matter dropped.

The Sunday-school is an excellently-managed institution in America. One school we were in had a large gathering of the congregation present, which was a very satisfactory feature. The superintendent, dressed in light trousers, vest, white coat, and blue necktie (for the weather was warm), gave out a hymn in a bluff, manly tone, and the children sang lustily and well. They had been previously told to do their best, for "strangers from a foreign clime" (Scotland!) "were to listen to their efforts." Another school, which, like most Sunday-schools, was held in a hall beneath the church, afforded us an opportunity of hearing how secular airs are adapted to sacred words—the "Old Folks at Home" serving as the vehicle for one hymn, and "Scots wha ha'e" proving excellent music for the militant words of another. The children were accompanied on the piano by a rather foppish young man, who played a most irrelevant, florid symphony between each of the verses. At San José we were invited by a clergyman to sing a few pieces to his Sunday-school. When he finished his sermon, he said, "Brethren, I hope you won't leave now at the end of the service, but stay and attend Sunday-school, for I can tell you there's to be a rare treat to-day. My Scotch brother, Mr Kennedy, who is now making canvass of this country, is to sing and speak to the young folks. Our Scotch friends are to sing in this town for three nights, too, and I must say they're excellent, for I heard them myself in San Francisco, and advise you all to go." This looked so unblushing an advertisement that we "new arrivals" were dumfoundered; but we afterwards got more into the ways of this original country! A good many of the congregation remained, and we were introduced by the minister—after which the "Scotch brother" spoke a few words to the scholars. Previous to the singing of some sacred pieces, or what the minister called "songs"—for everything, whether it be a hymn, glee, duet, or trio, is a "song" in America—the clergyman made a little speech on the great importance of singing, both in school and church, and concluded by stating his belief that "the songs sung here below were echoed from the other side the dark flood by those upon the golden shore." The minister, who was a big-built man with a strong flow of animal life and spirits, and all the appearance of one who lived much in the open air, conducted the singing of the children with great vigour, beating time with

a wave of his book, occasionally turning his back upon the assembly, and walking off, as if abstracted in the sweet thoughts of the words. The performance of one piece did not please him at all, and the way he corrected it was very characteristic of the freedom of manner existing even in things sacred. "Now, children," he cried, stopping them, "if your uncle were to give you a half dollar, you wouldn't go to your ma and say in a mournful tone of voice, 'Ma, there's uncle been and given me fifty cents.' No, you'd rush up and exclaim, 'Ma! only fancy! dear Uncle John! you'll never guess what he's gone an' done! he's ginn me a whole half dollar all to myself!' And so you sing as if you only half believed it, in this sleepy way" (mimicking the scholars):—"'I—loave—to t-e-l-l the stoary! when you should shout it with heart and soul," and the minister, with a sweep of his book, again started the hymn, the children singing with certainly a great increase of enthusiasm.

Stockton was the hottest place we had visited in California, the thermometer at one time registering 100° in the shade. The hotel swarmed with flies, and the dining-table was obscured with clouds of the insects. Though the average temperature is lower than in Australia, we felt the oppressive weather very much. From Stockton we went to Sacramento, passing Lathrop, where you change for Yosemite, and where we saw a big grisly bear enclosed in a cage on the platform for the amusement of passengers. Sacramento was an enjoyable town. Strange to say, it is the capital of California, though the population is only a few thousands. Doubtless its central position in the State must have influenced the selection. The Capitol is of course situated here, and is an imposing building, on the plan of the one at Washington, though of course much smaller.

We saw a great political meeting here. In a few weeks there was to be an important election of State officials, ranging from senator down to police-sergeant. The whole country was in agitation. This town, like every other, was rent into factions, and the Democrats were vigorously canvassing their "ticket," denouncing the Republicans as having a weak "platform," or unsound policy, while the latter were equally vehement in return. Good gracious, that surely must be a fire! A strong ruddy gleam strikes through our window, and the whole street is lighted up with a bright glare. The church opposite looks as clear as at noonday, and the belfry glows vividly in the black night sky. We can scarcely believe our eyes. An

immense bonfire flares right in the middle of the street, with scores of boys dancing round it and shouting wildly, while at another place blazes a second huge wood-pile. Bang, bang! a salvo of cannon is discharged; whiz, whiz, whiz! rocket after rocket tears up through the air, bursts into red stars, and falls among the house-tops. Large election-banners are flapping high across the street. A brass band mounted at a window plays lustily amid the rush of the fire-works and the loud crackling of the fires. The long balcony of our hotel is filled with ladies —the windows of adjoining houses are open, and crowded with spectators—the street swarms with people, who pour in and out of the bar. Most eyes are centred on a wooden rostrum arched over by a circle of gas-jets, and erected in front of a rival hotel. A tall orator mounts the hustings, followed by a committee of fifteen, and he commences a stirring address—the poor American eagle being dragged in every few moments in the character of a phœnix, and the Stars and Stripes unreservedly extolled. The orator shakes his iron-grey hair, stamps, waves his arms wildly, and revels in "mud-throwing." The vast assembly listens with imperturbable calm —the speaker creating no more interest amongst the people than if he had been auctioneering diamonds before a crowd of paupers. But the want of excitement is made up by artificial means. The brass band strikes up "Yankee Doodle." More wood is heaped upon the waning fires—the cannon fire again—blue rockets shoot through the sky. Judge Somebody-or-other then rises and makes a few remarks—a grey-haired gentleman who does the allegorical business—"flag trailing in the dust," "rally round the watch-fires," "the old fight," "banner that has waved on a thousand (!) battle-fields," &c. He concludes by an eloquent address to the opposite side of the street. "Mothers of America" (this to three ladies on a balcony, who must have felt highly flattered)—"Mothers of America, do not, *do* not, do not on *any* account let your daughters marry Democrats!" Then the stirred-up fires fill the street with a cloud of sparks, the old Judge bows, a loud rocket goes off close to his ear, the band plays "Hail, Columbia!" and the great meeting is over.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TRANS-CONTINENTAL RAILWAY—SALT LAKE CITY—A MORMON SERMON—A TRANCE LECTURESS—CHICAGO—HOTEL LIFE IN AMERICA.

FROM Sacramento we started eastward on the great trans-continental journey. The fare from San Francisco to New York is 160 dollars, or £32, a rate of 2¼d. a mile. This includes sleeping-car, which is an absolute necessity on a ride of eight days. The majestic prospects that unfold themselves as you come near the "Summit," the great Pass of the Nevadas—when you look down at one place a depth of over 5000 feet, with the snowy mountains rising 15,000 feet above sea-level, and towering high above the railway station—were all passed through in the darkness. Luckily, the moon rose behind the pine-bristling ridges of the valleys, and I have no doubt the views were increased in grandeur by the dim, mysterious light in which they were displayed. What unfathomable blackness there was in some of the immense cañons—and what mighty shoulders of mountains slowly moved round as our two powerful engines struggled up the long winding gradients! The enormous head-light of the foremost locomotive shone far ahead into the darkness, making the train appear like a writhing glow-worm as it curved along the tortuous ridges. One wide valley we saw, flanked by high mountains, whose bed was a red mass of flame, from an extensive fire raging in the forests. We watched the moon-lit gorges, valleys, and mountain-summits, till our wearied eyes announced it was time for bed.

Bed! Who would ever conceive of sleeping, with clean pillows, sheets, and blankets, not to speak of ventilation, in a railway train? There is a darkie to each car, and he acts in every respect like a steamboat steward—yea, even to the providing of a utensil to "ailing" passengers, some of whom no doubt have their senses deceived by the resemblance of their beds to bunks on board ship! Every berth holds two persons. There are two tiers of beds. The lower berth is made out of

the cushioned seats, and the upper one folds over from the roof, where it lurks through the day as a neat sloping panel. A long red curtain, with loop and button here and there, falls over and conceals each section of berths, so that when you look in from the end of the car you see a long avenue of crimson drapery, and a narrow passage running through it. From certain convulsive motions in the curtains, you are made aware of some lady or gentleman making violent efforts to undress, that being rather a difficult process when the head is bent down by the ceiling. Unbuttoning the upper part of one curtain, I attempt to climb to the upper berth, but, owing to the train swinging round a curve, lose my balance and fall back, planting my foot on some one's diaphragm beneath. The muttered exclamations of the victim inspiring me to fresh endeavours, I give a spasmodic wrench with my arms, and land huddled up on my pillow. In all possible, and till now apparently impossible attitudes, I undress and creep under the sheets, to make way for my bedfellow, who comes up breathlessly in two wild jumps.

Next day we journeyed through Nevada, over the alkali desert—a dry, arid waste, supporting the sage-brush, that seems powdered with saline dust—which dust, stirred up by the draught of the train, is very irritating to the throat and eyes. Stoppages for breakfast, dinner, and tea were made at three pretty considerable townships, and many of the passengers availed themselves of the opportunity. These railway dining-room meals, for which you paid one dollar (4s.), were announced by the clanging thunder of a gong, always echoed from across the road by a feeble bell rung in front of a humble eating-house, where you were charged only a quarter of the price. Like all those who travel in parties, we had a "lunch-basket" with us, filled with good things before we started, and what with the help of hot tea and coffee sold by pedlars round the train, fresh milk sold by little girls, and actually at one place ice-cream purveyed in tins on a barrow, we never for one moment longed to have a dollar meal. There is every comfort and convenience in these cars. You beckon the darkie—he hooks on a folding-table in front of you, and there you sit, with your provisions displayed, alternately eating and gazing out at the passing landscape. Again, when twilight comes, you get a candle placed upon your table, and you read, sew, or play chess, till bed-time. Who shall say this is not the height of luxury in travelling? Then, too, there are the ministrations of the

authorised railway-peddler, a young man who rides on the train and hawks all manner of things. First, he goes round and lays half-a-dozen books upon your knees, performing the same operation to each of the passengers, and then by the time he thinks you have got interested in a volume, comes back to see if you will invest. Having exhausted the market for books, he experiments with grapes; and when these are useless, walks down the car with fans—then tries candy, then railway-guides, then pears, then Indian bead-work, then figs, then newspapers, and by the time he has got the length of pea-nuts, is ready to start again with books. From dawn to twilight this exorcist of monotony pursues his calling. The unaccountable thing in these news-vendors is, that they are all respectable-looking, well-clad young men, who ought to be at some trade or useful occupation, instead of hawking stale novels. There is a large class of people in the States who have no relish for downright honest labour; who prefer to peddle books, transact small commission business, or do any known thing that will bring in money without sweat on it.

After a journey through the lonely wastes, night came again, and again we awoke to the dry, impassive desert, which seemed to be the same spot that had received the rays of sunset the night before. At Brigham, named after the Mormon leader, we had our first glimpse of the great Salt Lake; and in a short time had reached the important depôt of Ogden, a thriving town, backed by massive, picturesque mountains. The air rang with the deafening vibrations of a gong, announcing breakfast, and a party of humorous Yankees burst out of our car, shouting:—"Hullo, boys, there's the food-signal! the grub-sounder! that blessed old hash-hammer again! let's go an' root around!" We had some refreshment here at the railway hotel; also a talk with a man who had just heard of the failure of the Bank at California. "Here am I," said he, "with a draft on that infernal house, far from home, without a rap in the world! it is enough to drive a man mad!" We left him detailing his woes to another party of strangers, and went to take our places in the "cars."

The train for Salt Lake City started from a side-station at Ogden. This single-track railroad, thirty-seven miles long, was made by Brigham Young a short time ago. The wily Vermonter saw that, in a few years at most, some one would run a line to his city, so thought he might as well be that "some one," and exclude any speculating Gentile. A man with a ghastly white

face and paralysed limbs is carried on a stretcher into a sleeping-car. "Mashed up by a haorse," explains a bystanding Yankee. One or two officials joke over a corpse in a deal box, which they place in the luggage-van. Then we start for the Mormon capital. We passed Mormon homesteads and Mormon farms —saw several hot springs and stone quarries—and, clearing the hills that bound this fertile region, came in view of the beautiful city. A broad expanse of houses, interwoven with shade-trees, spread before us—the large egg-roof of the Tabernacle rising out of a dense plantation in the foreground—the blue waters of the Great Salt Lake gleaming on one hand, and the glittering snowy peaks of the mighty Wasatch Mountains stretching as a magnificent background.

We took up quarters at the Townsend House, which was hardly visible at first from the density of the trees in front of it. This is a Mormon hotel, the landlord being blest, or otherwise, with four wives. The house was thronged with strangers. The dining-room was well-filled, and the waiters were kept busy alternately bringing the meats and fanning the heated guests. The town at this time was enlivened with visitors. To outward appearance it resembles other American towns, having of late years lost much of its exclusiveness and quietness. One or two shops have the strange characteristic Mormon sign—a semi-circular line, "Holiness to the Lord"—then below it an eye painted as the symbol of Omniscience; and underneath all, these words, "Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institution." "Buy from yourselves—do not trade with the Gentiles," was the command of Brigham Young. So these stores sprang up. The unbelievers, however, were not starved off the field, but still compete successfully with the saints. On the street, the Mormon women can be at once distinguished by their tidy print dresses, calico aprons, and the big sun-bonnets that conceal the face. The streets are lined with shade-trees, while down each side, in place of gutters, run full clear streams of water. The desert has been made to "blossom like the rose," for the Mormons have irrigated this saline wilderness with rivulets formed by the snow melting from the mountains. How refreshing were the verdant surroundings of Salt Lake City after the dreary, dusty wastes we had passed through!

On Sunday we heard a service in the Tabernacle. Skirting the high, prison-like walls with which the building is surrounded, we came to a gate, through which we entered along with a

crowd of Mormons, whom we could distinguish from the strangers by the plainness of their dress. One man walked demurely, like a captain, in front of a company of six women! The Tabernacle is 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and the immense curved roof supported round the sides by forty-eight stone pillars. On this occasion, owing to the heat, all the space between these columns had been thrown open for ventilation. A strange feeling crept over us as we entered the huge building—a sense of worshipping in an unholy pagan temple. The Mormon men sat on one side of the building, the women on the other. The Tabernacle still retained the decorations, festoons, and garlands of flowers which had been recently put up in celebration of the anniversary of the Mormons arriving at Utah twenty-eight years ago. An enormous chandelier-like structure of shrubbery and flowers hung down from the centre of the roof, while from the midst of the auditorium, as if rising to meet the floral pendant, there played an elegant fountain, the spray of which cooled the atmosphere. Round the building hung these mottoes :—"Our own mountain home," "United we stand, divided we fall," "Heirs of the Priesthood," "Brigham, our Leader and Friend," "Our martyred Prophet," "Utah's best crop—children!" Before us, at one end of the building, stood the large organ, built by one of the saints, and close to it the choir, numbering sixty, who followed the motions of a conductor's baton. In front of the singers sat the grave and influential leaders amongst the saints, many of them grey-haired and rather unintellectual in appearance.

After a commonplace hymn had been sung, a cold prayer was offered up by a man who seemed ashamed of what he was doing, and mumbled it off in a hurry, the only words we could catch being "Bless thy servant Brigham." The "Head of the Church" was not here himself, but a most virulent, yea, ungrammatical address was delivered by Orson Hyde, one of the chief "destroying angels." He seemed to rise, puffing, out of the platform—a middle-aged man, with big paunch, small needle-like eyes, light hair, very red face, and wearing a white linen dust-coat—a clerical Jack-in-the-Box, with a countenance, when in repose, like that of a monkey, and when passionate, convulsed like that of a fiend. Rage, ignorance, artificial sanctity, and strained enthusiasm were all displayed in his sermon. After the manner of Mormon preachers, he was supposed only to speak when the spirit moved him, and took as his text: "They shall come from the east, and from the

west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down with Abraham, and with Isaac, and with Jacob ; but the children of the kingdom shall be cast out." To his own satisfaction, and that of his Mormon hearers, he proved that no other than the Latter-Day Saints answered at all to the description of the favoured people — every clause being punctuated with a hard, self-congratulatory cough, that put the irreverent Gentiles into fits of subdued laughter.

"Who," he exclaimed, "have come from the east, west, north, and south? Have the Roman Catholics? No. (A-a-hem!) Have the Baptists? No. Have the Congregationalists? (A-a-hem!) No. Who then have, but the people that dwellest upon the high mountains? (A-a-hem!) And we are the people that dwellest upon the high mountains," he triumphantly cried. "The children of the kingdom are the unbelievers," he continued, "and they are striving to overthrow us in these latter days (ahem!) but we have come from the east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south, and are compassed by a wall of fire, which shall sweep away the enemies (ahem!) of our peace!" He said this with a face of such concentrated malignity as to make him appear possessed of a devil. The Mormon women smiled and nodded joyfully to each other. "The unregenerate don't believe the end of the world is at hand," said Orson, "but did the antedeluvians believe Noah? (Ahem!) No! neither shall they believe us. But we shall come from the east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south, and dwell in the high places of the earth. What is the unbeliever without faith? He is like a loaf without leaven. When it is baked it can't be eaten. It is hard. (Ahem!) It is a brick. But when the yeast is put into it, it becomes com-for-ta-ble" (stroking his hands soothingly over his stomach). "We are the bread with the leaven in it. The Latter-Day Saints shall come from the [?y]east, *and* from the west, *and* from the north, *and* from the south, and the children of the kingdom shall be cast out. Ahem! (fiendish.) Amen!"

He finished with distorted features. The threads of passion seemed all to have been tied into a knot in his face. An American gentleman sitting before us leaned back and said: "If every man in the United States heard this fellow to-day, Mormonism would be swept off the face of the earth to-morrow!" In connection with the Church there is a large Sunday-school,

and one can hear the children's voices joining in such lines as these:—

> "Bless Brigham Young, we children pray,
> Thy chosen Twelve in what they say."

The twelve referred to are the twelve apostles, appointed in imitation of the early Church. Again,

> "How bright have been parental hopes
> About what we shall do,
> In rolling on Jehovah's work,
> And helping put it through"(!)

The eloquence of the last line is purely American.

This Sunday we went also to a Presbyterian Church—a small, growing congregation. Six years ago there was no Scotch Church here. It is a very thriving place of worship, and there are a great many genial people in connection with it. After the service one or two of the members, utter strangers to us, shook hands with us warmly and introduced themselves. The minister also made himself acquainted. It was very cheering, in this heathenish city, to find ourselves in the midst of such spontaneous kindliness. On our way home, walking slowly because of the oppressive heat, we passed occasionally a branch Mormon chapel, where, through the open door of a small, hot room, we saw an elder expounding the doctrines of the Church to a crowd of proselytes.

In Salt Lake City we were destined to come in contact with two of the queer "institootions" that have flourished in America—Bloomerism and Spiritualism. Walking along the hotel passage, we suddenly encountered the apparition of a female slightly below the usual stature, dressed in a green tunic and equally verdant pair of "inexpressibles," with her hair thrown back in short curls. It was none other than Dr Mary Walker! That same evening she gave a lecture on Dress, declaring she had worn trousers for a long time, and would think with agony of ever resuming petticoats again.

On Sunday evening Mrs A., a "Trance Lecturess," was announced to appear in the Liberal Institute, a hall devoted to the cause of Spiritualism, and erected by two apostate saints, which was more than sufficient reason why the Mormons should utterly shun the building. There was no special subject advertised, but the bills stated that Mrs A. would speak on any theme suggested by the audience. Collection, ten cents, to defray expenses. The hall was entirely filled when we arrived. The lecturess, dressed in white, with short ringlets and the

usual colourless American face, was standing behind a row of paraffin lamps ranged on the top of a harmonium, while around her sat half-a-dozen of the leaders of Free Thought in the city. Some subjects being handed in, Mrs A. read them out, among them being such questions as these:—"Do we wear clothes in the spirit-world?" "Have you at any time been in love, Mrs A.? If so, pray describe it; and if you haven't, do you think you ever will be?" "Are children allowed to enter heaven without going through the intermediate states?" "Should not the Government take charge of the railways?" The last was selected as the keynote of the impromptu lecture; but before commencing, Mrs A. leant on the harmonium, with closed eyes, falling into a trance, as we supposed, and began to utter in a sepulchral low voice an incoherent prayer to the Spirit of Light, Revealer of Mysteries, Expounder of Truth, and other vague personages. Then the lecture commenced, and it was easy to see that, no matter what the subject had been, the substance of the address would have turned out just the same.

"Why don't the Government take charge of railways? Well, that's just what we *do* want to know! How can we get progress without that's done? And if we can't have progress we can't get freedom, and if we can't get freedom we can't get enlightenment, and then we'll never soar into the higher spheres of infinitude and mysterious occult power, or let our spirits in imagination pervade the realms of cerulean bliss, where all our loved departed ones dwell. There may be some of them here present in this hall, though we can't see them. I won't say they are, and I won't say they ain't. What we want is more Light. The spread of knowledge puts an end to darkness. You see when I turn these paraffin lamps down that all the black smudges on the glasses are seen, and now when I turn them up again, all the dirt disappears. Well, that's Light! that's what information does—it takes away all dirt and darkness. And what I'd like to see is railways made cheaper and better—no more monopolies—no more swindling of the public. That's what everybody's after just now—wanting to swindle. Folks in Congress, an' folks in the Church, an' folks in business, are all trying to cheat the public. An' if there was more Light, too, you wouldn't see the gals going an' tight-lacing themselves as they do. It puts the vitals into half the room they ought to occupy, an' the gals fancy their spider waists please the young men. I don't want to see a gal cut herself in half like a wasp.

Yes, an' if there was more Light there would be more belief in Spiritualism. Now, I'll tell you something about the spirits. You can all talk with them if you have sympathetic minds; but it ain't everyone that can be a good medium. *I'm* pretty good at it, and so's some other women I know. But some folks ain't born to be mediums any more than some were born to be clergymen. Now, you'll be wondering at me going about the country lecturing, an' many people say to me, 'Why don't you stop at home?' Well, I'd be there if I could. As you may remember, I got divorced from my husband a little while ago. So I've got a young family to keep, an' I'm going to work for them too. Every woman should work. If you don't want to go on your knees an' scrub, go an' learn the telegraph. Be independent. That'll do as much for you as Woman's Rights, though that's all very well in its way. That cause an' many others is silently working on, and on, and on, spreading enlightenment abroad, till sooner or later the whole world will be filled with Light. The collection will now be taken up." When we got home, what with Orson Hyde's sermon in the Tabernacle, the goblin in green breeks, and the Trance Lecture, we felt oppressed with spiritual nightmare!

In Salt Lake City there is a large theatre, which, like the Tabernacle, is under control of Brigham Young. The Church and the Drama, things sacred and things secular, are all managed by the Great Mogul of Utah. Here we saw a New York company perform the play of "Divorce," a subject that must have been very attractive to the Mormon mind. As the crowd was going in we heard the folks saluting each other with "Good evening, Brother Brown," "How are you, Sister Jenkins?" and so on. There are two morning papers in the city—one Mormon, the other Gentile, and the latter nothing more nor less than a drawn knife at the throats of the saints. It beards the lion in its den, and makes things uncommonly hot for the fanatics. There are also one evening daily, two semi-weekly, three weekly, four semi-monthly, and two monthly publications. Not so bad in this remote community of 30,000 inhabitants.

On the railway platform, as we were leaving, we heard a pointsman, who was a Scotsman, say to the stout member of our party —"So ye're gaun to leave us? What way div ye no' stop an' be a Mormon? They'd be sure to mak' a deacon o' ye—ye've got sic a graund belly on ye!" Inside the car we met a decent, middle-aged Scotchwoman. She was a Mormon, spoke

volubly in favour of Mormonism, but did not believe in polygamy so far as it affected herself. She was very expert in the use of Scriptural texts. Said we, "Every deacon shall be the husband of one wife." "Yes," she replied, "of one wife at least!" There are no sects or variances amongst the Saints. If there is any difficulty about a text they go to Brigham, and he settles at once and for ever the meaning of the passage. So by this ingenious means no discussion ever arises. In San Francisco we were favoured with a visit from Elder Stenhouse, who was, till very lately, one of the chief spirits amongst the Mormons. During his stay at Salt Lake he was, I believe, a man of sound faith and honest in his exertions in favour of polygamy; but he latterly saw and heard enough to open his eyes to the errors of the Church. So he and his good lady shook the dust of the desert from their shoes and bade adieu to Utah. At Omaha, again, we were acquainted with a Highlander who in the early days was converted to Mormonism, who left a snug situation in Dundee, came over the Atlantic, and settled amongst the Saints on the banks of the Missouri River, where Omaha stands to-day, but where there was then not the slightest indications of that now growing city. For a time things went quietly, but our convert soon saw the conduct of the "elders" to be not the most righteous or virtuous in the world. The "revelation," he found, was not from God, but a base composition of man. The scales fell from his eyes, and, in Highland rage, he abjured the Mormon faith. Time and again he stood on the banks of the river, at the peril of his life, and preached against Mormonism to the bands of converts as they passed over to the new settlement. This was years and years ago, before the Saints had migrated a thousand miles and more over the Plains and across the Rocky Mountains, to the present Zion of the west.

Speculation is rife just now as to how long the Saints will occupy Utah. The opening of the Pacific Railway, the extensive discovery of silver-mines in this region, and the tide of civilisation that is following these two events, will hasten the disappearance of Mormonism. Its days are numbered, though it may take some years to root out, there being 100,000 Mormons scattered throughout Utah territory. Brigham Young is now seventy-four years old, rather feeble, and not so able to keep his flock in order. His immediate successor, too George Smith, upon whom the hopes of the Mormons were centred, has recently gone the way of all living.

Leaving Ogden, the train came upon the wild scenery of the Rocky Mountains, travelling through cañons of startling grandeur. The Devil's Gate was a rapidly-seen cleft in a gorge, that appears to have been violently broken through by a white foaming river. Farther on came the Devil's Slide, a wonderful geological formation, consisting of two straight, parallel, and high walls of rock, a short distance apart, protruding out of the earth, and running down the whole face of the gorge. In Weber Cañon the train was compressed within fierce rocky jaws, the precipices on each side being something to be remembered, and the narrowness of the defile such that there scarcely appeared room at places for both the wild torrent and the single track of rail. Here we passed the Thousand Mile Tree, which is that distance from Omaha, our far-off terminus. Then we plunged into Echo Cañon, with its fantastic isolated rocks, called Castle Rock, Tower Rock, Sentinel Rock, and Pulpit Rock, from their supposed resemblance to these objects. The Pulpit Rock, however, has substantial claim to its title, as it was from here that Brigham Young delivered his first sermon in the Rocky Mountains. Here, too, on the tops of the precipices, are to be seen remains of the fortifications erected by the Mormons when once threatened by a visit from United States troops, and from whence they intended to hurl masses of rock down upon the enemy. Amidst all this imposing scenery dwells the spirit of Yankee advertising. Admiring a high peak, our eyes rested on "Dyspepsia Pills"—falling into raptures over a deep ravine, we were shocked with "Vinegar Bitters"—meditating on the grand vista of precipices, we were told nothing equalled the "Patent Horse Oil"—and while noting the beautiful effects of light and shade, we were suddenly called upon to "Try the Rising Sun Stove Polish!"

A stoppage. A small wayside station, surrounded by saloon-loafers, bearded miners, niggers, Chinamen, and Red Indians. Another stop! All around is the lonely, rolling prairie. The engine-driver leaps off, with a tin can in his hand, and makes a "bee-line" for some spot on the nearer rising ground. The conductor follows him in double-quick time. Then from out the long stretch of cars swarms an eager crowd of passengers, armed with bottles, pannikins, jugs, tumblers, "pocket-pistols;" and, snatching up a cup, we stumble and dash over hollow and knoll, till we join the throng that gathers round the centre of attraction—a soda spring! So the day wears on.

Next day we travelled through the State of Nebraska. The

real boundless prairie, unrelieved by obstructing mountains, now began to unfold itself, with slightly swelling undulations, high billowy grass, and, as one might expect on this lofty table-land, a clear invigorating atmosphere that infused new life into the lungs. This day we heard the startling news that the train preceding ours had been robbed. The train that gave us this information had also encountered danger, having been in a terrific hailstorm a few miles west of Omaha. The hail-stones were three to four inches thick, and wrecked the train, the "cars" having to be brought to a dead stop.

On the third day from Ogden we arrived in Omaha. This is the terminus of the Pacific Railway, the country east of Omaha being occupied by the competing lines of railroad. Our train had been fifty-four hours from Ogden, a distance of 1032 miles, at an average speed, including stoppages, of about twenty miles an hour. The distance we were now from San Francisco was 1914 miles, accomplished in four days and six hours. Yet, far as we were east of the Pacific, there still lay 1454 miles between us and the Atlantic, New York being an eight-days' journey of 3368 miles from San Francisco. This is a land of "magnificent distances." The mind almost fails to grasp the expanse of country traversed by the locomotive, that great railway shuttle, which, thanks to American enterprise, is now weaving civilisation across the desert.

Omaha is prettily situated on hilly ground, and past it roll the sullen, or, more properly speaking, muddy waters of the Missouri River, here spanned by a long railway bridge. We went east by the Chicago and North-Western Railway, one of several rival lines that run through this part of the country. The speed of the train, an "express," was greater than that on the long Pacific line, and reached perhaps thirty miles an hour, the 492 miles to Chicago being run in twenty-two hours. The journey was rough, the road-bed being very much impaired by recent destructive storms. The bridges were crossed at quarter speed. This precaution was by no means unnecessary, as the very next train that followed us fell through one of these bridges into a river, and some scores of cattle were drowned. At Clinton, a large flourishing town, we crossed the muddy Mississippi. As the saying is, "I guess when you swaller this water you've got to shet yer eyes!" The amount of sawn timber that lay stacked up on the river-banks was something extraordinary, as were also the numerous rafts of logs moored at the water's edge.

Chicago has wide-spreading suburbs. The train glided past what almost promised to be interminable rows of huts, factories, elevators, workmen's houses, piles of firewood, and strings of butter cars, milk cars, fruit cars, wheat cars, lumber cars, and shabby-looking cars for emigrants. Chimney-stalks appearing through lake-mists and smoke—high gables of warehouses, frequent bridges across the line, and noisy traffic of vehicles that ran close alongside the train—impressed us with the fact that the great city was at hand. The depôt was reached, and like most American stations, was an uncomfortable, plain wooden structure.

We are conveyed in an omnibus along the busy streets, through crowds of people and great traffic, amid jingling of horse-car bells and rumbling of omnibuses, till we reach the Bunkum Hotel. The bell-boy darts out like a watchful spider and seizes our baskets and bundles, while we follow him in file, resisting the ardent solicitations of a juvenile shoe-black to "shine our boots." One of us goes and registers the names in the office-book—writing them as legibly as possible, for the benefit of the inquisitive man looking over our shoulder, and also that we may appear properly spelt in the list of hotel-arrivals in next morning's paper. At this office all the keys of the different bedrooms are kept in a series of numbered pigeon-holes, and as every guest is supposed to hand back his key when he goes out, the clerk, by merely glancing behind him, can see who are in or who are not. This official—who has a self-complacent look and the air of only temporarily filling the position till the *real* clerk arrives—has the disposal of the apartments, and can tell the occupied or unoccupied rooms by referring to a table of figures that stands beside him. Close to the office is the reading-room, where all the day's papers are to be seen, and in another room you can write your business letters at a series of desks well supplied with stationery.

Having secured rooms and room-keys, we prepare to go up in the "elevator" or lift. At a glass door we pull a bell as a signal, and by-and-by hear the descent of a cage. When level with the floor the door opens, and we step into a small carpeted room, with seats round it. Then the boy in charge of the machine pulls the rope which regulates the small engine on the first floor, and up we go, stopping at the different landings to accommodate boarders. At our apportioned altitude we step off, blessing the elevator which has saved us such a lengthy climb. Having been conducted to our rooms,

we wash, to refresh ourselves after the fatigue of travel, and while drying our faces, read the hotel-rules on the back of the door:—All valuables must be placed in the office safe, or proprietor of hotel won't be responsible. Incivility of servants to be reported at the office. Children at public-table charged full price. Guests inviting friends must state so at the office. Meals in rooms extra. Fires in bedrooms extra. No dogs allowed. No washing permitted in the hotel—laundry-lists furnished to the guests. No smoking or card-playing allowed in bedrooms. Guests without baggage must pay in advance!

Rumble, rumble, rumble, bing, bang, bong, bizzera, bizzera, cr-r-rash! bash, dash, ding, dang, whizzera, whizzera, rumble, rumble, boo-oo-oom! The dinner gong! So we naturally gravitate towards the dining-room. The head waiter ushers us into a large banqueting-hall, where no less than three hundred persons are discussing the important meal of the day. The floor is occupied by a large number of detached tables, and, being a party of seven, we are accommodated by ourselves. The waiters are all "darkies," with spotless shirt-fronts, black coats, and white aprons. We notice the arrival and departure of the guests—the stately sweep of the ladies specially dressed for dinner, and the forced unconsciousness of the gentlemen. At an adjoining table sit a husband and wife, accompanied by an infant scion of their house mounted on a high chair. The child yearns for this and that with a tone which is a compound of a whine and a command:—"Ma, ma, say ma, ma, say ma;" and the mother says, "What is it, Johnnie?" while the father remarks, "Well, bub, and what's the matter, eh?" Then the youthful gormandiser continues, "Say, ma, pess me the vinegar for my fish, will you—an' where's the waiter? I want to order some corned pork—an' will the apple dumpling be good, do you think, ma?" Involuntarily we hear the order given by a gentleman sitting near us:—"Bring me fried smelt, roast mutton an' jelly, keff head, pork an' beans, squash, mashed turnips, boiled rice, tomatoes, potatoes, an' a cup o' coffee!"—the lady beside him adding:—"The same for me!" The great crowd of people makes every one as private as if dining alone; while the noise generated by such numbers is something like that of Niagara Falls—sustained, loud, but by no means deafening, and only perceptible by the effort it requires to make one's self heard.

Our waiter comes at last with a loaded tray of dishes, and

covers the table with them. He places before me my roast beef, then beside it whips down a small dish of mashed potatoes, another of "succotash," or mixture of corn and beans, another of apple fritter, another of turnips, another of green corn, another of tomatoes—then a small dish two inches in diameter to hold the butter, and another of half the size full of salt—a whole constellation of small dishes revolving round your meat-plate, as the central sun. At this table of ours there were, counting large and small, actually one hundred dishes! There is no such thing as social eating—no such luxury as a joint of meat—everything is *à la Russe*, and every one served singly. We proceed with our dinner, employing the condiments and sauces (of which latter there are fourteen on the bill-of-fare) with a far less liberal hand than our neighbours. In imitation of my companions, I pick up a long yellow cob of Indian corn, smoking hot though it be, butter it from end to end, and mustering all the available courage I have, raise the large object to my lips, and commence to eat off the grain—one's mouth travelling along as if playing a solo on a Pan's pipe, till you arrive at the other end almost out of breath. Next we have apple-pie, cocoa-nut pie, and "corn starch" (blanc-mange), the darkie bringing us also Delaware peaches. Ice is largely employed. Your glass of water has a lump of ice in it—there is a piece of ice resting on the butter, and another on top of the raw tomatoes, while the dinner finishes up with a dish of ice-cream.

One commendable feature is the almost entire absence of beer, wine, or spirits at the tables—a marked contrast to the hotels in the Australian colonies, and those at home for the matter of that. When the American drinks he drinks at the bar. You can "smile" or "see a man" with great satisfaction in the States. The drinks of the country—gin-sling, brandy-smash, double-shot-gun that kills at a hundred yards, eye-openers, Jersey lightning, and others, are scientifically prepared by the skilful liquor-vendor, who is invariably a man—not a woman, as in the Australian colonies. I met a young American, who had just been to New Zealand, and he told me he was extremely shocked at seeing barmaids in the hotels there. The system of drawing customers by means of attractive females is happily unknown in the Great Republic. Teetotalers are not forgotten at the bar. When you ask for lemonade you do not get a bottle of the wishy-washy fluid usually sold under that name at home. No. The "operator" picks up a lemon, slices it in

two, presses each half between a pair of wooden squeezers, while the juice drops into a narrow, deep tumbler—adds ground sugar, then water, next some flavouring powder, then a lump of ice, and lastly hands you a straw, through which you leisurely suck the cold, refreshing nectar. Some men are better than others at preparing the drinks, there being an art even in this commonplace business. So high, indeed, do the professors of this calling rank themselves, that in a Nevada directory we actually saw a bar-keeper style himself a "mixologist!"

But to return to our hotel. Wanting my boots polished, I go to the small shop below, where a long row of high-mounted chairs are to be seen, fronted by an equally long row of foot-rests. I mount one of the thrones, and while the operator brushes vigorously, pick up the day's paper, which is provided to each chair, and quietly read the news. I pay my ten cents, and adjourn to the barber's shop, where a dozen or so of men lie at an angle of forty-five degrees in various stages of lather. You cannot fix on the proprietor himself at first, for every customer feels he cannot be shaved or cropped without having his coat off, so that seven or eight men lounge about, any one of whom may be the barber. When that worthy makes himself known, you ask, say, for a shave, and you are shaven, but with an addition of powdering, brushing, towelling, watering, oiling, scenting, and moustache-waxing that seems endless, and almost justifies the charge of twenty-five cents (a shilling). Here, too, you can have hot or cold private baths, the only kind possible in Chicago; for though there is an ocean of a lake at the doors of the people, yet there are no facilities for open-air bathing. The western Yankee is not a swimming animal.

When tea-time comes round, we again visit the dining-room. A bowl of toast and hot milk is brought us—then "mush," which the Scottish mind fails to grasp as porridge till the well-known dish appears—then corn-bread, which looks like little yellow bricks with a thin veneer of brown crust on them—then buckwheat cakes, which resemble pancakes, and are accompanied, like the corn-bread, by maple-syrup, as transparent and fluid as water and as sweet as honey. No tea-table is complete without its dish of "apple-sass," "cherry-sass," or "peach-sass," and so of course we have a little plate of the stewed fruit—after which we order "black tea," or English breakfast tea as it is called. When we have consumed our "crackers," or what we would call biscuits, and our "hot biscuits," which we would call rolls, we ascend to the drawing-room.

This, as befits its name, is a large elegantly-carpeted apartment, sumptuously furnished with sofas, lounges, and handsome chairs. Round the room sit various parties of ladies and gentlemen conversing with friends. At the piano a lady sits and warbles a sentimental song. Every American lady who lives at a hotel is thus constantly leading a public life; and this, combined with a natural freedom, gives her a great ease of manner. Most of those present are regular boarders, for the hotels are not kept up altogether by travellers, but also by persons who rent suites of rooms for a month or two, or by the year. Many married couples make a home in the hotel, and thus free themselves from the care of keeping house. But what do the children know of domestic life, as they play about the dreary corridors of these large buildings? What does the mother herself know, relieved from all household duties, taking shopping for exercise, or rocking herself in her chair, yawning away the dull hours between meals—no cooking to see after, no rooms to tidy up, not even the luxury of knowing that she is providing for her husband's comfort? What a penalty to pay for ease and luxury! The hôtel-ladies, I am persuaded, must shorten their days through ennui. At the best, American hotels are the most unsociable of places. You enter as a unit in a large establishment, and become known by a certain number as if you were in prison. You do not feel as if you were hospitably entertained, having no personal knowledge of the landlord or "proprietor." You arrive without any welcome greeting—live, board, pay your bill, and leave without any one to speed you as a "parting guest." Nothing could be more in contrast than the typical jovial inn of the olden time, with its ruddy-faced host, and the modern hotel, where you are put through a cold mechanical routine.

Chicago impressed us with its substantial appearance. The whole heart of the city is one mass of grand edifices, all erected since the great fire. There is no break in the splendid sweep of buildings that line the long extent of the streets. Whether hotels, insurance offices, banks, newspaper offices, halls, theatres, or churches, they are all imposing, and the lavishness of the architecture or the amount of statuary is no criterion of the importance of the building. The spirit of a people that could produce such a magnificent, phœnix-like result in so short a time is quite unique in its way. The population is now 300,000. As a city, it is essentially commercial, and has not very much attraction for the mere traveller. The eye wearies after

a while of mercantile palaces. Chicago lies on a dead flat, and has no striking views save those to be had down some of the far-stretching thoroughfares. Lake Michigan, on which it is situated, is a great inland sea. A charming avenue of shade trees, lined on one side by stately mansions, runs along the shore. A storm raged while we were here, the waves bursting violently and dashing over the numerous wooden breakwaters that prevent the inroads of the lake. A large steamer of 800 tons went down in the gale, and twenty-four lives were lost. Many vessels sail these waters, some of them voyaging to England by way of the series of lakes that lead into the river St Lawrence, and thence to the Atlantic. Chicago is well supplied with water-communication, for a river flows through the city, bearing the shipping into the lake.

Touching Chicago statistics, the pen almost runs wild. 250 trains arrive and leave every day. The city has 600 miles of streets. There are 200 churches. The waterworks—a brick tunnel stretching out two miles under the lake to deep water, so as to avoid the impurities of the shore—yield a daily supply of twenty million gallons. The stockyards, four miles south of the city, and erected at a cost of over a million and a half of dollars, are the largest of the kind in the world. They are a city in themselves, cover 345 acres, and accommodate 100,000 animals. The pork-packing establishments, fifty in number, kill annually two million pigs. The grain trade, for which Chicago is famous, showed one year a receipt, in round numbers, of seventeen million bushels of wheat, twenty million of maize, ten million of oats, one million of rye, and nearly a million and a half of barley.

All this time we had been cultivating the acquaintance of the Western Yankee. I personally have no knowledge of the people in the more settled States. The Yankee "down East" is said to be a more refined individual than his pioneering brother "out West," but I fancy it is six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. The Eastern man "calc'lates," the Western man "guesses"—both "reckon," more or less. The first thing a person notices is the peculiar twang of the American, and his orthographical errors. Of course one can hardly regard it as a deadly sin for the Yankee to speak of duty as "dooty," to say "noan" for none, "deef" for deaf—we even heard a fashionable church-choir sing loudly of the "morning doo"—but why do the Americans allude to a stranger from the other side the "Pond" as having no fault but that of speaking with a strong

English accent? To a new arrival the Yankees are as strange as if they were German, French, or Dutch. There is not the same warmth of feeling that you find in a British colonial population. To us the Americans at first appeared cold and unsympathetic; but they afterwards proved frank, and easy in their ways. They are practical, shrewd, sometimes playfully irreverent, childishly sensational, fond of looking at the startling side of things, and rather "hail-fellow-well-met" to a person who has not lost the conventional ideas of the old country. The American woman is homely (and of course I do not use this word in its Yankee signification of "ugly")—homely, and always dressed neatly and precisely, whether she be resident of a suburban villa or "help" in a boarding-house. Some American women, on the other hand, are exceedingly bouncing in their ways—dress as if dying to be seen—talk with great volubility, and with a dry, incisive tone, as if they always had something important to say, and the whole world should listen. Seeing and hearing them, you cannot wonder at Women's Rights having their stronghold in the United States. When we became more intimately acquainted with the Americans, we found them, of course, to be the best folks in the world!!

A journey of 284 miles, starting at nine in the morning and arriving at half-past six at night, brought us from Chicago to Detroit. Detroit was the cleanest, brightest, neatest town we had seen in the States. Across the Detroit River we saw the welcome shores of Canada. We longed to be away from the dominion of the Stars and Stripes, and again under the well-known Union Jack. This sentiment was not from any depreciation of the Republic, where we had spent not a few pleasant hours, but rather the outbreak of patriotic feeling, repressed by sojourning in what must be to every temporary resident in the States a strange land.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CROSSING INTO CANADA—THE CITY OF TORONTO—HAMILTON —NIAGARA FALLS—AUTUMN IN ONTARIO.

THE Canadian Shore! There, across the broad Detroit River, was the town of Windsor. Our hearts beat with pleasure at seeing once more a portion of the vast British Empire. This splendid river, the boundary-line at this point between the States and Canada, was formerly the terminus of the "Underground Railway," as they called the American society that aided slaves in their escape to the true "soil of freedom," and across the green rolling waters many a dusky fugitive found his trembling way. Even at this present time there are runaways who cross this river into Canada, but they are brazen-faced Yankees with carpet-bags—fraudulent bankrupts, swindlers, thieves, embezzlers—men who have lost all principle, if ever they had any—who flee to the seclusion of the "other side" till matters smooth down sufficiently for their return, or who set up a bogus hotel or store in some quiet Canadian town, and one fine day, after victimising the community to the extent of some thousands of dollars, "make tracks" across the border.

Our train, locomotive and all, moved on board a large transfer steamer, the peculiar double-toned whistle of which echoed across the river like two cows bellowing in harmony. We reached the other side amidst a great bustle of carts, screams of ferry-boats, bells, shouts, locomotive-shrieks, and all the commotion that might be expected at this centre of international traffic. The train now started on Canadian soil. The guard, or "conductor," was a Scotsman, and we had a long "crack" with him about the mother-country. The journey to Toronto, 223 miles from Windsor, was exceedingly enjoyable. The country was looking lovely, for some cold weather had recently frosted the trees into the hues of autumn. The woods were tinted with every variety of delicate colour.

By evening we near our goal. Soon we see the moonlight glinting on the waves of Lake Ontario. The conductor comes

round for "Toronto tickets," the engine bell begins to toll. We approach house-lights and street-lamps, and now, with a prolonged whistle, roll into the terminus. After the wooden stations of America, and even the shabby depôts of its larger cities, it was quite a treat to emerge under the spacious, high-girdered roof of the Toronto station—the exterior of which, with its fine triple towers, is equally prepossessing to the stranger. The "Queen's Hotel" 'bus is at the station, and the hotel-porter, the same man that was there nine years ago, shakes hands with us cordially, and welcomes us to Canada. All the way up to the hotel he inserts his head in through the door at the back, and tells us all the changes that have been, are, and will be taking place in the city in general, and the "Queen's" in particular. In the elegant homeliness of this fine house we are soon installed, hardly dreaming we can be in Toronto.

Toronto! Less than one hundred years ago the home of the Iroquois—an Indian village—when the red man hunted the elk in the forests of Lake Ontario, and his canoe floated on its waters—with scarcely a white man in the whole of Western Canada. Forty years ago it was the "muddy little city" of York—now the "Queen City of the West," the capital of the most flourishing province in the New Dominion. It has advanced steadily and surely—no excitements, no gold-rushes have lent it any meretricious advantages—it has grown with the development of farming, the chief city of an almost unparalleled agricultural region.

Toronto has doubled its population since 1851—there are now 60,000 people within its gates. It is a lively commercial centre, a busy port, fronted by the waters of Ontario. Opposite the city stretches a long island, studded with trees, and the sheet of water it encloses is called Toronto Bay, the harbour of the city. In the season, steamers ply across to the island; in winter the bay freezes, and people walk over. Beyond stretches the lake, far away to the horizon—a glorious sheet of water; and the ever-changing play of light and shade over its surface—the fleecy, mirrored cloud, the stormy sky—are among the pleasant memories one bears away from Toronto. The city rises in gentle slope from the lake-shore. The streets are lined with wooden side-walks, and are generally good—the churches stately and numerous—most of the public buildings commanding. Tramways have been laid along the thoroughfares, and bustle and traffic are the order of the day. We were overjoyed, after our journey through the States, to find ourselves in a

community so strikingly British. The style of the ladies, and the "cut" of the gentlemen, of the young men, of the boys, were very English-looking. We were delighted to see the mutton-chop whisker once more—we could almost have hugged the very British policeman as his solid tread shook the side-walk. The National Anthem, though played by a brass band, was sweetest music to our ear. We felt inclined to shake hands with every one we met. Our hearts warmed towards Canada—all things were rose-coloured.

There are many English in Toronto, and many Scotch. There being a strong Irish element here, the Roman Catholics are numerous and bold—all the bolder, too, because of the great supremacy of the hierarchy in Lower Canada. We witnessed a serious riot in Toronto. It appears a number of "pilgrimages," or processions from one chapel to another, had been ordered by the Pope. One Sunday the "pilgrims" were attacked by a mob, and had to fight their way from street to street. The military were called out. The police advanced to clear the street—the crowd fired at them. There was a desperate close encounter, with sticks beating about in every direction, and stones hurtling through the air. The police levelled their revolvers, and for a full minute there was a succession of shots. Stones fell crashing upon the fences close by us. Going up the street, we noticed a stunned policeman taken in through the lower window of a house, where he was attended by a doctor. The unfortunate man had been violently felled by a big stone. No one had been wounded by bullets, strange to say. Most of the pistols, I fancy, were discharged in the air. Many arrests were made, and the rioters afterwards sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. The affair was looked upon as a blot upon the hitherto fair fame of this respectable community.

Leaving Toronto, we had a railway ride of forty miles to Hamilton. The city occupies the head of navigation on Burlington Bay, an arm of Lake Ontario, and has 27,000 inhabitants. Behind it rises "the Mountain." This is some 500 feet high; which in Canada, where the people never boast of their scenery, is a pretty lofty hill. From here we had a perfect bird's-eye view of the town. The prospect I have not seen surpassed from eminences of double the height. The town lay at our feet—the streets rigidly defined and squaring the houses into blocks, every block surrounded by a beautiful framework of yellow, red, or orange-coloured trees. Then, beyond the town, Lake Ontario stretched away in silver sheen to the horizon.

Hamilton is a great rural centre, and the market, which is held three times a week, was in full swing while we were here. Carts, waggons, buggies, and many-coloured vehicles were ranged in the public square. The mixing streams of people, the tilted carts, the white booths, the wooden stalls, the old apple-wives in red tartan shawls, the bright-coloured rugs of the horses, and the gay foliage of the trees lining the street behind, made up a very pretty picture. Cauliflowers, pumpkins, and loads of cabbages were displayed to view. Nor must we forget the "snow-apple," that distinctive Canadian fruit—blood-red outside, but inside almost as white as snow, and nearly as sweet as sugar.

From Hamilton we went to see the Falls of Niagara. The Canadian town of Clifton is two miles below the Falls, and we walked along the high banks of the Niagara River, which here rushes in a swift emerald current between precipitous cliffs. A fine carriage-drive runs along the Canadian side, but there is no protecting railing to guard the edge of the steep descent. Woe to any carriage that goes over here, for horse and vehicle will fall crashing through the foliage, sheer down to the river. Private enterprise has nailed boards on several of the trees: "Man fell over the cliff hear," "A cow went over her," and other misspelt but philanthropic notices.

At a turn of the road we had a distant first view of the Falls. There they were, with their overwhelming presence, power, and ocean-roar—the realisation of all we had heard of them. The scene, as a picture, appeared familiar. The life of it, however, the emotions excited by it, were new. Our first feeling was one of profound relief at not being disappointed, though we thought that Nature had made a great mistake in not setting her noble picture in a worthy framework of mountains, instead of a dead level. We went as near the Falls as we could get—gazing at them for a long time, with their thunder shaking the rock beneath our feet and quivering the iron railing in our grasp.

The Horse-Shoe Fall is tremendous. The waters meet in the centre from the converging sides of the Fall, and through the great clouds of spray that are ever rising, you have glimpses of a far-in turmoil of waters, terrible and majestic. The American Fall is a somewhat lesser body of water than the Horse-Shoe, from which it is separated by the sylvan Goat Island. You require no guide, no guide-book, to tell you the height of the Falls. You have a sense of their loftiness and grandeur in the apparently leisurely way the water descends.

Nowhere, in a general view of the Falls, have you the idea of impetuosity. Not till you go beneath them, or view the rapids above them, do you feel their rush and irresistible power.

My brothers and I clad ourselves in oilskins, and went under the Falls. We had a darkie with us as guide—an intelligent fellow, who took an unaffected interest in the various sights he pointed out. Few other natural exhibitions could have kept a man's mind fresh in the midst of a daily routine. We descended a wooden spiral staircase. Half-way down there is a small window, from which you have a view of Niagara unsurpassed from any other standpoint. You are close to the outer edge of the Horse-Shoe Fall—hanging mid-way, as it were, in its descent. The giant crescent of the cataract shoots out from the overhanging ledge high above you, and swooping down in a splendid arc against the sky, shatters itself in foam upon the rocks.

We were startled to see that we had to walk on little ledges like bricks, scarcely bigger than the foot. A heavy gale was raging, and the gusts blew the water down upon us in paroxysms of fury, thudding violently upon our back and head, and lashing upon the rocks. We had to turn our faces to the oozy wall, and literally gasp for breath. Sometimes the guide knew when the shift of wind was coming, and waving his hand, for we could not have heard a word, he warned us of the impending deluge. Amid increasing spray, noise, and lessening daylight, we cautiously rounded a dangerous abutment of rock, and arrived at the farthest point that any one has yet reached. We stood in the eerie twilight of a liquid-roofed cavern, resounding with thrilling sounds and echoes. A stormy sky of clouds, with all its rain, mist, and thunder, seemed to be flying down over our heads, loosened from its place in the heavens—the sonorous sound it had in falling being exchanged for a sharp cry of pain as the water smote the rocks. When we emerged into the open air we felt the power of the Falls as we could never have felt it in any other way. We had been "behind the scenes"—with this difference, that there was no disenchantment. Our minds could better grasp the sublimity of Niagara.

"Kerridge, sir?" "Have your photograph with the Falls as background?" "Won't you go an' see the live buffaloes?" "Step into my museum, gentlemen, free of charge?" "Oilskins, sir?" "Nick-nacks?" "Indian beadwork?" "Kerridge, kerridge, kerridge?" Cabmen, peddlers, and touters thronged

about us, and distracted our thoughts from the glorious music welling up from the liquid precipices of Niagara. The season being almost over, the hotels were deserted, and the cabmen looked forlorn. The appearance of visitors was the signal for universal excitement. Waxing rash with competition, a cabman volunteered to drive the whole of us back to Clifton for "heff a dollar." Getting no encouragement, he hurriedly wheeled his cab round, shouted out:—"Well now, blank, dash, smash, and double-darn me, may you all be dog-tired afore you get home!" And shaking his whip over his head, he drove away in wrath.

We crossed the light, elegant Suspension Bridge. The distance between its two high towers is 1200 feet. When on the bridge, you feel it sensitive to the slightest motion—the approach of a cab sets it a-trembling, so delicately is it hung. We visited Goat Island—then went over another little handrail bridge to Luna Island, which appears to be a small fragment broken off Goat Island, and overhangs the American Fall like a mass of earth arrested on the brink of the abyss. Here you can almost look down the face of the Falls, and can put your foot into the curve of the water as it pours over the brink. One's individuality is swallowed up in the falling waters—we felt, in the fascination of the moment, as if we were going down with them over the giddy verge. The Rapids above Goat Island are grand. Looking away up the broad-stretching river, the sullen expanse of which harmonised well with the leaden lowering sky, we saw a gradient of turbulent waters boiling and dashing down the long slope that precedes the final plunge—wave after wave turning upon itself and seeming to foam up-hill—while far up the prospect was bounded by a belt of rising spray.

Leaving Goat Island, we were met by a Yankee cabman, who urged us plaintively to "let him make somethin' out of us." Our next purpose was to see the Whirlpool Rapids. The water, after seething round the base of the Falls like boiling froth of milk, flows in a tranquil manner for two miles. Then, passing under the Clifton Suspension Bridge, where the trains roll across at a height of 250 feet, the mighty river is compressed into a narrow channel, with a very marked decline. You go down a wooden shaft and come upon a small platform, level with the rapids. The water dashes past you with terrible speed, the waves tumbling and crashing together, with raging surge, and flying round in great swirls—wave battling with wave—the

involution and convolution almost turning the mind yellow with vertigo—till the stormy river, hurling immense logs at railway speed, empties itself headlong into the whirlpool.

This is a circular lagoon, from whence the river issues at right angles. Here we saw a maze of swirling eddies writhing and drawing everything towards them with their glassy suction. Masses of driftwood formed the rim of the central vortex, while huge trunks of trees were swept round with great velocity, pitched out of the water, and tilted end over end in the mighty throes of the conflicting currents. Round the green waters of this basin circles a most lovely amphitheatre—on every side rising the steep banks of the river clothed with forest trees. Pine, fir, maple, and oak are to be seen, brilliant with all the hues of autumn—red, yellow, brown, purple, and orange—the whole one gorgeous mass of variegated colour, like an immense natural bouquet of striking loveliness, and contrasting strangely with the turmoil it encompasses.

On our second visit the sky was bright, and the Falls looked dazzling under the clear sunshine. The spray rose in a well-defined, luminous cloud, mounting up one thousand feet into the air, and a fine double rainbow, arching the foaming cauldron, added a new charm to the scene. Such was our last look at Niagara.

Autumn appears in her fullest loveliness in Canada. The colours of the foliage are deeper and more varied than we see them in our part of the world, for the frosts bite keenly here, and the hues of decay are vivid. Following these early indications of approaching winter, comes the lovely Indian summer. Then the days are calm and cloudless ; and though the glowing fires of the foliage commence to dull and deaden, yet there is more than enough of beauty left to throw a charm over the landscape. It is a tranquil reminiscence of summer, without any of its great heat or passion. The warm and misty atmosphere is said to be caused by the fermentation and decomposition of the fallen leaves, and, according to tradition, it was during this season that the Red Man laid up his corn for the winter.

During this season we visited the townships of Southern Ontario. First, St Catherine's, the Saratoga or Bath of Canada —famed for its mineral springs, and rather dull when out of the season. It is a pretty town, and when its red-brick houses are lit up at sunset by the rich crimson tints very prevalent this time of the year, the place has a very attractive appearance. The

population, people tell you, is 13,000, but this must be in summer, when the Yankees flock over to recuperate, dissipate, and flirt. We had about enough of the mineral waters here, for not only did the hotel-folks give us mineral water to drink, but also mineral water to wash in; and I believe mineral tea at tea-time, if the truth were known. Being only four miles from Thorold, we walked the short distance. The road followed the Welland Canal, which was lined with mills and factories, while houses and huts lay sprinkled over the rising slopes on either side. At many cottage-doors we noticed the familiar "rowan-tree," with its bright red berries glancing in the sun, and looking so sweet and cheerful to the eye. This Welland Canal connects Lake Erie with Lake Ontario. At this time it was being widened and deepened—as in fact were all the canals—so as to admit vessels of 1500 tons, for the Canadians are awake to the necessity of extending their trade and diverting it from American ports.

At Simcoe, another southern town, we were taken through the Public School. The school was a fine brick building, surrounded by a capital playground and gymnasium. The teachers were nearly all young ladies, presided over by a head-master. The class-rooms had the merit of being well-lighted and not overcrowded—every two pupils had a little desk to themselves. They were busy over a variety of tasks—some hard at work learning algebra, some drawing Gothic cathedrals on a black board. The geography-class was studying the map of Canada. A girl came forward with a stick and pointed out to us the provinces of the New Dominion, not even forgetting the recently-added province of Manitoba, in the great North-West. Canadian, like Australian children, have a changing geography. In another room a class was being catechised in grammar. One of our party asked, "What part of speech would you use if some one put a pin into your shoulder?" and the answer came promptly from a little wee girl, "Please, sir, an interjection!" Then the children sang a hymn, and followed it by a school version of "Slap Bang, here we are again!"

The Public School system of Ontario is founded on the best European and American models. Religious instruction is given. The chief superintendent is non-political, and holds a permanent post—a decided improvement on the system in the United States, where every functionary, upon change of Government, has to "git." Education is free, the schools being supported by a tax on property, and by a subsidy from Government.

Ontario, with its population of a million and a half, has now over 5000 public schools. They are thickly planted over the country. In our travels we were always coming upon them. As a rule they are only three miles apart in the country districts, so that no scholar has to walk more than a mile and a half.

Thursday, 28th October, was Thanksgiving Day, when we happened to be at St Thomas. All the places of worship were open. We went to the Presbyterian Church, which was crowded with townsfolk and farmers, who had come in to give thanks for the bountiful harvest. The crops were more than usually good this season, and the country-folks were in "high feather." While all the townspeople were howling "bad times," the farmers were gleefully slapping their well-filled pockets.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WINTER LIFE IN ONTARIO—SLEIGH JOURNEYS—COUNTRY HOTELS—THE CANADIAN FARMER.

We next visited London, a city of 16,000 inhabitants, and commonly known here as London the Less, to distinguish it from another metropolis of the same name existing somewhere in Great Britain. This is a fine city, the emporium of the oil-region of Ontario, and the centre of one of the best farming districts in the province. The hotel was an immense square building, standing so close to the railway that the passing trains obscured the dining-room windows. It was named the Tecumseh House after the noble, faithful Indian chief who fought and fell in the British cause against the Americans in 1812. One day, while we were here, a grand dinner was given by the townsfolk to the Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, who represents the Governor-General as the Governor-General represents the Queen. So it was royalty two times removed.

Winter had now commenced. In London, on the last day of October, we awoke and saw the city covered with snow to a depth of two inches. A fortnight afterwards there was another heavy fall, and from that time onwards we were in full enjoyment of cold weather. A few days later we were at Sarnia, where winter garb began to appear—fur caps, thick shawls, cravats, big mittens, and overcoats. The country costume usually is a heavy brown greatcoat with a high-peaked hood or capôte attached, like old Saxon head-gear, and thrown back over the shoulders when not in use, the coat being tightly tied round the waist with a red sash, to keep the cold from penetrating into the body—also, long wool-lined, leather gloves, and boots coming up to the knee. While we were buying our fur caps at Sarnia, the shopkeeper brought out a queer selection of winter goods—among other things, a kind of fur helmet to draw completely over the head, with two holes for the eyes, a slit for the nose, and another small opening for the mouth. We laughed when we saw this mask, thinking it fit only for

Siberia or Lapland; but little did we know that in a few weeks we would give anything for the strange head-piece. Sarnia was swept at this time with cold winds. The roads were as hard and wrinkled as the hide of a rhinoceros. Red-faced, weather-beaten men, with coarse fur caps, and rough, warm clothing, made their appearance in the streets, saluting each other with bluff questions as to how it was on the lakes, or away up in the back country.

Sarnia is a frontier town near Lake Huron, and separated from the United States by the grand St Clair River, which is here a mile broad. Across from it is the American town of Port Huron, but the two places have not the slightest affinity. There is no social intercourse between them—Sarnia never attends the "socials" of Port Huron, and Port Huron receives no invitations to the dances of Sarnia. There is no intermarrying between the two towns—they are as much strangers as if speaking different languages. It is not the wide stretch of river that separates them, for there is a bridge of ferry-boats running every half hour of the day. It is the fact of their being two different nationalities. When you cross to the American side you find yourself in another country—amongst a new people, different in dress, manners, and talk from the Canadians. The contrast is very marked. The characteristics of countries are, I fancy, more studiously pronounced at boundary-lines than in the interior. Though there is no bond of union between the two towns, yet the Yankee ladies come over to Sarnia to "trade," for the dry-goods stores on this side sell cheaper than the American. There is a great deal of smuggling done here, and at the frontier generally. At places like Sarnia you see vividly all the evil as well as the good effects of a boundary-line. We noticed two large American lake-steamers moored at the Canadian side. They had not been doing a paying business, and were lying quietly under the shelter of the British flag till some arrangement could be effected with the creditors on the opposite shore.

There were two other frontier towns we visited—Windsor (already mentioned) and Amherstburg—the latter an old historic town on the Detroit River, nineteen miles below Windsor. Across from it is an island, locally known as Bob-along, but which we afterwards found to be Bois Blanc!—a place famous for some military operations against the Americans about the commencement of this century. At Amherstburg we gave a concert in the Temperance Hall, or, as it was called in a gilt-framed docu-

ment, "A Cold Water Temple of the Lodge of Silver Spray." This important fane was reared by a society, who bought the ground from an old lady for one hundred dollars a-year as long as she lived; but, as this was twenty-three years ago, and the annuitant is still alive, the Lodge of Silver Spray has "evaporated."

Winter is a jolly time of the year in Canada. Deep snow has not the paralysing influence on traffic that it has in our more temperate country, where thaw is always imminent. Snow here is trustworthy for weeks. Sleighing means business. The shopkeepers, whether in large or small towns or big cities, are all overjoyed. The country-folks come into town to make their purchases. The teamsters arrive with their great loads of firewood. The lumbermen in the distant forests set to work drawing their logs. All the heavy pulling is done in the winter-time, for a horse can draw far more on a sleigh than it can on wheels. Winter is a great blessing to Canada. Of course, building operations have to cease—farm-work comes to a standstill—lake navigation closes—but the clearing of the timbered land, so essential a work in a new country, can only be carried on successfully in the winter-time. Then it is, too, that the farmers are ready for any amusement—concert, ball, "social," or soiree. Out come the long box-sleighs, in tumble the lads and lasses, the more the merrier, squeezing, squatting, sitting on each other's knees, or on the bottom of the sleigh—a jovial mixture of buffalo robes and human bodies. Jollity increases in a direct ratio to discomfort—and there the folks are, ready for ten, twelve, or twenty miles drive into the township over the bright snow, and back again, with fun and laughter and jingling sleigh-bells, in the clear moonlight.

Then, too, there are those delightful "surprise-parties," when a lot of friends furnish themselves with provisions, and make a sudden, unexpected visit to a neighbour's, where they spread the viands, strike up music, dance, and have a "general good time." There are also the church "socials," or tea-meetings. We were in a country church one forenoon, when the officiating clergyman said:—"Dear friends, there's to be a 'social' in honour of the new minister, and it is hoped that all the families who come will be sure to bring baskets with them for the entertainment of the strangers!" Another great amusement in the winter-time is the "Hot Maple Sugar Social," where all the folks sit in a circle and sup the aforesaid with a spoon. But this is even surpassed for fun by the "Necktie Social," which

is a kind of ball. As each gentleman enters the ball-room he dips his hand into a bag, pulls out a coloured necktie, and the lady with a "bow" corresponding in pattern is his partner for the evening! The queerness of some of the couples is the cause of much merriment. But there is a good deal of scheming displayed on both sides. The gentlemen somehow or other know what colours they are to draw, while the ladies very often exchange their "bows," so as to have the company of their favourite lads.

In winter-time every vehicle becomes a sleigh. Cabs, omnibuses, hearses, bakers' vans, perambulators—all are on "runners." Buggy-sleighs, or "cutters," with elegant swan's breast prows, flit past you—the horses garnished with red belly-belts and covered with bells, making the animals appear, when they shake themselves, as if they had musical ague. Then there are the capacious market-sleighs, and the rough sleighs for carrying timber, sometimes pulled by bullocks. The little boys, too, have their hand-sleds; and oh! the unspeakable happiness of the boy who owns a dog, for then he harnesses it to his little sleigh, and brings home his mother's tea and sugar from the grocer's. A great sport with the young people of Canada is "coasting"—sitting on their sleds and dashing down a hill at break-neck speed. In one town we saw them shooting down one of the streets, which was very steep—boys and girls sitting in twos and threes on the frail sleds, guiding themselves with their feet—now and then a boy coming down alone, lying on his stomach, like a turtle—the whole scene one of great liveliness and fun.

Full provision is made against the winter's cold. Stoves are put up—wooden porches are erected at front doors—double frames are fitted into the windows. The stoves are of all kinds. There is the large, square wood-stove, which you feed with big lumps of cordwood. Also the perpendicular base-burner, which has a reservoir of small coal on the top, so that, as the ash crumbles away from underneath, fresh fuel descends and keeps the fire alight—these stoves being very necessary, as they burn all night without requiring attention. Another kind of stove is one much used in hotels. It is a huge round stove, with a roaring fire, the heat of which is conducted through the house by pipes. Here and there in the different rooms are what are called "drums"—round iron cylinders containing spiral tubes, which act as reservoirs of heat, and prevent its rapid escape up the flue. The bedrooms are all impaled with

the stove-pipes—they run in at one wall and out at another, till the whole hotel is heated. Stoves are to be seen everywhere—one each side of the pulpit, one each side of the proscenium, one each end of the railway-carriage. The Canadians love warmth—in fact, they overheat their buildings. They seem to feel the cold more than new arrivals—just as Australians appear to suffer more from heat than the strangers do. I daresay when a person has been two or three winters in Canada he will begin to look upon a blast of icy air as a well-regulated mind will regard heresy.

According to everybody, this winter was a "darned fizzle." There were two or three days of snow and frost, then thaw and slush. It was a marvellously open season. All the severity of the winter came in wild spurts. There was a "cold snap" the last day of November, and the thermometer went far below zero. At this time we were in the good city of Stratford, named after the birthplace of Shakespeare. Like that famous place, it is situated on the River Avon. While the great metropolis, London, has not a single street or square named after the great bard, they have here given him full honour. The divisions of the town have been named Hamlet Ward, Othello Ward, Falstaff Ward, and so on; while a little village in the neighbourhood has been called Shakespeare. St Andrew's Day was celebrated here by the St Andrew's Society. It has been said that to find a true Scotsman you must leave Scotland; and in no part of the world will you find more patriotic hearts than amongst the Scottish farmers of Canada. There is nothing in the climate, the country, or its institutions to diminish a man's strong love for his mother-land.

Shortly after this we were in Berlin, which is almost entirely a German town. It was founded during the last century by a number of Pennsylvania Dutchmen, who came over and bought a large tract of rolling country here. All the Town Council are Germans—nothing but "Deutsch" is spoken. Even the Scotch that live here have to learn the guttural tongue. There had lately been a grand "Sänger-Fest" here, and a special building was erected for the purpose. It cost 3000 dollars, and held 3000 people—not so bad for a town of 3500. It was a gala time. Ten thousand people came in from the country round. Everybody held open house—hospitality was the order of the day; and music and eating filled up the passing hours. All the stores were shut up in honour of the "feast of music and the flow of—läger!" It was a real Teutonic success.

If this is a German town, Galt is a purely Scottish town—the most Scottish place in Canada. It was named after the famous novelist and biographer of Byron. Most of the people here are from the Border counties. James Hogg was instrumental in sending out a great many people to this part of Canada. We met here a man whose wife was a niece of the Ettrick Shepherd, and we heard many interesting facts concerning the great poet. At the hotel here we had for neighbour a travelling female astrologist—a bold-faced, silver-haired American woman—who announced on her handbills that she was the seventh daughter of the seventh, would recover stolen property, reconcile lovers, read your planet, and (oh, anti-climax !) cure freckles ! She had one or two female dupes. Alas for human credulity !

At Guelph we assisted at the opening of the new Town Hall. During the day we had been examining the building, and saw a party of workmen rolling a large barrel into the side-room, where it afterwards burst. "It's for the music-folks," said they. "But," we laughed, "ha, ha! you know, ahem, we don't——" "You !" they replied—"this is läger-beer for the band that plays at the ball !" And sure enough, the Germanic "brass" appeared in due course. At another town where we gave a concert, the audience commenced applauding long before the hour, upon which the grey-haired mayor of the town rose up and said, "Gentlemen, it wants twenty minutes to the time yet, so I hope, for the credit of the community, that you will refrain from that noise ; but, if those folks ain't on the platform by eight o'clock, I'll see you righted !" Later on, the hall became unbearably warm, and it was found that no ventilation was possible ; so a powerful Scotch voice roared out, "Brak yin or twa o' the wundies !" upon which the paternal mayor walked majestically across the hall and put his fist through a pane, thereby giving his sanction to a more general smash.

We had a good deal of railway travelling at this time. One day we went from "Mapletown" to "Redmanville." We were driven in a sleigh to the station—a brown-painted wooden building. The waiting-room was adorned with gorgeous Yankee lithographs—pictures of unparalleled reaping-machines, of marvellous stationary engines, and of the transcendent fairy scenery to be found on the Erie Railway, and nowhere else. At length the train drew near, the grated cow-catcher sending the drifts flying before it, and the engine, flecked white with snow, dashed

into the station. We had for fellow-passenger an editor, who was a Canadian, but who had been so long in the States that he was almost a Yankee. We began a conversation on the comparative merits of the English and American press. "Now, look here," he said, "I don't care for English ways or English people—I've got what's called Anglophobia! I've never been in Britain, an' shouldn't like it if I went there. So you see I can't like the English papers—I adore the American style. When I read papers I want news; when I want literary matter I go to the magazines. If I see any fellow attempt fine writing for my paper, I just take up my pen an' strike the whole of it out—I want everything in a nutshell, right slick to the point. These London papers, with their two-column editorials—I wouldn't read them if I were paid to do it. Why, the *New York Herald* knocks the *London Times* all to pieces—p'raps it ain't so good in the money-market reports, but if the *Herald* was published in London, its financial column would squelch the *Times*—I'll bet my boots it would!"

The conductor came down the car for the tickets. I may say that he has not the brusque despatch of the English guard, but goes through his work in a quiet, business-like way—now and then greeting a friend, or giving a few words of tender care to some "unprotected female," though that class of person is almost unknown in Canada, as every woman is pretty well able to take care of herself.

"Tickets! Now, my good lady, I'll trouble you for your ticket. Oh, don't flurry yourself—there's plenty of time. Thank you, missis; and take my advice, it would be as well if you didn't keep your ticket an' money in the same pocket—there's so many suspicious folks goin' about just now. Tickets, gentlemen! Oh, this is no good—this is an ante-dated ticket. You'll have to pay again—that'll be one dollar seventy-five. Tickets! Why, Thomson, how are you?—it's eight months since I saw you—how time flies! Tickets! Eight? Yes, I see—three here, one there, those two young ladies there—another up at that end, and the gentleman outside smoking—examined and found correct. Your station's next."

By-and-by we approached "Redmanville," when it was discovered that a large wooden house, which was being shifted from one place to another on rollers, had stuck on the edge of the rails, and every one held his breath till, by a very close shave, we got safely past. Canadian villages are either quite

near to the railway, or a mile and a half away from it. "Redmanville" was one of the latter kind. As we were driven to it in a waggonette-sleigh the driver gave us casually his Canadian experience:—"You folks would wonder now," he said, "if I told you all I've been in this country. I've been a carpenter, an' a coach-builder; I've run a hotel, an' been an editor—besides keeping a boot-shop an' setting up a general store. No, sirree! I didn't like none of the jobs; but of all the things I ever tried, that bloomin' newspaper was the worst!"

We passed down a road cut through a mile of slim, dense-standing timber. Then we came to a homestead—then to a clearing, with the black stumps protruding through the snow like maimed limbs. Next to a frozen dam, which we crossed on a wooden bridge, and near which stood a "Flouring Mill." Then came a wooden building, styled "Agricultural Implement Works." Then a long fence, daubed over with advertisements in red paint:—"Smith's for Slaughter Prices," "Brown the Boss Hatter," "Professor Hackinkoff's Lung-Pills." Then the scattered houses assumed coherency—a church appeared on our right, a wooden edifice with a tin spire gleaming in the sun, and with a long shed adjoining for the accommodation of the horses and vehicles of the worshippers—till the chief street of the village displayed something like regularity by the time we reached the hotel. This was a wooden house of two storeys, with a blue pump in front of it. We paid the driver, who gave us our change from that trouser pocket which in America is situated in some obscure part of the waistband behind, and always makes a man appear to be paying you money out of the small of his back. The landlord, a man with a bushy moustache, came out to meet us. "There's eight of your crowd, isn't there? I'll suit you all, an' I've got a nice room, too, for the boss" (Paterfamilias!)—saying which, he conducted us inside.

There are few things a traveller lays more stress on than a good hotel. He may submit to be jolted in a coach, wearied to death in a slow train, or "fleeced" by hackmen, but he must have a good hotel. In Ontario we experienced hotels of all kinds—city-hotels, town-hotels, village-hotels—hotels good, bad, and indifferent. In the country hotels you wake in the morning with a loud thump, thump, thumping going on below, and you know the beefsteak is being pounded of all its juice. A loud bell summons you to the dining-room, and you obey cheerfully, though some irreverent persons say that generally the louder the bell the less there is to eat! Breakfast consists of tea, coffee,

beefsteak, and "sossidge," as the waiting-girl calls it. Dinner is usually roast beef and boiled pork, or roast mutton and ham. At some of these inns, as well as at larger hotels, there is a desire to give you stews and hashes for dinner—as many possible forms as an article can be put into, rather than the thing itself—variations instead of the simple melody. The meat is brought in with much of the warmth out of it, and you long for a hissing hot roast placed bodily on the table to give some vim to the dinner. During the first course the waitress asks if you will have "Tea, ale, or water?" Then follows "Bread pudding or cranberry pie!" One time we ordered "Both;" upon which there was a commotion and subdued tittering behind the screen that covered the kitchen door, while several female heads peeped round to see the person who had given such a voracious order! Tea is the best meal in the country hotel, the table being covered with a variety of cakes, corn-bread, apple "sass," mutton-chops, potatoes in their jackets, and green and black tea. The charges at these rural hostelries are exceedingly moderate, the commercial rate being generally a dollar a day.

At one hotel we had for landlord and landlady a very decent couple, who were amateurs at the business, and constantly apologised to us for their shortcomings, though, truth to tell, the table was unsurpassed for quantity and quality. "We used to be on a farm," said the hostess, "and we have it still, but now my husband wants to sell it so as to furnish up another hotel—he won't get my consent, though—I don't want to part with the land, for you can't get a good farm in Canada very readily now." In another town, our host was a bluff hearty fellow, who insisted on giving us our dinner "in the European style"—a magnificent joint and a splendid turkey being placed whole upon the table, flanked by large dishes of vegetables. This landlord was only surpassed by one other, who being made acquainted with our desire to have a good dinner, burst into the sitting-room with a ponderous lump of raw beef, which he exultingly submitted to our critical eye!

We had a great deal of sleighing to do in Ontario. The railways, of course, run like network over the country, but the trains did not always suit. So we got teams and drove from town to town, the distances between them not being very great. When the weather proved fine, sleighing was very enjoyable. The roads were busy with teamsters—some of them drawing cordwood, others with loads of grain. Occasionally we would pass a cottage with an interesting group of ducks, hens, geese,

dogs, cows, horses, and children round the door—sometimes a haystack adjoining, with cattle eating out of it, and a cow very often far underneath it, as if about to be smothered beneath an avalanche of fodder. Here we would see a horse pawing up the snow to get a nibble of grass—here, a man breaking a hole in a frozen puddle to let his cattle drink. Frequently we would meet a little girl trudging to school through the snow, walking of course in the deep sleigh-tracks, and we would swerve aside to let her past, and prevent her stumbling in the drifts by the roadside. Every few hundred yards we came upon a farmer's house. For this is one great advantage the farmers of Canada have over many of the farmers in Australia—they are never far from society; they have plenty of neighbours. Living near each other, they are a very sociable class of people, and very true to one another. On festive occasions, at merry-makings of all kinds, they come from far and near. On more solemn occasions—at a funeral, for instance—they are as ready with their friendliness and respect. In Sarnia we talked with two young farmers whose father's funeral was attended by people from forty miles round.

To describe Canada without alluding to the farmers would be worse than "Hamlet" with the hero left out. The agricultural class comprises half the population. The farmers of Ontario are comfortable and prosperous—they are the backbone, the life's blood of the province. The rural life of Canada is to a great extent simple and natural. True, a wave of fashion has swept over the country. The farmer goes at once from a log hut to an elegant stone or brick house. There is a show of verandahs, and porches, and bow-windows, and neat gardens about some of the homestead villas. There is a change from the jolly, friendly life of the first settlers, who one and all look back with regret on the happy days gone by. Two old men once came to see us—one of them eighty-three years of age. Both had arrived in Canada together, forty years ago, and had been constant friends ever since. They could have sat for portraits as typical pioneers of the backwoods, being genial, hearty old men, with all the look of having been hard-working, sturdy fellows in their prime. Their weather-worn faces lighted up with pleasure as they recounted their early struggles—one of them telling how the roof of his log hut used to be at many places open to the heavens, and how frequently he had to brush the snow off his bed before he went to sleep. Then the old men lamented the changed times—told us how

there was in the olden days more sociableness between families —how they were then all knit together by the ties of a common occupation and a common aim in life. Now, said they, new faces have come in, new ideas, and pride, worst of all, which has broken up old associations and loosened the bands of brotherhood amongst the farmers.

Canada, as an agricultural country, is highly prosperous. It does a person's heart good to travel through Ontario, with its broad territory thickly studded with farms, with thousands of industrious people living in comfort and independence. Ontario is the most prosperous province in the Dominion. It has the advantages of good soil and good climate. The winter lasts five months, from November until March. Western Ontario, forming a large peninsula bounded by the great lakes, has a less severe winter than the rest of Canada. These large fresh-water seas temper the atmosphere—towns lying on the lake-shore have less snow than places inland. The cold of Canada is not a dreary, uncomfortable cold. As the heat of Australia is a dry heat, and more bearable than the same temperature in India; so here the cold is a dry, bracing cold, more enjoyable than a damp, slushy, open winter.

Of course in stormy weather it is a very different thing. Sleighing in a town, with all the poetry of fine blue skies, jingling bells, gay robes, short distances, and a return home any moment you please, is totally distinct from a compulsory journey of twenty or thirty miles in a snowstorm. Wrap yourself up as you may, put as much underclothing on as you like, tuck the buffalo-robes in as tight as you can, it is impossible to keep out the cold on a long journey. After eight or nine miles the animal heat succumbs. Chills fly in quick succession up your back, your ears begin to tingle, and your fingers and toes cry out. Whenever we reached this stage we one and all would jump out of the moving sleigh. Then we had a smart run which always ended in our becoming exhausted before we were half-warm—the cold air having the effect of producing shortness of breath.

Our first sleigh-ride was from Berlin to Ayr. We were told it was a very rough, hilly road, but encountered nothing more alarming than the undulations of a prairie. It was raining slightly, though the temperature was at freezing-point. The shrubs and blades of grass were sticking up through the snow like little daggers of ice. The trees were fairly weighted to the ground with a mass of icicles—now and again a high branch

snapping off and falling crashing to the ground with a noise like breaking glass. We had for driver a stolid Dutchman, who went ahead of us in the luggage-sleigh, and grunted in monosyllables. The day following, while we were going to Galt, our sleigh broke down, but the Dutchman drove on with the baggage, without displaying any emotion whatever, till our combined shouts reached his intellect. We had a queer collection of drivers. After the Dutchman left us we had an old man so stiff with rheumatism that he had to be lifted to his seat in the sleigh, and propped up from behind with the luggage. We had another old man with one eye, and that very bleared and watery from facing the winter blasts. After a "noggin" he got at a wayside inn, he became chuckingly communicative, and told us of his early life—how he once belonged to Batty's Circus in England, and constituted the entire orchestra himself, playing the "grand ongtrays" and "trick music" on a keyless bugle. Another driver was the captain of a lake-steamer, who drove our sleigh that he might get a free ride to see his friends, and who greatly amused us with his ludicrous mixture of nautical and equestrian terms. Lastly, the whip was wielded by a rich relation of the livery-keeper—a Yankee from Ohio, who had come over to Canada to enjoy himself, but who "didn't like the country a bit." He took the job of driving us so as to have some relief from the monotony of life in a country-town, and certainly proved himself a lively fellow. He was given out to be worth 40,000 dollars, but this did not prevent his jumping off the sleigh and executing an elaborate double shuffle in the bar of every hotel we came to!

All kinds of comical mishaps befell us. One day the sleigh upset over a culvert. Half-a-dozen men rushed to the horses' heads. There we lay, all mixed up with bags and bundles, and shawls and rugs, with the seats of the sleigh on top of us. We got extricated at last, shook ourselves like dogs, and proceeded to relieve our poor old driver, who lay helplessly clutching his whip. The worst of it all was, that a long procession of sleighs happened to be passing at the time, and we were subjected to a running fire of witticism from the drivers:—"You couldn't ha' done better if you'd tried," "Bill, I'll bet it's a weddin'-party," and such like brilliant efforts. A score or two of school-boys also, who seemed to have been dismissed for the express purpose of witnessing the disaster, ran after us; and were only repelled by a cannonade of "sweeties," which they battled and floundered for amongst the snow. The day follow-

ing, the luggage-sleigh upset at a part of the road where the drifts were high. We began to look upon a "spill" as something jolly and essential to our existence.

At Listowel we met the brother of Dr Livingstone, and were much struck with the strong family resemblance there was between him and the great traveller. The worst journey we had was from Listowel to Wingham. This day we had to travel twenty-two miles. The thermometer stood 20° below zero—a gale was blowing right in our teeth—a fierce snowstorm was raging—and altogether it looked as wild a day as could be imagined. Not a soul was out that could possibly keep indoors. The snow was drifting and falling rapidly, all tracks of vehicles had been obliterated, and we had to plough slowly along. The horses struggled amongst the great mounds of frosty, powdery snow. Dense wreaths swept along the road; and though our two vehicles were only three yards apart, yet we were continually losing sight of each other. We were driving in a white night. The cold was awfully bitter. The foam hung from the horses' nostrils in long white icicles. The lapels of our great-coats were frozen as hard as a board, and our cheeks were glazed with scales of ice. We were completely white with snow, like human statues. My brother, who sat alongside of me, had two blobs of ice on his eyes, like ice-spectacles, and he could not see till, after some difficulty, he got them picked off. Then his left cheek became white — he was frost-bitten! Snatching up a handful of snow from the buffalo robe, I vigorously rubbed his face till the blood began to circulate. All at once he cried, "Look at your nose!" but as that was rather a difficult feat in optics, I replied, "What's the matter?" And he said, "It's as white as anything!" So I excitedly rubbed my nose, or rather the place my nose used to be, for I could not feel it. Then my brother's cheek blanched again, and I applied more snow—after which my nose became marble, and it had to be polished once more. Then his cheek, then my nose—nose, cheek, nose, cheek, nose—till a natural hue had set in. At length we reached a small hotel, and though only four miles from our destination, yet we all ran in and warmed ourselves at a stove—all, except my brother and I, who had been frost-bitten. It is not considered safe to trust yourself near a fire after such an occurrence, as then a swollen ear or nose is apt to remain a big ear or nose always, or turn into an open sore for the winter. Therefore, to avoid such a fate, we two re-

mained in the dreary cold outside, tramping back and forward to keep some life in our feet. But as the horses ran a risk of getting chilled, we soon started, and arrived in Wingham. The driver vowed he "wouldn't go through the same again—no, not for a hundred dollars." It is related that a Scottish Canadian, on his voyage home to Scotland one summer, was found sleeping on deck by the captain, who roused him with a caution against sunstroke. "Sunstroke!" replied the Scotsman, with ineffable scorn, "it wad tak a' the sun atween here an' Greenock to thaw the Canada frost oot o' my head!" And we could almost say it took a week to thaw out the awful cold of this journey, though, with the exception of some little scars, we were none the worse for our frost-bite.

The sequel to this day's adventures was as follows. We had intended driving next morning from Wingham to Kincardine, but had no relish for another long sleigh ride; so, hearing of a night-train, we determined to go by it. After the concert was over, we hurriedly packed up and drove to the station, in the midst of the snowstorm, which had increased in violence. On we dashed—the engine struggling against the storm, amid clouds of steam, smoke, and flying snow—the blaze of the furnace lighting up the high drift-banks that extended unbroken along the line. Shortly after midnight we arrived, and saw, by the light of a lantern, an open sleigh waiting for us in the biting, frosty air. The town was some distance off, and the road uphill, so the horses had not gone far when they stuck in the snow, and we had to get out. A few yards farther, the swingle bars went to pieces. Lastly, the horses were led off with the wreck of the harness, while my brothers and I, trudging through the deep snow, and shouldering the pole, dragged the sleigh in triumph to the hotel. That night we slept the sleep of the weary.

Next morning we took a walk down to the shores of Lake Huron, on which Kincardine is situated. The scene looked quite Arctic. The lake was bleak, mournful, leaden-coloured, overhung by lowering black clouds, and at the horizon an ice-floe stretching to the north and south as far as we could see—a weird white belt, that shone out in the surrounding gloom. The entire surface of the lake was steaming, a sign of imminent freezing. Along the shore extended white cliffs twenty feet high, formed by the ice washed in by the late storm, and the waves were breaking heavily against them. Large blocks were grinding against each other in the swell, and rasping on the

wharves. We walked to the extremity of a long breakwater, where stood the lighthouse. The timber-work of the structure was sheeted in ice, and covered with icicles, some of them nine feet long. At places, where the water had been persistently washing over, there were large masses of ice in a curving form, like a wave arrested in the act of breaking into surge. Deep fissures ran into the shore, and down these the waves rushed, throwing lumps of ice high into the air; while here and there appeared blow-holes in the cliffs, through which the water spouted in jets of spray. Canadian lakes are well worth seeing in the winter-time. You can almost imagine you hear the ice-bound shores cracking with the fierce strain of the winter's cold.

CHAPTER XXIX.

COUNTRY CHURCHES IN ONTARIO—HORSE-RACING IN WINTER—A JOURNEY IN A SNOWSTORM—KINGSTON—OTTAWA.

In our travels we always liked, if possible, to arrive on Saturday at some nice little town, where we could spend a quiet Sunday. We generally attended the Presbyterian or "Scotch Church," which had as a rule a good congregation, drawn from the country round. Choirs were to be found even in the smallest places, most of them led by a precentor, who evidently had been inculcating light and shade. Church psalmody is purer here than in the States. The grand old tunes, and the grand modern ones also, are practised and sung. Harmoniums and organs are being introduced into a great many of the Presbyterian churches. As to the preaching in the country districts, it is about as substantial in manner and matter, and as sound in doctrine, as any that can be heard in the old country. You might shut your eyes during the sermon (!) and fancy yourself in any small town in Scotland, which, of course, is paying the Canadian pulpit a great compliment. The country ministers here, in their social relations with their flock, exhibit few or no professional airs, do not stand much on their dignity, but mix freely with the people. Minister and people are more on an equality than at home. This, of course, is to be expected in Canada, which is even more democratic than the much-vaunted American Republic.

We heard a great deal here of "Jack being as good as his master." An old lady from Edinburgh told us of the "deplorable state" of society in this respect. "Everybody is on an equality with everybody else," said she—"my washerwoman's daughter learns the piano; and last night, at your concert, my servant sat alongside of me in a showy dress, with her bonnet all done up with white feathers—a thing that would not be allowed at home, I'm sure." But the poor body had been twenty-three years out from Scotland. We heard, too, of how one day a certain ecclesiastical dignitary was driving along

in his elegant "cutter," when he was met by a Highland farmer in a sleigh at a part of the road where the drifts only admitted of one vehicle. The clergyman of course thought the farmer would give him the track, but as "Donald" sat unrelenting, the ecclesiastic rose with great dignity, thinking to end the whole matter, and said, "Sir, I am the Lord Bishop of Mapletown." "And I," said the farmer, rising with Highland pride, "I—am Toogal MacToogal of Boska-sho-sho-nee!" Upon which the two sat face to face, glaring at each other, with what result is not known to history.

Among the favourite winter-sports of Canada is that of horse-racing, and of course the reader will be surprised, as we were, to hear of such a thing. Every town or village that boasts its lake or river has a ready-made race-course in the winter-time. The Canadians, like the Americans, go in for trotting-matches, and the horses' shoes are frosted specially for the event. In one village we saw the races taking place down the middle of the street. At Barrie, a considerable town on Lake Simcoe, we had an opportunity of being "on the turf," for there were races taking place on the ice. The judge's stand was made out of rough boarding; the betting-men, three in number, "held forth" from a waggon. The racing horses were harnessed to the usual light one-seated vehicle, only instead of wheels there were "runners." The trotting was very good, and one or two of the races were done in excellent time. Imagine, too, the "thimble and pea," the "card-trick," and other bare-faced swindling, with the temperature at zero. There were some hundreds of folks on the ice, and they moved about trying to look as happy as possible. The "favourite" colour seemed to be blue (about the nose). In a short time we were heartily tired watching the various "heats," which sounded like a mockery to our cold limbs and pinched faces.

Once there happened to be races near a little village we were at. We had arranged beforehand for rooms at the hotel, but on arriving found that the landlord, in the fever of unusual business, had let his apartments to the first comers. Therefore we had to put up with limited accommodation in another house. The hotel was filled with dense pungent smoke from the stoves, and from the scores of pipes and cigars. The bar-room swarmed with drunk, disorderly men, and the narrow, creaking stairs were blocked with people. The rooms were so small that our larger luggage had to remain outside the doors. The sitting-room was full of lads and lasses, who were looking out

on the tumult in the village. Sleighs were tearing wildly up the street—at one time, a drunken fellow, with a maddened horse and a heavy sleigh, dashing into another vehicle, and upsetting its twelve occupants into the snow. Now and again, with warning whoop and yell, a horse and jockey flew past. There was incessant noise in and about the hotel. At night we had a good tea, for, as the hostess said, she had "put out her best licks" for us. About eleven o'clock, just as we went to bed, a dance was started, and we could hardly snatch a wink. Our room was so frequently invaded by roving fellows "wanting a sleep," that my brother and I had to barricade the door with a portmanteau. All through the "silent watches" a steady thud of feet came from below, like the rumble of a flour-mill. In the morning my brother discovered that his watch-chain had disappeared, and an ineffectual search was made over the hotel. Just before breakfast there were a series of fights in the bar, and a whole bevy of drunk men were taken off to the lock-up. All around, in the lower rooms of the hotel, lay broken legs of chairs and lengths of stove-pipe, with which the inebriates had belaboured each other. The sofas, too, had had their backs wrenched off by the revellers, so as to make two beds—one man lying on the couch and the other reposing on the back. We found the dining-room door locked, and the landlady guarding it to keep out stragglers—also taking money from each one as they came out. "We've been very quiet, considering," said she—"I heard they had some fighting at the other hotel!" Right glad were we to escape from the confusion. Such a scene as this was a rarity. We never saw anything like it before or since.

"Struck oil!" How full of suggestion is this magic phrase. Excitement, speculation, rapidly-acquired fortunes, great losses—a quiet, perhaps unsettled, region suddenly broken in upon by a host of enterprising spirits—all this it conjures up. Gold fever and petroliamania present much the same symptoms. Canada "struck oil" in 1858, about twenty miles from Sarnia, at a place now called "Oil Springs," and most of the oil-interest now centres in the town of Petrolia, some seven miles from Oil Springs, and eighteen miles from Sarnia. Petrolia is a queer place, unlike a Canadian village, and having more the appearance of a small Australian mining town. It is built wholly of wood, and stands in the midst of a great clearing, with stumps, tall cross-timbered derricks, and steam-pipes—everywhere bustle and industry—surrounded by the unbroken

wooded country. The railway comes right into the town, and the locomotive stops abruptly at the gutter of the main street. A person is struck at first with the great number of men he sees about Petrolia. The bars are busy with persons interested in oil, and all the talk is of an oleaginous nature. "Smith has begun his test-well"—"Graham's on top of the sand, but he's got a lost bit that's bothering him"—"Johnson reached the third sand yesterday, but will only make a moderate pumper" —with other remarks equally interesting and lucid to the stranger. The newspaper, too, is of course devoted to the cause of "enlightenment," and has for its motto—"The rock poured me out rivers of oil.—Job."

Christmas Day found us at the village of Mount Forest. The shops were all shut, and the people out enjoying themselves in their Sunday clothes, while the frozen mill-dam was lively with juvenile skaters. On New Year's Day, during weather unprecedentedly balmy for January, we visited Southampton, a busy port and favourite summer resort on the shores of Lake Huron. Then we returned to Toronto, whence we went east to Belleville along the northern shore of Lake Ontario. We travelled in the cars of the Grand Trunk Railway, that wonderful line which stretches through the vast provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

A fierce snowstorm was raging at Belleville. On the second day, as luck would have it, we had to sleigh twenty-two miles to Picton, which lies on a peninsula called Prince Edward County, stretching into Lake Ontario. The tempestuous weather was not the worst of it, for we had to cross the Bay of Quinté, an arm of the lake, which was here a mile and a half wide. The ice was accounted very dangerous, owing to the soft rainy weather of a few days previously, and no one was to be seen crossing but ourselves. The landlord of the Picton hotel, and the livery-stable keeper, who acted as guide, both went ahead in a little sleigh—next came our party of eight, a very heavy load for the risky ice—then the rear was brought up by the luggage. The ice was covered with snow a foot deep, save at dark patches, where it had been blown off by the wind. Beyond the radius of a few yards everything was invisible. The shore soon faded away, and we were alone amidst the wild swirling snow. At times we seemed to be in the central vortex of the storm, with the drifts circling close around us. A friendly blast of wind would now and then rend the veil of snow, when we could catch a glimpse of a headland, or some

little sapling or bush stuck in the ice to mark the track across. Only by this means could our guide take his bearings, for the opposite shore was not visible till long after. The livery-man did not like the journey at all, and every few minutes roared back, "What do you think of Picton now, boys?"—the answer coming prompt and decisive, "Must get to Picton to-day!" At last, almost smothered beneath a gust of snow, the sleighs pulled up. The livery-man, with a white cloth bandaged over both ears, and looking like an hospital patient, jumped off his seat and tramped savagely round and round about amongst the whirling snow, clutching his whip and vowing he "couldn't lay salt on that blamed track nohow." As we had never been following any track whatever, we wondered at his vexation, but he told us he wanted to find the track so as to keep off it. A team of horses and a loaded dray had gone through the ice a few days previously, and a father and son were drowned. "If I follow the tracks," said our guide, "I'll get into some of these holes." As we went along, the surface ice began to break up, and the sleigh pitched and tilted, sometimes sinking in a foot and a half through the friable crust. The livery-man hastily came to our sleigh and unharnessed one of the two horses, hitching it to the back of his conveyance—adding, "I want to save one good horse at any rate if we get into a hole—the sleigh can float." After an hour's winding about in the storm, we sighted Prince Edward County, and presently landed, with grateful hearts, upon the shore.

But the hard work was yet to come. It had been telegraphed to the papers that "all the roads were blocked and traffic suspended," so that we were about to travel on an impassable track! The roads lying in the direction of the wind were not so bad, but the cross-roads were totally choked up. A wall of snow met us, extending flush from the top of one fence across the road to the other, five feet deep at least. Then we did what is commonly done under the circumstances. We went in a body to the fence, lifted down the bars, and made a gap for the sleighs to go through. The wide open fields were blown partially clear of snow, and we made some progress over the frozen furrows. From field to field we went, breaking in and breaking out through the zig-zag or "snake" fences. It was very fatiguing, for we had to work standing over the knees in deep snow, and the heavy bars so firmly cemented together with ice that they required to be violently wrenched off. We ran across the fields ahead of the teams, so as to get the way clear. The drifts at the gaps we made were sometimes so high that

we could not walk over them. We had to crawl over, and then try to beat down a track for the sleighs. We struck the road whenever it was navigable, and very often it was nothing but a continuity of drifts. The high waves of snow stretched across the track, and it was only by great effort that the horses got over. Then the sleighs would grate on a few yards of bare ground, which represented the trough of the sea, and then we would mount another snow-billow—down and up, down and up, with an undulating motion of the sleigh, as if riding a heavy sea. Twice within a few minutes we were thrown upon our beam-ends—that is, the sleighs were upset. But we managed to get along at four miles an hour, which we thought was excellent time.

While going through a break in the fence, the luggage sleigh sank through the ice into a ditch. Smash! went the swingle-bars; splash! went the horses, floundering violently, and sending up spouts of dirty mud. We unharnessed the poor beasts, while one of the drivers went over the bleak fields to get fresh swingle-bars at a neighbouring farmhouse. Here, too, the ladies were housed till matters were righted. We took the luggage out, pried up the sleigh with fence-bars, and then, with a combined pull, got it out of the ditch—our legs in this operation getting chilled to the bone from standing in the icy-cold water. It was with great thankfulness that we sighted Picton. The twenty-two miles had occupied five and a half hours. On nearing the town we met the mail starting for Belleville, but it had not gone far when it turned back.

Kingston was our next point, 160 miles east of Toronto, and about half way between that city and Montreal. Kingston lies on Cataraqui Bay, just where the Cataraqui River mingles its waters with the great Ontario, and at the head of which lake the town is situated. Kingston is one of the oldest cities in the Dominion, and at one time was the capital of Canada. Long ago it went by the name of Fort Frontenac, and was a strong military station. Most of the troops have been withdrawn, but next to Quebec and Halifax, it is even now the strongest post in British America. At Point Henry, on the other side of the river, there is a fortress which overlooks the entire harbour and the town. Stretching across the Cataraqui is a long wooden bridge, at first built for the use of troops, but now open for general traffic. Now and then soldiers are to be seen moving about and conferring a military air upon the town. On various points of the bay are planted Martello towers, which

if not very useful for purposes of defence, are at anyrate exceedingly picturesque. The naval and military works, which are very extensive, as well as the commercial interests of the port, help to keep up the town. Kingston stands on a foundation of bluestone rock, of which the houses are built, giving them an appearance of massiveness and strength. The rock peeps out everywhere. As you drive into the town, you pass on your right a number of quarries and long bluestone cuttings, protected at parts by strong masonry. The town is two miles from the railway, and the view we had while driving in from the station was very fine. The streets of Kingston have an old-settled look. The public buildings are as fine, if not finer, than those of any other town of 15,000 inhabitants I have ever seen. Soon after our arrival in Kingston we walked down to the Bay, which was a very animated spectacle, owing to the number of skaters upon its hard frozen surface. Several ladies were gliding amongst the crowd with twinkling feet, their skates glittering in the sun. The sky was unclouded and radiant. The ice was as clear as crystal. An ice-boat, with outspread sail, was gliding over the frozen expanse to the American side. Horses and sleighs, too, were conveying provisions to Wolfe Island, where some four thousand people live.

From the ancient capital of Canada we went to Ottawa, the capital of the New Dominion, and the seat of the Dominion Parliament. This brings us to the subject of politics. There are two parties in Canada—the Conservatives, or "the gentlemanly party;" and the Reformers, or "Grits." The powerful element at present is the "Grit" party, or "party of purity," as it has been satirically dubbed by the Opposition. When and why the Reformers were called Grits is one of those things I never could find out. The Conservatives have for their head Sir John A. Macdonald, the Canadian Disraeli, as he might be called, having also some facial likeness to that great statesman. He is the apostle of the Opposition, and his followers, who hold their political faith as tenaciously as a creed, have for their rallying hymn, "When John A. comes marching home," which they confidently expect him to do some day, in the sense of re-securing the reins of Government. The Grits have for their leader the Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, now the Premier. He is a hard-headed, hard-working, shrewd Scotsman—a true man, and a practical, capable statesman. He was born at Logierait, near Perth, and came to Canada many years

ago, when he was a master-mason. Taking part in politics, he worked his way into Parliament, where he quietly made his mark, and at a late crisis was looked upon as the only man who could stand at the head of the Government. A man can push his way to greatness in Canada—the arena of colonial life is open, and the motto is "Fair play and no favour" to all. The two great statesmen of Canada are Scotsmen—Sir John A. came from Inverness. The Hon. George Brown, too, proprietor of the Toronto *Globe*, a great political power, is an Edinburgh man.

The Canadians cannot be accused of apathy in public affairs. As they laughingly say themselves, there is more politics here to the square inch than in any other part of the world. Any man seems capable of getting up on a platform at any moment and giving fluent vent to his feelings. He is so saturated with his opinions that he is inflammable—a spark of a word will set him off. I will not go the length of saying that a Grit will not live next door to a Tory—that a "Mackenzie man" will not be on speaking terms with a "John A.;" but certainly political feeling runs high. The newpapers, too, are literally devotees to their party, and are full of accusations of corruption and bribery, which happily, in most cases, are only accusations, and nothing more. Perhaps such a state of things is better after all than a sluggish condition of the public mind.

Ottawa lies on the river of the same name. Its population is 25,000. The streets are wide, and the buildings handsome. Wellington Street, which the Parliament Buildings face, has a width of a hundred feet. These buildings are the pride of the city, and are the most sumptuous and costly of the kind on the American continent. As you approach Ottawa in the train, you see the stately pile rising high above the surrounding buildings. The grand edifices stand on a bluff 150 feet high, descending sheer to the river. They are of the Gothic architecture of the twelfth century, and are built of cream-coloured sandstone. The pile comprises a central and two side buildings, forming three sides of a square. The main, or Parliament, building, is flanked at each end by the Departmental Buildings. At the rear of the main edifice is the Library, which is circular in form. Among the other fine buildings of Ottawa is the Rideau Hall, the vice-regal residence, where now live Lord and Lady Dufferin, the favourites of all Canadians. The new City Hall, too, is another noteworthy structure, which will cost 80,000 dollars.

The Chaudiere Falls are a mile and a half from the city. The river, after rushing through nine miles of rapids, narrows its channel and falls forty feet into a boiling chasm, the Big Kettle. Here there is a deep cleft, the Devil's Hole, into which a large portion of the Falls mysteriously disappear by some subterranean passage. We saw the Falls under the power of strong frost, and the water was frozen to the very edge of the descent. The rising spray, too, had gradually hardened into a wall immediately in front of the cataract. The best time to see the Chaudiere Falls is in the summer, for their beauty is best displayed when the surroundings of nature are lovely.

Being possessed of such great water-power, Ottawa does an enormous trade in lumber. When you look down from the steep banks of the river you see saw-mill after saw-mill, and acres of timber stacked up in hundreds and hundreds of square piles. The woodyards of Ottawa are a sight to see. Only then can you realize the gigantic nature of the business. The lumbering or tree-felling takes place 250 and 300 miles up, in the forests on the Ottawa river. The "log-drawing" is done in the winter, and the mills work up the timber in the summer-time. The logs are floated down in immense rafts, some of which latter are worth from 15,000 to 25,000 dollars. The safest size of raft is from 40,000 to 50,000 square feet of surface, and this requires five men to manage it. Some, however, are as large as 300,000 square feet, and are very often floated down as far as Quebec, a distance of 1200 miles from the lumber region, taking six months on the passage.

CHAPTER XXX.

MONTREAL — THE RIVER ST LAWRENCE — THE MOUNTAIN — "TOBOGGANING"—THE ICE-"SHOVE"—QUEBEC.

In January of 1876 we visited Montreal, arriving at night, and awaking next morning to the bustle of the city. We saw the grand, frozen, snow-covered expanse of the River St Lawrence, the colossal stretch of the Tubular Bridge, the Mountain with its timbered and white-sprinkled sides rising behind the city. The streets were fat with snow—the eaves of the houses heavy with impending avalanches—the pavements covered with frosted snow that crunched like cinders beneath the feet. Vehicles of all kinds were gliding swiftly along—cutters, hackney carriages, street-cars, landau-sleighs, with gorgeously-lined fur-robes floating out behind them. The sun shone brightly, and the whole scene was enlivening in the extreme. Sleighs of every description, with their occupants wrapped up in furs, dashed past—the air filled with the tinkling of the bells, that echoed back from the high stately buildings rising on either hand. Now a sombre procession of black nuns would wend its way along. Now a snow-shoe club of young fellows walking in Indian file. In their picturesque costume of grey blanket coat, red sash round the waist, flannel knickerbockers, scarlet stockings, moccasins, and a *tuque bleue* or blue cowl with red tassels, the "braves" looked like a long line of Neapolitan fishermen; and presently they would clear the city and make a "bee-line" over hill and dale, jumping fences and ditches, and going "on the double" with many a shout and whoop.

Montreal is the commercial capital of Canada, and has a population of 125,000, half of whom are French. The foreign language is heard everywhere. Your Scotch friend, in the middle of "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" breaks off to say "*Bon jour!*" to a passing Frenchman. Under the guidance of our indefatigable friend Colonel S., we made acquaintance with "Moosoo" in his own district, which lies principally at the east end of

the city. There was nothing to be seen but French shops and French names—nothing to be heard but the foreign language. The streets were alive with sleighs, the drivers uttering many a "*sacré*," and shouting continually what sounded like "Mush-dong, mush-dong!" probably the French for "Gee up!" It was one of those French hackmen that the old Scotch lady addressed on first landing in the country:—"Man, what'll ye tak tae hurl ma kist up to Lasheen?"—the "*Parbleu!*" of the astonished driver wringing from the good woman the exclamation:—"Eh, mercy! what's to become o' me? the fowk here dinna understaun' plain English!"

In Montreal there are 80,000 Roman Catholics and 40,000 Protestants. Though the city is half French half English, yet the disproportion of religions is caused by the majority of the Irish being members of the Church of Rome. The Roman Catholic is bold and aggrandising, despite the strong corrective influence of Protestant Ontario. The Catholic places of worship are among the architectural glories of Montreal. The Cathedral of Nôtre Dame can seat 10,000 people. Its twin-towers rise to a height of 220 feet, and one of them contains a bell weighing 30,000 pounds, the largest on this continent. There is another magnificent church in course of erection, on the model of St Peter's at Rome, though of course on a smaller scale. We went one evening to the Church of the Gesu, or Jesuit Church, which is more active and proselytising than any of the other Roman Catholic places of worship. This was a very gaudily-painted building. Round the walls were a series of splendid frescoes, real works of art, and very much prized. In the side-recesses of the church were grated confessional boxes, each with the name of a priest upon it, so that any one could get absolution from his favourite adviser. The church was crammed with people. The service, which commenced at eight, was evidently intended to attract strangers, for the Roman Catholics have all their showy services after the Protestant churches come out.

The St Lawrence at this time was frozen over, and dozens of sleighs were crossing, their course being guided by a double row of bushes stuck at wide intervals in the ice by the Corporation. Any one who sees the river in full flow in summer, and its broad current alive with shipping, would scarcely believe that in a few weeks it would be a firm highway for horses and vehicles. When a certain noble lord visited Montreal, he refused to cross the frozen river, not deeming such a thing possible.

So his friends drove him over in a sleigh without telling him. When half-way, he asked what the level expanse of snow was, and they replied it was a common. "A common," said his lordship—"splendid! that magnificent stretch of country would do credit to any town in England!" We walked upon the river, and, some distance out, came upon a party of men engaged in cutting ice, none of the blocks less than three feet thick. The view from the river was striking and comprehensive. Along the shore stretched the long unbroken quay of masonry that forms one of the wonders of this great centre of commerce. The entire city-front is an extensive panorama graced by spires and domes.

Mount Royal, or Mont Real, named by Jacques Cartier in 1535, is an abrupt volcanic hill, wooded to its summit, and 400 feet high, though it appears much loftier. The mountains around here are said to have been old when the Alps and Himalayas were at the bottom of the sea. The Colonel, with his accustomed kindness, arranged with a party of friends to visit the mountain—fixed the day, the hour, and made the express stipulation that there were to be no hired vehicles—all were to come in their own sleighs. When the time arrived, a large concourse of vehicles occupied St James' Street. As we drove off, the long procession made quite a stir, and many were the loudly expressed conjectures of the street-arabs as to "what was up." We ascended the back of the mountain by a winding road. On the summit there is being made a people's park; and I am certain that few public recreation grounds have a situation anything like this. When the idea of a park was first mooted, it was laughed at, and people voted it impossible for any one to get to the top of the mountain. Our friend the Colonel, who is an officer of volunteers, one morning early summoned his whole battery of artillery upon secret service, and led them out of town, none of them knowing their destination, till at last they reached the mountain, and the mystery was out. Colonel S. and his artillery gained the summit, the cannon were planted in position, and when the bells of the city struck twelve, a ripping salute was fired. The populace ran out in alarm. One o'clock came, and a final salvo proclaimed the feasibility of a people's park.

The prospect from the summit was grand. Beneath us lay the city, which had quite an ecclesiastical appearance from the great number of steeples, church-roofs, and the towers of Nôtre Dame, that rose like giants above the house-tops. Farther

round we saw in the distance the white foaming waves of the never-frozen Lachine Rapids, to "shoot" which in a steamboat is one of the summer delights of the traveller; while dotted over the wide stretch of country were the spires of the French parish churches gleaming in the sun. After feasting our eyes, we went to the house of a friend close by. It lay in a very bleak part, as we thought, but the walls were as thick as the ramparts of a castle. Headed by the gallant Colonel, our large party stormed this hospitable fortress, and, after partaking of hot coffee, danced quadrilles on the spacious floor. Then we left our genial host and hostess, and had an exciting ride into the city, through the darkness.

Next morning we visited one of the district fire-stations. The head of this, a jolly young Scotsman, described how the fire-alarm reached the station. Electricity is attached to everything. When the head-office signals, the electric flash turns up the gas, stops the clock to a second, rings a bell, shoots a bolt which unhitches the horses, and throws open the folding-doors that lead to the street. The signal came! The bell rang, the gas flared, and the horses dashed excitedly out of the stable, and rushed into their places at the pole, where they were harnessed with spring-fastenings. The whole thing was over in a moment. Montreal has had such severe experience in conflagrations, that it is no wonder she now possesses a thorough system for the prevention of such catastrophes. The whole city is a network of telegraph wires, which centre in this office at the City Hall. There are ninety-six fire-alarm boxes scattered over as many localities. Very frequently the fire-engines are at the spot within three minutes after the alarm.

We visited the "Thistle Curling Rink," a long building enclosing two narrow sheets of ice, as smooth as the most ardent curler could desire. After one has associated curling with open-air enjoyment, in the midst of fine scenery, it seems a little tame to play, as it were in cold blood, inside a rink. But the rivers and lakes of Canada are so covered with snow in winter that the game can only be played under shelter. In the evening we went to the skating rink, an expanse of ice, illuminated by scores of gas-jets running round the building, and thronged with skaters.

Of all the enjoyments in Montreal, "tobogganing" was the best. "Would you like to toboggan?" said the Colonel. "Delighted," said we; upon which he immediately telegraphed a friend in the suburbs to have a lot of toboggans ready at

such and such an hour. Tobogganing consists in sitting on a bark sled and sliding down a snow hill at railway speed, and at the risk of breaking your back, your leg, or your neck. A toboggan is simply two smooth pieces of bark joined side by side and curved up at the front. You lie on this frail sled, with one leg stretched out behind you like a rudder, for you steer the toboggan with your foot. Being novices, we went down in groups, under the guidance of two young Canadians, who were good steerers. The toboggan was put in position, and we sat in as little space as possible. Then we shoved off, and commenced dashing down the long steep hill at terrific speed —down, down—faster, and faster, and faster—the snow whisking off like spray in a gale—the ground flashing like lightning beneath us—till at length came the great final rush, when, with all our gathering velocity, we shot down to the base of the incline.

Getting bolder, my brothers and I determined to go down singly; but owing to some slight misunderstanding between the toboggan and the foot that acted as helm, we all came to grief. One got half-way down, and brought up with a loud thud against a tree—another went smashing full speed into a fence, knocking out a rail and breaking his sled—a third went head over heels into a ditch, with his toboggan on top of him. The fun grew fast and furious. Down came one of the young Canadians, standing on his toboggan and guiding it with two strings like reins—then off went the other fellow in pursuit—then we all started to keep up the jollity. One Canadian lady said she could be a spectator no longer, and vowed that, come what may, she was going to have a toboggan ride, of which she was passionately fond. She even wanted to take the worthy Colonel down with her, but he declined the charming offer, as it was getting late, he said; and so we all went into the kindly folks' house, where we finished up with a refreshing tea.

On "Burns' Nicht" we were honoured by an invitation to a banquet given by the Caledonian Society in memory of Scotland's poet. There was a considerable attendance. The St Andrew's Society was also well represented. In fact, many Scotsmen were members of both societies. There is no rivalry between them. The St Andrew's Society is purely of a charitable nature, and the president this evening gave many striking anecdotes of the good it has done to poor, deserving Scotsmen in Montreal. On a subsequent occasion he took us through the St Andrew's Home, a well-kept institution, where the needy

are supplied with food in the winter, and where Scottish immigrants are housed till they find employment. In one of the rooms there lately died a nephew of Sir Walter Scott. With toast and song the Burns' banquet came to a successful conclusion. Then a procession was formed, and we were escorted to the hotel in grand style, accompanied by the "picturesque" strains of the bagpipes, that floated through the silent frosty air.

Three months afterwards we again visited this fine city. The St Lawrence was expected to clear at any moment. Hundreds of people lined the shore, watching for the "shove." Here and there masses of ice were stacked up, relieving the white plain like sheaves in a harvest-field. One forenoon the whole of the ice was in motion, gliding down in a stately manner—a heavy swell occasionally washing the quay, and the drifting cakes of ice grinding heavily against each other. All at once we heard a peculiar cracking noise. "Look, look!" There, a few hundred yards from the shore, was a veritable "shove." Scores of people streamed down the streets leading to the river. The ice rose in a huge mass, and block after block, heaved up as if by an unseen giant force, slowly rasped one over the other, and fell plunging into the current. Every throe was succeeded by renewed disintegration of the immense pile, as fresh fragments, many tons in weight, were urged over by the crushing pressure of the ice-fields. The moving blocks were so ponderous that they seemed to linger in their fall. In a short time the motion ceased. The masses of ice were still and silent, and an immense cake, several feet in thickness, stood perpendicularly, with its clear, glassy edge glittering provokingly towards us, as if it had half a mind to topple over.

On our first visit in January, we sang eight nights in Montreal. We gave "A Nicht wi' Burns" on the birth-day of the poet, as had been our custom every year, and, as in the Antipodes, found the name of Scotland's bard to possess a magic charm. Our success in Canada was very gratifying. In the "wee toons" of the backwoods, in the thriving agricultural centres, and in the larger cities, we met with a ready welcome from our countrymen. The Songs of Scotland, too, attracted people of other nationalities. The Canadian-born, especially those of Scottish descent, came in large numbers, and showed almost as much enthusiasm as the real sons of the heather. The young Canadians are imbued with Scottish sentiment by the "auld folks," the original settlers, who are gradually dying out. As a rule, we enjoyed our winter journeys. We sang in every town

in the broad province of Ontario. Sometimes we performed in villages that could scarcely have furnished an audience in themselves, but were the centres of a thickly-populated agricultural region—the farmers coming fifteen, twenty, and thirty miles in their sleighs. Snow was as vital to us as to the shop-keepers. If there was a thaw or very little snow, it made an appreciable difference in the audiences. Clear, frosty weather, with plenty of snow, brings out the country-folks, who perhaps enjoy the fun of the drive as much as the concert itself. One evening an old Scotsman drove forty miles. He came into the side-room with dewy eyes, and grasped my father's hand warmly, saying :— "I dinna care sae muckle for yer sangs—I just want to see a man that's seen Perth since I saw it!" The old farmers were very much affected by the songs, which to them conjured up by-gone scenes and associations. Frequently they would break out, in their enthusiasm, into loud comments. One night at the conclusion of "When the kye comes hame," a man slapped his knee and exclaimed, with a relishing smack of his lips, "Od, that's meat an' drink to me!"

The halls we performed in were very varied. Many of them were town halls — capacious, well-lighted, and well-seated. But for them, in the smaller towns, where there are no regular concert-rooms, we could not have given our entertainment. Of course we had frequently to put up our own platform, and hang up a banner as a retiring room. But, taken as a whole, the halls of Canada are comfortable, serviceable buildings. In one place, however, the town hall was in a wretched state. On entering, we found the building already occupied by performers—a number of hens, who cackled and fluttered about, and occasionally made "daring aerial flights" into the gallery, while a bantam strutted on the platform, crowing his scales with all the air of an individual well accustomed to the foot-lights. From a hole in the middle of the ceiling hung down the frayed rope of the town-bell. This was rung every night at nine o'clock, and a song had to be stopped while the stolid hall-keeper forced himself into the midst of the audience, and tugged away at his evening chimes! Again, some of the halls were rather unsafe. One was up a stair, and the public were afraid the floor would fall in. While the audience were crowding the hall, the proprietor came to us with a face of great alarm, saying, "If you let another person in, I won't be responsible for the building!" When a seat broke down, depositing ten or twelve people on the floor, the audience rose in

alarm, thinking the fatal crash had come. In a short time, the performance was varied by the loud thuds of the carpenters below, who were putting up props beneath the flooring. Another description of hall was that in connection with a hotel. In the small bush-towns of Australia, most of the hotels are "places of entertainment" in this sense, and the landlord generally looked for a "Five Minutes' Interval" in the programme, to allow the audience to have a drink in the bar. That worthy was very wroth when the "intermission" was awanting, as the selling of "nobblers" during an entertainment was a highly profitable "spec." Occasionally we were offered a hotel-hall free, if we simply lived at the house and allowed the landlord to have an "interval" at the concert! In one case, without our leave or knowledge, an irate innkeeper actually locked the hall-door, and would only allow the audience to pass out and in by a side-door that led through his bar. Luckily we were troubled with little of this sort of thing in Canada.

Occasionally we would come to a town which boasted its local poet, who sang of home, and freedom, and heather, and broke into poesy anent the Auld Scots Sangs. Next morning, the bard would be seen, with his wallet of poems over his back, taking the road to some neighbouring village, there to sell his books—never troubled about advertisements, canvassers, or discounts to "the trade"—himself the producer, advertiser, publisher, and bookseller! We met, too, that wonderful character the bill-poster and town-crier. As we were given to understand by the inhabitants of backwoods townships that our success would be imperilled if we did not employ the bell-man, we sometimes handed him a slip of paper: "Mr Kennedy and Family will give their entertainment on the Songs of Scotland to-night at eight"—telling him on no account to say anything but that. With many protestations of "All right—depend on me!" he would back out of our parlour, shortly to be heard bawling lustily up and down the street: "O yes, O yes, O yes, take notice, all the true sons of Old Scotland—make ready, ready, ready, for the Great Meeting to-night, when the well-known, talented, and musical Mr Kennedy, accompanied by his charming sons and daughters, will give their world-famous Songs of Scotland, their first appearance in the Town Hall for the first time, so be in time, time, time—their Name is sufficient!—be early to get your seats, to-night at eight, and sharp's the word! God save the Queen."

From Montreal we went to Quebec. At ten o'clock P.M. we entered the sleeping-car, and with a cheer from our kind friends, started on our night-journey of 172 miles. A little after five in the morning we arose and saw the country under deep snow. Was it really the 23d of April? The fences were invisible for heavy drifts. It was a bleak white landscape. The banks of the St Lawrence soon appeared, getting higher and higher. Frequently, a deep gully ran into the heights, down which rushed a torrent of melted snow. Quaint wooden houses, of a stamp we had seen nowhere else in Canada, were scattered here and there, and the French tongue became very common. We reached Point Levis at half-past seven; and, looking across the St Lawrence, saw the grand old city of Quebec, with its houses spreading up towards the citadel-crowned heights, which rise 350 feet above the river.

By eight o'clock we had reached the wharf at Quebec, and were as usual beset by a mob of Jehus. We have experienced the attacks of the Albert-car drivers of Melbourne, the natives of Honolulu with their mustangs for hire, the hotel-runners of San Francisco, and the touters of Niagara, but never did we meet importunity half so vigorous as that of the carriole-drivers of Quebec. They were more like a pack of wolves that had been starved all the winter and had seen the first food of the season. There was a small crowd of drivers to every passenger. Alas for any unhappy traveller who showed the faintest signs of weakness! One man seized him by the right arm, another grasped his left, a third besieged him in front, a fourth implored him from behind to take no other vehicle but his; while a cordon of fellows pressed in, exclaiming, "That's my man," "He spotted me," and "Drop him, he's my job!" "Carriole, carriole!" cried the Frenchmen. "Carry-all, carry-all," shouted the English, with a pronunciation of the word that was very laughable, seeing that each vehicle appeared to hold as few as possible. The wharf was densely occupied by these sleighs, little boxes as they seemed to us, and each capable of seating three passengers. Amid confused jabbering and disputing, we got ourselves distributed into three carrioles, a fourth being devoted to the luggage.

Immediately above us frowned the precipitous rocks and strong ramparts of the city, that craned one's neck to look up at them. The streets, rising from the lower town at the base of the heights to the upper town on the higher table-land, were extraordinarily steep, and we saw at once the reason for those

little carrioles. The snow was covered with dirt and mud, the deposit of months now appearing after a few spells of thaw. The surface was broken into large holes, and the carrioles pitched and banged in a most ludicrous manner, making us hold on as if for dear life. The horses panted up the narrow winding streets, the sleighs plunged like dolphins ; and, what with the dreadful thuds and our continuous fits of laughing, we were completely out of breath. The hill was occupied by a long string of vehicles. Now and then, with an awful bump, two or three trunks from as many different loads were jerked out like playthings into the road, and the sleighs had to be sharply pulled up, blocking the traffic, amidst fuss, yells, loud oaths in French and English, and the merriment of the passengers ; while above all, the church bells were noisily pealing, and the pavements filled with crowds of good Catholics going to matins. It was a drive unparalleled in its mixture of the solemn and the ludicrous.

We put up at the "St Louis Hotel," which had been closed all the winter, owing to the smallness of passing travel. The "table" was the best we had met with in our journeyings. The hotel was at this time under the hands of the painters, in anticipation of the coming summer season. Long ladders and stagings were placed up the front of the building, and Frenchmen scraped and splashed and chattered in mid-air. As we sat in our bedroom, a man would now and then make his way in with a rope, and tie the end of it to the door-handle, as a security to a ladder then and there coming before the window. The passages were full of scaffolding, and we had to duck under pairs of steps at the risk of being whitewashed. Such was our pleasant life in the half-awakened hotel.

How shall I describe the streets of Quebec? The snow lay dirty, hard-trodden, deep—piled up in mounds at places, drifted in others, rugged and fractured everywhere. Men were busy with pick and shovel breaking up the snow and clearing the roads. Now a "klash" or calash, a buggy on two wheels, would jolt lightly over the uneven surface. Now a carriole would dash along with loud thuds—bump, bump, bumping, like the sound of a tub rebounding down a flight of stairs. In the outskirts the snow was heaped up to a height of ten feet. In the country the drifts were fifteen feet in depth. It appeared as if it would take weeks to thaw out all the snow. The streets of the older part of the town are tortuous and filthy, and wind amongst earthworks and battlements. Ramparts are seen at

every turn, with port-holes staring at you, and cannon looking as if about to pour a volley into some unoffending clothier's or grocer's. At one or two points the upper and lower towns are connected by zig-zag wooden stairs that go down the steep face of the rocks. The thoroughfares in the upper town are straighter and not so hilly, and there is the usual traffic and shop business. Lord Dufferin, the present Governor-General of Canada, has an eye to preserving all the ancient beauties of Quebec, and his plan for protecting and rebuilding certain parts of the gates and city-walls has met with a hearty response from the inhabitants.

Overlooking the river is a fine esplanade, which cannot be less than 300 feet long—a wide, clear platform, occupying a commanding height, and forming the afternoon walk of the citizens. A keen wind swept round the heights of the city, but the sun was rapidly growing in strength, and the wooden platform reflected a pleasant warmth. From it we had a quaint view of the lower town—a bewildering confusion of house-tops, ricketty old-fashioned gables, and a forest of chimney-stacks. Little railed stairways led from the attic window of one tenement to the house-top lower down the slope, the roof being used as a promenade. Frenchmen in guernseys, with red cowls on their heads, strolled on these domestic battlements, like the Jews of old. The gaps and cramped lanes between the houses were full of snow, and heavy drifts lay high amongst the rocks, as if about to fall in avalanches upon the frail dwellings beneath.

We next bent our steps to the citadel. One or two soldiers were moving about, and at intervals a bugle-call broke upon the silence. From the ramparts of the citadel—the highest point about the city—you have, perhaps, the most comprehensive river-view in the world. But the country, being under snow, had none of its summer beauty of foliage, and the St Lawrence, that leviathan river, bearing on its bosom large sheets of ice, had as yet none of the genial appearance produced by warm sunny skies, none of the life and interest produced by passing sails or steamers.

Quebec is thoroughly French. You hear almost nothing spoken but French. English is the exception. We passed north of St John's Gate, and went down a long crowded street, where we heard not a single word of English. The policemen have not a British look. The public buildings have double names. The post-office is also the "*Bureau de Poste*," the

court-house is the "*Palais de Justice.*" Most of the streets are named after saints, but a more secular flavour has been given to some of the newly-built thoroughfares. Not that we saw much building enterprise in Quebec. Seeing a large burnt-out edifice, we said to a man—"There's been a fire here, I see." "Yes," was the reply; "that was gutted six or seven years ago."

In respect to history and strength of position, Quebec is the Gibraltar of Canada. Compared with the fortified towns of older countries, it does not boast of a lengthy existence; but after one has recently left the cities of Western America, which are so to speak the creations of to-day, he feels Quebec to be a place of hoary antiquity. Its battlements seem to be groaning under history. Here are the famous Plains of Abraham, or "Heights of Abram," as Burns calls them, where in 1759 was waged the fierce struggle for the possession of Quebec, when General Wolfe fell at the head of his besieging forces, not however before he had wrested the formidable city from the French and changed the destiny of North America. A monument has been erected in Quebec to commemorate the event. On one side is the name of Wolfe, on the other that of the French General Montcalm—a graceful tribute to the two great heroes. Sixteen years afterwards took place the great defence of Quebec, when the Americans, after gaining all the other armed posts of Canada, tried to capture the fortress of Quebec from the British. The two Generals Montgomery and Arnold invested the city with 2000 men, and, under cover of a dense snow-storm, commenced the attack—causing first a false alarm at St John's Gate, and then making the real assault on the two extremities of the lower town. The garrison was aroused—Montgomery, the brave American General, was shot dead, and the besiegers were thoroughly repelled. Quebec has ever been the palpitating heart of the historical life of Canada. Coming to events of more modern interest, it was here that John Wilson, the great Scottish vocalist, breathed his last. His grave, marked by a fine obelisk, lies in a cemetery some distance out from the town; but, owing to the badness of the roads, it was impossible for us on this occasion to visit any of the surroundings of Quebec, not to speak of a spot of such interest as this. Those of us who had not previously seen Wilson's grave were much disappointed.

We passed four days very pleasantly in the ancient city. When the evening of departure came, the hotel-folks were

arranging for us to drive to the ferry-boat. But we declined with thanks, having had quite enough of the carrioles. We walked to the lower town, down the unhealthy smelling streets and past the old houses—then lost ourselves, and had to ask our way of a policeman, who, strange to say, could not give us the direction. "No spick Ainglish," said he; "spick you some oder man." Getting right at last, we took our places on the boat, and presently got into friendly talk with an old Scotsman of our acquaintance, who was going across the river. "Eh," he commenced, "I've a fine job on the noo. Ye ken I'm in the agency business. Weel, I'm sellin' washin'-machines; an' what I dae is this—I gang into the hooses an' wash. I just let the folk see what the thing'll dae. It's rollers, ye ken, an' sape an' watter. There's nae rubbin' o' the claes. I putt a five-dollar bill, wrapped up in the claes, through an' through the machine twenty times withoot spilin' it. Ay, that convinces the folk, an' they buy the washers by the dizzen." During this interesting confession, the steamer had moved off, and presently we were gliding out from under the fortifications and frowning rocky heights of the city, which stood square-cut and massively black against the dying light of the sunset.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES—NEW BRUNSWICK—NOVA SCOTIA.

Our faces were now turned to St John, the commercial capital of the province of New Brunswick. To reach it involved a very roundabout road. One way was to go by steamer from Quebec, but, as navigation was not expected to open for a day or two, we could not avail ourselves of the St Lawrence route. The grand Intercolonial Railway between Quebec and the Maritime Provinces would not be completed till the month of June, so the only way left us was to travel by way of New Hampshire and Maine. We left Quebec at 7 P.M., crossed the river to Point Levis, and took the train thence to Richmond Junction, which was reached at one in the morning. Here we had to change our sleeping-cars, getting up half asleep in the dark and moving into fresh berths. We awoke early and found ourselves in Yankee-land. At Island Pond the baggage was examined by the Customs officers—one of our trunks being opened, the tray taken out, and the contents overhauled, of course to our intense delight!

We had breakfast here. At the hotel-table there sat opposite us two young ladies, who were sisters, and talked in a loud tone of voice concerning their private affairs. While thus engaged there stepped up, from an adjoining table, a young man, who greeted the fair maidens as old acquaintances, and asked if he might be so bold as to take a seat beside them. "Oh, I should so much wish it," said the youngest gushingly. "So glad," said he. "We've jest come from Dee-troit," commenced the eldest sister in a scientific-lecturer pitch of voice, "an' we're goin' down East to Professor Brown's College." "Yes," chimed in the younger damsel, "I'm told they polish an' turn out well there, an' that's why we're goin'." Then the ladies asked the young gentleman "what locality he was located in;" after which they went on to state that their "pa" the doctor could not come to breakfast as he was "sick" (ill). The young man then asked us to "pass the cup," but as we looked

vaguely about for such an article, he smilingly explained, "The pepper, please!" The eldest sister being pressed to take a hot roll—"No," said she, "I'm too sick to look at them buns." Then stretching her arm across the table after the departing waitress, "Hi! see here, you there," she cried, "I want more tea." "Oh," added her sister, "I'm goin' to fill up with coa-fee!" On the railway platform strolled their "pa" the doctor, a middle-aged gentleman with clean-shaven face, heavy features, his hair arranged in long wispy ringlets stiffened with grease, and wearing a high hat narrowing at the crown. He was shortly joined by his two daughters, who walked deliberately up and down, each chewing a wooden toothpick.

Our further journey was delightful—the scenery beautiful, and not a tame bit of country to be seen during the whole of the forenoon. The snow was not lying here on the lower ground—the air had some balminess and the sun some warmth. We were in a different atmosphere from that of Quebec. The White Mountains of New Hampshire were a noteworthy feature. We turned the flank of the range, and saw the loftiest peak, Mount Washington, covered with a liberty-cap of snow, towering into the blue sky. Every few miles we came upon a splendid river, with the snowy hills stretching behind it, and perhaps a delicate church spire rising out of the midst of a white wooden village, and giving a Swiss appearance to the scene.

During the forenoon we entered the State of Maine, where exists a stringent liquor-law, but where "bitters" of all kinds are sold with impunity. It must be confessed, though, that the towns had a great air of sobriety. A remark of ours that nobody would be able to get a "nip" here was received with smiles of incredulity by our fellow-passengers, and then a number of incidents were told us, to show how ingeniously the Liquor Law is evaded. One story ran as follows. A book-peddler, with a bundle of blue-and-gold volumes under his arm, steps into a shop:—"Hev any of my books to-day?" "No!—get away," says the shopkeeper, huffily. "Jest look at one book." "What have you got?" "The Pilgrim's Progress." "Get away, now, d'ye hear?" "Jest hev a look!" "Clear out!" The peddler unscrews a corner of the sham book, and holds it to the storekeeper's nose:—"Hev a *sniff*, then?" "Eh?" (storekeeper sniffs)—"Old rye, by thunder! I guess I'll take three volumes!"

At mid-day we branched off at Danville Junction, said good-

bye to our old friend the Grand Trunk Railway, and went on by the Maine Central. The rest of the day the train passed through country that I thought would have been more thickly populated, though there was plenty of life at the rivers—manufacturing and lumbering towns, with scores of saw-mills, lining the magnificent streams that water these regions. In the evening we arrived at Bangor; and, as the connecting train did not leave till next morning, we slept at a hotel, which was a pleasant break in the long journey.

Then we went on to St John by the "European and North American Consolidated Railway," as it was grandiloquently termed. At one of the stations a half-tipsy old man was getting off the train, when he fell flat on his face. The crowd of loafers that are always on hand at a "depôt" gathered round at once. A tall man, a doctor, pushed his way through, while a bystander exclaimed, "He's busted his nose, sir." The gentleman lifted the old fellow, and said, "Oh, this is a case of——" (he was evidently on the verge of Latin, but broke off)—"a case of bleeding at the nose, boys!" Then away he went, slapping his thigh and exclaiming, "Well, now, that's the first professional call I've had to-day!" The old man, wiping his face with the back of his hand, smiled feebly, and said, "It'll do me good, boys"—upon which he was unceremoniously shoved, amid shouts of laughter, into the departing train.

The Yankee element faded out of the "cars" as we entered New Brunswick. We crossed the boundary-line and came upon rough country. It was littered with boulders, and all the stones in creation seemed to have been hurled down upon it. The Americans appeared to have got the best part of the bargain, and manipulated the boundary-line so as to bring it to the edge of this barren waste. We have never been extraordinarily "smart" in our dealings and treaties with Brother Jonathan. New Hampshire and Maine should have formed part of Canada—the line of latitude and the natural lie of the country both point to that. On nearing St John we came upon some beautiful scenery. The train wound along the shores of the St John River, which was here very broad, and bounded by high swelling hills that sloped down in green and brown stretches to the shore. The river, which is almost an arm of the sea, and flows into the Bay of Fundy, extended away round amongst the hills, and its bold wide reaches, varied with an occasional sail, and leisurely darkening in the gathering shades of evening, pre-

sented a striking picture. When we sighted St John the train was running on a peninsula. On our left appeared the river, on our right the shores and outstanding seal-rocks of the Bay of Fundy. We now beheld sea-water for the first time since leaving San Francisco. A vision of weary travel opened upon our minds—we had come from the Pacific to the Atlantic. A short trip in a ferry-boat brought us across the water to St John, which was veiled in sea-mist, smoke, and twilight, and stood in grand commanding situation upon the hills that overlooked the river.

Next morning, a walk through the town showed us the streets lively with carts, drays, buggies, and waggons. The thoroughfares that led up the hills were very steep. When you got to the head of them and looked away down, along the trough of the street, and far up again to the other slope, with all the busy traffic of human beings and vehicles, you saw a scene that favourably impressed you with the amount of life existing in St John. There were crowds of people at the Exchange discussing stock. Across the street stood the new post-office, a high building occupying a prominent corner, with a fine frontage of bow-windows—the latter divided from each other by pillars of red granite, which is found in the province, and which, as the folks here say, is equal to that of Aberdeen. One of the squares of the town is guarded by a gate of the usual three arches, and looking as solid and enduring as a rock. You think it an old stone structure till you go up and tap it, when you find it is built of wood. The imitation of stone is exceedingly clever, and merely as an illusion the gate is well worth seeing. The heights of St John are crowned, not with a bold fortress, a handsome church, or a stately public building, but by an enormous square hotel, which is too big to pay for some years to come. The people here have undoubtedly great public spirit. There is an almost endless series of views to be had from the many high standpoints in and around St John. The river and the bay each wind about the town, and the prospect down many of the streets ends in a pleasant water view. Some of the knolls and hills in the outskirts are bleak-looking and covered with scrub, but most of them are occupied by cottages and villas. About half-an-hour's walk from town is a charming basin of water situated amongst the heights, and lying secluded at the foot of a hill clad with pine-trees to the very shore. Lily Lake, as it is called, is entirely surrounded by wooded rising ground, and you are shut out as completely from

the city's bustle as if you were a hundred miles away from civilisation. Its limpid, smooth waters seem never to have been ruffled by a storm. It is a fish paradise. A person of a meditative turn of mind could smoke a cigar here in perfect bliss.

Saw-mills, puffing chimneys, the clatter of ship-building yards, log-rafts, sailing-ships, and ferry-boats, lend a great deal of bustle to the port. St John is famed for shipping and lumbering. There is a ton of shipping for every inhabitant of the province, and the province numbers 300,000 people. New Brunswick, like Nova Scotia, is also great in the matter of fisheries, the total value of these in one year being close upon seven million dollars. Codfish, herring, mackerel, haddock, pollock, hake, trout, smelt, bass, salmon, halibut, gaspereaux, and shad are caught on these shores. At the hotel we had fish regularly for breakfast and dinner, sometimes for tea, and after our sojourn in the far inland regions of America, fish newly caught from the sea was no mean luxury. Oysters are plentiful here—also lobsters, of which there are about two and a half million cans prepared annually, and which have led to a grievance concerning a certain treaty made with the United States. The Americans agreed to admit Canadian fish free, inclusive of preserved lobsters, but now they charge duty on the tin cans. Oh, they are cunning dogs, those Yankees!

St John has a pretty good harbour, sheltered at its mouth by an island, which is a source of danger as well as protection. On that island there is a fog-horn, blown by steam, and let off at stated intervals by clockwork. As at this time the bay was never free from drizzling mists, the giant trombone was booming night and day, with a plaintive dying cadence. Another interesting feature is the tide. The Bay of Fundy is one of the tidal wonders of the world. The tide rises in some places sixty feet—in the harbour of St John it marks thirty feet, varying, of course, according to the power and direction of wind and wave. The ferry-boat landing-stage each side the river is a floating platform that rises and falls with the tide. During low-water you descend it at a steep gradient, with the green slimy pile-timbers of the wharf standing either side of you—at high-water it is level with the street. When the tide is out there is a bay running into the town that is nothing but an expanse of mud. At the wharves you will see ships of 1200 and 1500 tons lying high on the ooze at ebb-tide. St John requires no dry dock, thanks to the Bay of Fundy. At the

foot of one of the streets we saw carts driving right into the harbour, and loading up with cargo from the smaller craft that were temporarily stranded by the tide. A mile and a half from the centre of the town is a graceful, lofty suspension bridge, which crosses the St John at a part called the Rapids or Falls, where the river is hemmed in closely by precipitous rocks. Here you see the marvellous effect of the big tide. At low-water the river rushes and swirls down the slope with great impetuosity, its whirlpools and hidden rocks forming an impassable barrier to shipping; but at high-water the tide sweeps up and combats with the wild rapids, flooding them completely, and making a smooth, deep channel for vessels. Again, at Moncton, which lies on the Petitcodiac River at the head of the Bay of Fundy, the spring tides flow up in a wave two or three feet high, resembling on a smaller scale the "bore" of the Ganges and the Yang-tse-kiang.

We were in St John during the first two weeks in May. The weather was cold and drizzly at times, but there were the delightful sea-breezes, sappy, freshening, and laden with saline particles. How we opened our lungs to inhale the generous air! The people here have been nick-named the "Blue-Noses," probably in unkind allusion to their climate, but I should rather call them the "Red-Cheeks," as everybody has such a good colour. The moist atmosphere is beneficial to the complexion. How different from the Western States, with their dry climate and want of salt in the air. The people far inland look withered, and have dried-up skins. Give me places like St John, with its sturdy sea-breezes that invigorate the frame and tinge the cheeks with Nature's own rouge!

On Sunday we were asked by a friend to visit him at his hotel. While at dinner, we saw at the other end of the room a party of fourteen men dining at a table by themselves. They were jurymen, with two constables in charge. An important criminal case was in progress, and these "good men and true" were boarded here, as being convenient to the Court House. Some of the jurymen were Protestants—some were Roman Catholics. They all wished to attend divine service, but, as they could not separate, what was to be done? The Protestants would not put their noses inside a Catholic cathedral, and the Catholics were equally determined not to countenance a Protestant place of worship. At last (happy thought!) a compromise was agreed to, which would soothe all their consciences —they marched off in a body to the Ritualistic Episcopalian

Church! What would Dr Cumming say to that "sign of the times?"

St John to Newcastle was a delightful journey of 160 miles through the interior of the province of New Brunswick. The railway carriages were large, high-roofed, well-lighted, well-ventilated, had capital springs, and, the road-bed being good too, the travelling was very enjoyable. The train stopped at all the stations, the conductor shouting out such unearthly names as Quispamsis, Nauwigewauk, Passekeag, Apohaqui, Plumwaseep, and Penobsquis, though, of course, the words were altered by frequent repetition into something more pronounceable. Once or twice the brakesman came round with a can of water on his arm, to relieve the thirst of the passengers. During the forenoon we traversed the fertile Sussex Valley, with verdant slopes, knolls, and high-wooded hills rolling at varying distances either side of us—a continuous, undulating panorama of great beauty, with the train frequently skirting the banks—shores I ought to call them—of magnificent rivers, chief among which was the noble Kennebecasis. In the afternoon the scenery was tame—dense forest country, relieved every few miles by a gap burnt in the woods. Near Newcastle we crossed the splendid iron bridges which span the two broad arms of the great Miramichi River—then in a short time entered the town.

Newcastle is situated on the North Shore of New Brunswick. Its shipping finds outlet to the Gulf of St Lawrence by way of Miramichi Bay. There is more lumbering than farming in these parts—settlement is rather backward. As a Newcastle Scotsman said to us, "The fack o' the matter is just this, that naebody will come to New Brunswick as lang as they can gang west to Ontario. The winter's ower lang here. This is near the middle o' May, an' there's no a pleugh in the grund yet. The country's gude eneuch—the craps grow like winkin', the soil's magneeficent, but there's nae time to get the seed in. Hoo's a man wi' a six-horse farm to get alang—he has to hire men, an' he canna afford to keep them daidlin' aboot a' the winter. He's got to work himsel', too—there's nane o' yer gentleman-farmin' does here, I can tell ye—ye've got to tak' aff yer coat an' work yersel'. But if ye do, ye'll mak' siller." There was some truth in this, though it applied more particularly to Newcastle and other places on this North Shore. There is no denying that New Brunswick has a prolonged, severe winter; but there is also no question that the province contains fine land. The more genial soil and climate of Ontario have

proved too attractive to immigrants, and they have literally left New Brunswick out in the cold. However, the work of settlement has got to be done some time or other. Farms are being started in various parts of the province, and the country is surely, though slowly, being opened up. At Newcastle we sang in the Masonic Hall, a new building, the acoustic properties of which were not increased by the floor being carpeted with sawdust to the depth of two inches. This was for the ingenious purpose of keeping the floor clean. The audience, of course, were limited to the mere clapping of hands; but at last they could stand it no longer, and scraped holes through the sawdust to the floor, so as to hear the clatter of their feet.

We took the steamer from Newcastle to Chatham, six miles farther down the Miramichi. The sun shone in cloudless heavens, the river was exquisitely smooth, and the wooded shores mirrored themselves clearly on the glassy water. Now a large stern-wheeled steamer would churn past—now an Indian would steal along in his bark canoe—now a shoal of logs would drift past, broken away from some "boom" or dam far up in the lumber-region—now an enormous raft, with the water lapping lazily against it, would glide down the river, propelled by sail and oar. On board the steamer were several old men, all natives of New Brunswick. While conversing, one happened to remark that he "hadn't seen his great-grandfather's grave." "Haven't you!" said another; "why, I've seen it, an' the tombstone's got a rigmarole on it as long as from here to the paddle-box, all about him being a good man an' a pioneer, an' a purveyor of food to his Majesty, an' all that sort of thing." "I was born down the river here," commenced a third old man; "an' when I was a younker, the great fire took place that burnt over a big tract of country, a hundred miles long and seventy miles broad, devouring the villages it passed over. My father was workin' aboard one of the boats at the time, an' wasn't at home all that day. There was my mother, my sister, a neighbour's two little children, an' myself in the house. In the evening my mother happened to be outside the cottage, when she saw a red glimmer far off, an' came in saying there was a fire somewhere. A few minutes after that she went out again, an' saw the glare was fast comin' nearer. Then she knew the forest was ablaze, an' she ran in with a blanket to cover us. She had hardly done it when the flames came rushing along. They leaped down in great flakes upon us, like fire out of heaven, an' our cottage was eaten up like tinder. My

mother an' my sister perished there, an' I never saw them again; the bones of the two little children were got some time after amongst the ashes; an' I was the only survivor, with my arms dreadfully burnt. My father was kept on board the ship all night—no one was allowed to have any connection with the land for fear of fire—an' it was not till next day that he got ashore an' saw the black ruins of our old home."

Chatham was a busy, lumbering town, its river-front lined with noisy saw-mills, and great stacks of fresh-cut planks shining yellow in the sun. We lived at a hotel that had something of the boarding-house about it—looked like a private villa, displayed no sign in front of it, had a garden before the door, and was kept by a Mrs Bowser, who was assisted in the domestic arrangements by her daughters. The boarders were chiefly tradesmen and clerks—one of the transient guests was a travelling doctor, who treated diseases of the eye and ear. At breakfast we had the luxury of fried bass. This fish, it was told us, is caught principally in the winter. The fishermen go out upon the frozen river, and cut a hole seven or eight feet wide in the ice. Then, with an immense bag-net on the end of a pole eighteen feet long, they haul up the bass, sometimes three hundred at a time.

Going back to Newcastle, we took the train thence to Bathurst. In a few minutes there appeared frequent stretches of snow—then more and more snow—till the country was almost a perfect white sheet. We crossed a dirty-coloured river which was foaming in swift rapids, laden with innumerable blocks of ice, that were grinding and jamming, and sweeping along with the current. Bathurst, which lies on the Bay of Chaleurs, presented a bleak wintry aspect. Its harbour was choked with rotten ice, awaiting some favouring wind to blow it out to sea. We drove in a waggonette from the station to the town, along a veritable bog of mud, so sticky that the horses could only by desperate haunch-struggles keep themselves from being glued to the spot. Bathurst lay on the other side of the harbour, which we crossed on the "Bridge," a long ballast embankment, with little spans for the passage of the ice and tidal waters. The town was very quiet and scattered, and was composed of very old-fashioned houses. There was a village-air about the place—your footfall could be heard ringing in the grass-grown streets. One old church had a sun-dial on the gable-wall. The foundations of the cottages were bedded up with sawdust to keep out the cold. I have been

harping so much about the severity of the weather that the reader will be imagining Canada a very undesirable place to live in, when the fact is that our travel extended over the entire winter, and we left the country when the fine summer weather was coming in.

We returned south again as far as Moncton, then branched off to Amherst, where we first set foot in Nova Scotia. From here to Truro was a splendid journey, with green, refreshing landscapes unfolding themselves in ever-varying forms—now a succession of soft-outlined hills bounding a rolling, grassy country—now miles of fertile meadows framed by dark, bold-featured, forest-clad ranges. Lumbering and farming were everywhere being industriously pursued. The fences, the wooden houses, the sheds, the lavish use of timber, the piles of logs lying about, showed a country where wood was plentiful. Now and then the engine would give a succession of short staccato whistles, and there would be a hasty slackening of the train as a lot of lazy calves would stray across the line. At distances of a few miles we passed little towns, wooden, painted white, and standing brightly against the dark-green country. Near the station there would be a small inn, and above the door the single word "Entertainment," which had quite a charming, primitive look. Boys and girls came upon the train and sold nosegays of May-flowers, the harbingers of Spring, which brought to our minds the old historical "May-flower," the ship that bore the Pilgrim Fathers to America. During the journey we noticed several Indian huts, built of planks stacked pyramidally into a kind of wooden tent. The redskins did not appear to be a very wretched set of folks—though shabbily, they were all warmly clad. The children ran about in a rough, ragged condition, but were not a whit less savage-looking or tattered than the Highland boys I have seen on the banks of the Crinan Canal, chasing the steamboat for bawbees. Strange to say, the Indians of Nova Scotia are increasing instead of decreasing in numbers—about the only instance of an uncivilised aboriginal race flourishing in presence of the white man.

Well on in the afternoon, the train reached some high ground, commanding a grand, far-extending landscape—the nearer dark green shading off into rich blue, the rich blue toning away into lighter blue, and the misty outlines of the extreme distance almost blending into the azure of the sky. Then we entered a deep valley. The train followed its windings, travelling high

up on the heights, in full command of the opposite hills, and overlooking the verdant level floor below. There are fourteen snow-sheds on this part of the railway, all comprised within a mile or two. Inside these sheds was a most peculiar sight. The cuttings that had been roofed over were formed along the heights, and the mountain streams, shut off from the sun in these cold wooden tunnels, had been frozen into ghostly white masses, like torrents petrified into marble, that flew gleaming past us in the dim light of the sheds.

Truro lies in the heart of old-settled country, and is surrounded by eye-gladdening fields, pasture-land, wooded uplands, and hills—scenery beautiful even for Nova Scotia. Here within a few minutes we had the great pleasure of meeting some Edinburgh friends, and also of talking with a gentleman and lady who had seen us in Nelson, New Zealand. The world is small, after all. The town happened to be excited over races which took place about a mile out of town. The weather was perfectly hot here—the atmosphere oppressive—summer had set in with a rush. The Truro ladies came out in light dresses—one or two gentlemen could be seen in white hats. There is very little spring here—two or three rainy days come at the tail-end of winter, and these form the prelude to the warmth of summer. With all the heat at this time, most of the trees had not a leaf on them, and the bare branches looked decidedly incongruous. The year has no time to spare in lingering over a poetically dawning or departing spring. The gentle blending of the seasons is unknown in this part of the world.

Our route now lay east to Pictou. On the way we stopped at New Glasgow, near which we saw the extensive Albion Coal Mines, the most important in the province. They are now being worked at a depth of a thousand feet. The beds of coal here are something extraordinary—the main seam is thirty feet and a half thick. The coal area of the Maritime Provinces is estimated at 18,000 square miles, and half of that is in Nova Scotia alone. Twenty-two mines have been opened in Nova Scotia since 1858—these mines being supposed to contain from two million to fifty-five million tons. More than ten and a half million tons of coal have been taken out since 1827. In 1872 the yield was 785,914. There has also been a good deal of gold-mining in the province; but, truth to tell, it has been a failure, owing to bad management. Nothing is so risky as getting gold out of quartz. The yield per ton is so nicely proportioned to the cost of mining that, unless there is great

care, skill, and excellent machinery, the business is almost certain to be unsuccessful. At New Glasgow, too, we saw a good deal of shipbuilding. Two large wooden brigs were lying on the stocks almost completed. This branch of industry is very flourishing. In 1872 there were 53,000 tons of shipping built in the province. What with its coal-mines, its shipbuilding yards large and small, and its valuable fisheries, in which 20,000 men are engaged, Nova Scotia is a very prosperous portion of the great Dominion.

In New Glasgow there are many people from the mining districts of Scotland. Every other house, too, has some old person who can speak Gaelic. There are four churches here, and they are all Presbyterian. They stand in one part of the town, grouped together at distances of a few yards, with their bells pealing in harmonious union. We went on Sunday forenoon to the "Auld Kirk," where we heard singing a little after the old-fashioned manner. The collection was taken up in long-handled ladles. We were much astonished to see the elders hurrying to a corner of the church and marching forth with the long sticks over their shoulders. There was great peremptoriness in the way the ladle shot past one's nose to the other end of the pew, or landed in front of one's waistcoat pocket. The dexterous way in which the extremely long handles were raised or lowered, so as to clear the heads of those sitting behind the collector, betokened long practice. When the benediction was being pronounced, the congregation prepared themselves to go, holding their hats in their hands, with their bodies inclined sideways—the word "Amen" being the signal for an unseemly rush, in which we were pushed and elbowed rapidly down the passage. One-half our party went this Sunday as far as Hopewell, a village a few miles distant. On the way we passed through the coal-black streets of the mining-town Stellarton, which has a long stretch of cottages all alike, all painted the same, and numbered with big white figures running beyond 200. The country was very beautiful—the grass delicious, its colour fresh and gladdening to look upon. Hopewell is a rural little place, which has been preached and lectured into teetotalism. The mere force of public opinion has put a stop to the sale of liquor in the village.

Seven miles from New Glasgow is Pictou, which lies sheltered on a beautiful harbour opening into the Gulf of St Lawrence. Like New Glasgow, this is a very teetotal town, and there is not a liquor-licence in the whole place. It is likewise a very

Scottish and Presbyterian town. The Pictou district is about as Scotch as any part of the Dominion. The interests of the town are chiefly maritime. Lately, during a municipal election, a certain candidate was proposed, and a Scotsman was heard to exclaim contemptuously—"*Him* a mayor! he hasna an acre o' land or a ton o' shippin', an' lives in a flat! he'll never be eleckit!"

We had intended at one time taking the steamer from here to Charlottetown, the capital of Prince Edward Island. But a shoal of ice drifted up and down Northumberland Straits, blocking up first one port and then another. When this treacherous flotilla had moved off or settled down somewhere, it was discovered that we could go over easy enough, but there was no chance of our getting back the day we wanted. We wrote many letters across to the Island, but got no definite replies as to the steamers. Upon inquiring at the shipping office this side, there was the same uncertainty. We were not alone in our perplexity, for a lawyer happened to be calling on the agents at the same time. He was in a towering rage, and gesticulated and swore, because, owing to incorrect information, he had missed getting to Cape Breton, where he had an important law case to attend to. Instead of being there by Wednesday, he found he could not arrive till Thursday at the very earliest, even by riding a hundred miles in a coach. One person advised us to hire a steam-tug, which would cost about twenty-five dollars. A second hinted at our getting over in the steamship "Carroll," but as this was a United States boat, she was debarred by law from intercolonial traffic. We heard also of a small steamer, an ex-mail-boat, which was cruising promiscuously from port to port. Finding a person who had some interest in the craft, we asked him if it were possible to run the boat to Charlottetown, urging as an inducement that there was a large party, seven of us. "A-ah-ah," sighed he, with a serious face, "that's too many!" and so, not liking to trust ourselves in a steamboat that could only take us in two separate loads, we broke off the negotiations. The result of it all was, that much to our regret we did not go to the Island.

When we left Pictou in the early morning, we had the honour of being escorted to the wharf by the silver-cornet band of the town, which played "Auld Lang Syne" as the ferry-boat steamed off across the harbour. On our way back to Truro we had the company of a Roman Catholic priest, Father M'Gillivray, who spoke with a very perceptible Scotch

accent. His grandfather was a Highlander from Inverness, but his father and mother were both born in Nova Scotia, where he himself first saw the light, and where he picked up the Doric he now possesses. It strikes one as an anomaly, that a person should talk broad Scotch and yet never have been in Scotland. The priest's tastes and feelings, as well as his tongue, were unmistakably Scottish. The railway ride was a perfect treat. Words would fail to describe the pleasure with which our eyes rested on the cool, green, swelling country through which the train sped swiftly. Everywhere there was a feeling of freshness and purity. The recent rains had washed and gladdened the face of nature. The grass was vivid green, and seemed to have grown to luxuriance within a few days. The fields were mantled with deep clover—the bushes and shrubs were full of vigorous life—the trees had burst into foliage—the air was inexpressibly fragrant, clear, and exhilarating. After the long spell of winter, and the wet weather of spring, the verdant loveliness of these Nova Scotian landscapes was truly delightful. Between Truro and Halifax there was "water, water everywhere." Lake after lake—"Grand Lake", chief of all, and well deserving its name. River after river—the Stewiacke and the Shubenacadie among others. Nova Scotia, like New Brunswick, has not only a splendid seaboard but a wealth of inland waters. At eight o'clock in the evening we sighted Halifax harbour.

Halifax is the capital of Nova Scotia. This province is composed of a peninsula 250 miles long and 100 miles broad—also of the Island of Cape Breton, separated from the peninsula by the narrow Strait of Canso. The province got its name in 1621, when James I. of England kindly granted Acadia, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and part of Lower Canada, to Sir William Alexander of Menstrie, Clackmannanshire. Nova Scotia is the Acadie or Acadia over which Longfellow has thrown the glamour of his charming blank verse—the scene of "Evangeline" being laid at Annapolis on the west coast, which faces the Bay of Fundy. The Scotch element in the province is now very large. The very Indians happen to be called "Mic-macs!" Cape Breton is almost wholly peopled by Highlanders, Roman Catholics from the Western Isles of Scotland. A gentleman told us he had travelled for a long summer's day in Cape Breton and never heard a word of English. The island is thoroughly Celtic, but the peninsula is inhabited more by the Lowland Scots. In 1871 the population

of Nova Scotia was 387,800—14,316 have been born in Scotland, 7558 in Ireland, 4000 in England. As to to the bulk of the people, 130,741 are of Scottish origin, 113,520 of English, 62,851 of Irish. The Presbyterians are the largest body in the province, and number 88,519.

The city of Halifax lies on a world-famous harbour, which opens into the Atlantic. This harbour is a wonderful sheet of water. An island lies across the mouth of the harbour, forming excellent protection, and creating two entrances. Going up about two miles farther, you see a bright emerald islet, which would prove a very ugly customer for an enemy, as it is well fortified, honeycombed with passages, and girdled with earthworks. Then passing this, you see the city spreading up the heights on your left, while across the harbour, on your right, appears the suburb of Dartmouth. Farther up, the harbour narrows a little, but soon opens out into Bedford Basin—another harbour, a magnificent circular bay, in which "all the British navy could easily manœuvre." Near the mouth of the harbour, too, a stretch of water, called the "North-West Arm," extends for two or three miles inland to the back of the town. Everywhere you are met with the fact that Halifax harbour has capacity. Though not perhaps so beautiful, it is as spacious to the full as Port Jackson, the harbour of Sydney. To our eyes, taking into consideration that it had but recently escaped from the rigours of a long winter, it looked delightful. As a safe, commodious refuge for vessels, this harbour cannot be surpassed.

Halifax was larger and busier than I had expected. Its situation on the sloping ground and heights, which look down upon the harbour, was very impressive on a first view, and lost nothing by further acquaintance. The city, rising above the fringe of shipping, is crowned with the green hill whereon stands the citadel, the strongest fort in or about Halifax.

There is here all the life, bustle, high-class tone, display, and *petit* scandal of a garrison-town. The city, when we first saw it, presented a very animated spectacle. The sky was dazzling blue, and a brisk ocean-breeze swept down the streets, raising plenty of dust, it is true, but adding a great deal of life to the scene. The pavements were thronged with soldiers, sailors, ruddy-faced sea-captains, young English "swells" in light tweeds, negroes, Roman Catholic priests, Indians with dyed basket-work for sale, officers in civilian garb, and officers' ladies with little pet bull-dogs, while now and again a military some-

body, adorned with cocked hat and feathers, would drive past in an open carriage. The market was another great point of interest. Along the pavements crouched rows of negro women, smoking short pipes, and displaying baskets of vegetables. The stone flags of the post-office were crowded with market-wives and their goods. Another part of the street was occupied with a red array of lobster-stands. A number of little boys had invested in some of the shell-fish, and were hard at work smashing them on the street, and picking up the mixture of half-meat half-dirt with epicurean relish. At a long flower-stand, both sides of which were invaded by ladies, a man was auctioneering plants to his fair bidders—a double calceolaria in pot going for six cents, and a cloth-of-gold geranium for ten. Near this we saw a cow, a calf, and a waggon sold by auction in the middle of the street—also a horse, which went for the absurdly small figure of fifteen dollars (£3), though certainly the animal was not by any means an Arab. The whole neighbourhood was busy with people, and the crowd picturesquely relieved by one or two squaws, who moved about in richly-beaded robes.

The general appearance of Halifax is satisfactory. Owing to destructive fires in 1857, 1859, and 1861, the way was cleared for many handsome buildings. To us the most noteworthy feature of the city were the old Provincial Buildings in Hollis Street. These contain the House of Assembly, or "Commons," and the Legislative Council Chamber, or local "House of Lords." Both were stylish-looking apartments. Nearly opposite are the New Provincial Buildings, which were erected in consequence of the old buildings proving too small. After Nova Scotia had joined the Confederation, the old buildings were found to be quite large enough for the requirements of the local Parliament, the general legislation of the province being merged in the Dominion Parliament at Ottawa, and the new buildings are now occupied by the Post Office, the Museum, and other departments. The Museum is rather badly off for room, but possesses not a few interesting objects.

The 24th of May, the Queen's Birthday, was as fine a day as ever dawned. Halifax being a thoroughly British city in feeling, a military city, and of course a loyal city, we were prepared to see a worthy celebration of the day. In the forenoon a review took place on the Common, an open piece of ground lying at the foot of Citadel Hill. Including the various soldiers engaged on the batteries at the citadel, the troops may have

numbered 2000. A salute of twenty-one cannon was fired from the citadel, upon which the military band played the national anthem. The soldiers discharged a *feu de joie*, and then delivered three lusty cheers for the Queen. The view of the returning troops and dispersing crowds, as seen from the heights of the citadel, was exceedingly fine. The red-coated and dark-coated soldiers, the black streams of people, the dazzling greenness of the hill slopes, the dense mass of the city basking under a brilliant sun, and the harbour rippling under a cooling sea-breeze—all made up a delightful picture. In the afternoon we went to see a base-ball match. This is a favourite Canadian game, and in the United States entirely takes the place of cricket. It is the same that is known in London as "rounders," and in Edinburgh as "dully," only here it is played in sober earnest by persons of mature age, and reduced to rules as well-defined as those of cricket. Among the advantages of the game is the fact that it requires only a round stick and ball, and calls for no expensive equipments or particularly level ground. Base-ball demands quickness of eye, agility in batting, and speed of limb in the feverish dashes from base to base.

Churches are numerous in Halifax, and the Presbyterian body is well represented. In one Scotch church there is a splendid organ. The subject of instrumental music in church is agitating the minds of the people here, as everywhere else in Canada. It is related that during the discussion of the Organ Question at a certain meeting of Presbyterian clergymen, one of them rose and said :—"Brethren, I think it expedient that instrumental music should be introduced, to give variety to our plain and quiet Presbyterian service, and keep up with the wants of the day, thereby drawing more young people to the church." At this a grave old minister remarked, that his worthy brother, by making the organ an attraction, was acting on the principle of the old song, "O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad!"

One day we took a walk as far as the Public Park, which lies on Pleasant Point, and which has but lately been opened. It is not a park as that is generally understood at home, being at present an enjoyable tract of woods pierced by carriage-drives. There are smaller winding paths also, and narrow tracks running through thicket and brushwood, and amongst the trees, where it is quite a treat to get lost. We rambled about, jumping this little burnie, rounding this small morass, passing this shady high-banked pool, over which the busy flies were shoot-

ing—now sitting on a fallen tree and drinking in the silence and the sunshine—now scrambling over bush-grown rocks, not caring how or where we were going. We were always sure at last to come upon some metalled road. Once, indeed, we burst through the trees, and emerged upon a radiant view of the "North-West Arm," which lay glittering before us—all its wooded and green sloping heights bathed in sunshine—its rocky shores washed by the rippling blue waves—and its surface further brightened by the snow-white sails of yachts, that were gliding far up the reach, or disappearing round the many little capes and headlands. At the farther extremity of this "Arm" is Melville Island, where the French prisoners were held in durance about the commencement of this century. Beneath our feet lay an immense boulder-rock, in which was fixed a massive iron staple and ring. These were used in olden times to secure the boom-chain which stretched across the water to prevent the passing of an enemy's ships. On our way back to town we saw the harbour dotted with sailing-craft, their canvas bellying in the sun, and the water flashing from their bows. Up the harbour, too, came the mail-steamer, the "Hibernian," which had especial interest for us, as in a day or two we were to sail in her for Newfoundland.

CHAPTER XXXII.

NEWFOUNDLAND—ST JOHN'S—THE CITY AND THE HARBOUR—COD-FISHING—SEALING—THE SCENERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

We are off to Newfoundland. The mid-day cannon fires from the citadel of Halifax, and, punctual to a minute, the Allan liner steams down the harbour. The fogs are rolling in densely from the sea, obscuring the shores, with now and again a ridge of trees high on the hills breaking sharply through the mist like aerial vegetation. We gain the open sea unconsciously, for the coast is invisible, and the water as quiet as a lake. We strike up acquaintance with folks on board from all parts of the world. Some people from New Zealand—a Scottish farmer, too, who has been forty-two years in Nova Scotia, and is going home "on the sly" to take his brother and sisters by surprise—a Dutchman from the Cape of Good Hope, who is a member of the Legislature there, and left the colony last "Yune"—and an old lady from Newfoundland, voluble in praise of its "dear rugged rocks." Two days we rush at full speed through the mist, the steam-whistle blowing night and day, and the fog-horn of some passing ship moaning feebly in reply. We emerge from the mist, and come in sight of the shores of Newfoundland. Round about us are icebergs, of all shapes and sizes, that gleam with dazzling whiteness in the sun. We pass close to an immense block, its dipping crystal edge glittering with a delicious transparent light green that contrasts most beautifully with the pure snow encrusted on its surface. To right and left shoot out wild, precipitous headlands. Before us appears the mouth of the harbour, an exceedingly narrow gut, rent open in some convulsion of nature, and nearly invisible till we are close upon it. The steamer cautiously enters between the sheer heights that sink abruptly into the water—quaint rocky peaks overlooking the passage, the "Narrows" as it is called—and barren slopes, only half concealed by a threadbare covering of stunted grass, descending steeply on either hand. These Heads are perhaps unparalleled

in narrowness, and an intruding rock lessens the width still more; but there is a great depth of water close inshore. The ship's cannons are fired, and the reports echo and re-echo with deafening roar from side to side of the contracted gullet. The steamer glides on. One of the passengers, who had been told by some wags that "there wasn't a drop of milk to be had in the island," runs to the deck-rail, and, pointing to some quadruped far up on a dizzy height, exclaims, "Look, look, there's a cow, a cow!"—much to the disgust of all the Newfoundlanders on board. An overpowering odour of cod-fish greets our noses, and at the same moment the town of St John's is fully displayed to view, forming a horse-shoe against the high ground facing the entrance.

The little harbour, locked in by the high hills, is lively with tacking fisher-boats, schooners, and small steamers. The wharf is crowded by a sample of the inhabitants—St John's merchants in light tweeds; young women in their "braws;" boys in seafaring costume, like miniature fishermen; shaggy-headed, rough-faced "sealers;" shopmen and clerks; wharfmen and carters; here a policeman in dark clothes and peaked cap, not unlike a rifle volunteer; here a Roman Catholic priest in broad-brimmed hat. We find out in a little while that the large assembly is not from unusual interest in the steamer (as we had fondly flattered ourselves!) but it is owing to this being the Corpus Christi holiday, when all the Catholics, the majority of the population, are out enjoying themselves. Carrying our bundles through the crowd, we hear loud whispers of who and what we are; for in this island everybody knows everybody else, and as it isn't the family of Mr O'Malley of Heart's Content, or Mr Mauvaise of Carbonear, or the Flaherty's of Harbour Grace, it can be no other than "the Kennedy's." In an hour and a half the steamer moves off again, our late fellow-passengers regarding us as castaways upon a desert island. When the steamer dwindles away, we feel cut off from the outer world.

Let us see what kind of place we have been cast on for a couple of weeks, till the next Allan boat appears. To begin at the beginning, St John's is the capital of Newfoundland, the oldest colony of Britain. The island is something larger than Ireland, lies at the mouth of the Gulf of St Lawrence, and is the most easterly portion of America. The population is 161,000, so there are a good many acres of land (and rock) per head. St John's itself has 23,000 inhabitants. A queer place

it is, with one really good business street a mile and a half long, following the water-frontage and running at the back of the wharves. Higher up on the hill is another street, less regular, full of heights and hollows, corners and angles, and not so substantial in its buildings. The rest of the town is composed of bye-streets, lanes, and a nebulous collection of wooden huts perched higgledy-piggledy upon the stony braes that rise in and about the town. The better class of houses are of brick, some faced with plaster, too many with an old, unwashed appearance. If the folks used whitewash or paint on their houses, it would wonderfully brighten up the town. The larger shops are very respectable, and do a deal of quiet business, St John's being the emporium for the whole island. There are far too many stores for the size of the town, but the entire shopping of Newfoundland centres here in the spring and autumn. You will see one shop ornamented with the sign of a white polar bear, another with a big black seal—here a dog over a door, here a large golden cod-fish. One noticeable thing is the startling frequency of drinking-shops. Every other little store is "Licensed to sell Ale, Wine, and Spirituous Liquors." Very often there are two together; sometimes there are actually four! The license is small, and enough care has not been exercised in keeping them down. In every public-house, though, there is hung up a list of habitual drunkards, and the proprietors of the bar-rooms are prohibited, under a heavy penalty, from selling liquor to these marked men. But the drouthy customers employ a youngster to get the drink for them, so that the magisterial enactment is of small avail.

Through the streets drive little fish-carts and other vehicles, drawn by the most diminutive shaggy horses. Burly red-whiskered men in rough blue guernseys walk along, trailing heavy cod-fish in their hands. A crowd of shock-headed children and dirty-faced women are filling their cans at one of the public wells. A knot of bulky black dogs are snarling over some fish-refuse. There are scores of dogs here. You see them prowling about the streets, romping with the children, or sunning themselves in doorways. No matter where you go, you are always knocking against some bass-voiced dog or other. Everybody, even the very poorest person, seems to own one. The dogs are of all kinds, but few, I think, of the pure breed. There are far more Newfoundland dogs in Scotland than here. Half the poor brutes are muzzled—"to keep them from fighting with the other half," as an Irishman explained to us! Every

second or third dog you see has its coat frayed away across the back, and its loins chafed, from having to be put in harness during the winter to draw logs for firewood. In the outskirts you come upon great squalor and poverty. You walk on rough cobble pavements and climb foul steep bye-ways, with rocks cropping up in the middle of them. You see ricketty black houses, all off the straight, and shored up with long poles. At one part the slovenly huts are enclosed with high palisade fences like a Maori "pah," while alongside them the abrupt gravelly slope has been scratched into a little patch of cultivated ground. You come upon long rows of squalid dwellings—the narrow door cut in half across, the lower leaf shut, and a slatternly female lolling over it, exchanging gossip with another dirty-faced woman leaning out of the door adjoining. No matter how decayed or wretched the house, it possesses a little shop, principally for the sale of tape and confectionary, with hens dancing in and out behind the counter. Nets, sails, oil-tuns, and anchor-chains lie on all hands. Long-legged pigs, goats, and scraggy cows dispute supremacy with bare-legged, bare-headed children, who play at "ring-ba-jing" and other games in the middle of the street. Down at the shore the fishermen are drying and mending their nets, and at wooden stands erected on the wharves people are buying cod, salmon, and halibut.

On the other side of the harbour, opposite St John's, you walk through a real fishing-village, composed of decrepit shanties, many of them tottering on piles above the water—others poked away into little rocky gullies, or mounted on the edges of shelves and cliffs, and propped up to prevent their being blown over. Above and amongst the houses are erected large "flakes" or stagings for drying cod—horizontal platforms covered with boughs and supported on tall poles. Very interesting it is to look down upon them, covered with a field of stiff grey-looking fish, and see a gang of men and women walking about, turning over the cod in long ridges, or stacking them in bunches like sheaves on a corn-field. The road through this fishing-hamlet is narrow, rocky, winding — occasionally leading over the top of the drying-platforms, and at others bringing you amongst the unhealthy huts that lie in the damp cold shade beneath these brushwood roofs. One moment your feet will be splashing in a hill-stream, next going through puddles of fish-brine. In this place you ascend a wooden plank with ledges, like the entrance to a hen-house; in that,

you walk along a crazy kind of balcony in front of some trembling huts—now winding amongst herring barrels—now going alongside big ships loading up with seal-skins that they are to take to Britain to be "dressed"—now passing immense wooden vats filled with seal-fat, slowly melting by its own weight and the heat of the sun, and being drawn off in barrels for shipment. On every hand boats, oars, and nets—everywhere the smell of cod liver oil, seal-oil, and fish.

High above St John's stand the square double-towers of the large Roman Catholic Cathedral, overtopping every other building, and symbolising, as it were, the peculiar ecclesiastical rule. For the Roman Catholics are in the ascendant in St John's. Taking Newfoundland as a whole, the Protestants are the most powerful in point of numbers, but in the capital they are in the minority. Politics here is reduced to Protestants *versus* Catholics. The former "rule the roast" at present—the Catholics have been a long time "out." The principal cause of trouble is of course the school system, on which the large sum of 80,000 dollars was expended last year. The Roman Catholics have the denominational system—the Protestants are non-sectarian, though the Church of England desires a separate grant, like the Catholics. Most of the people here are Irish. The fishermen, sealers, carters, all the poorer class, are Irish. Pats and Mikes crop up as plentifully as the bricks with which some of the side-walks are paved. Scotch people are few, but they are nearly all to be found in the prosperous part of the community—the "codfish aristocracy" by name. The large proportion of the inhabitants of Newfoundland are natives, no immigration having taking place for the last twenty-five years. The original settlers came from the West of England and West of Ireland. The rich Irish brogue has been perpetuated, and has leavened the language of the island; for even the children of Scotch parents, from association with Irish boys and girls and Irish servants, talk with a strong Hibernian accent. "There's any amount of Irish here," a friend advised us in all seriousness, "so put Irish songs into your programmes; or," he added, "Jacobite songs will do just as well—anything with a spice of treason in it!"

There are two Scotch churches, or rather two congregations, as one of the buildings has been burned down. The houseless flock now meet in the Temperance Hall, and are much attached to their pastor, the Rev. Mr Patterson. The other church is well-attended, has a capital choir, no organ; and one

Sunday we heard an effective sermon from the Rev. Mr Harvey, who has written some brilliant magazine articles on the colony. In the afternoon we were present at the Pontifical Vespers in the Cathedral, this Sunday being "within the octave of Corpus Christi." The capacious edifice was crammed, the passages and porches being crowded to excess. The towering altar occupied one entire end of the cathedral—an elaborate lofty arch, surmounted by a cross, and the whole front of it lighted up with scores of candles arranged in groups, circles, and spans, that shone in the daylight like a blaze of gold. The organ was weak, the choir so-so. The chanting of the priests, and the intoning of the bishop, as he sat on a dais with his pastoral crook in his hand, was very monotonous. The service concluded, a procession filed out to the open air—the bare-headed priests with the flickering candles not looking very happy in the drizzling fog. Following them were a hundred or two of the girls belonging to the convent schools, dressed in blue, pink, green, and white—the little ones being scarcely visible for the throng of gratified mothers pressing in to see their offspring. The approach of the bishop was heralded by incense-bearers and the strewing of roses on the cathedral steps—the great man appearing under a purple canopy, attended by youths in white, bearing golden lamps on the ends of staves. As he passed, the vast crowd uncovered their heads and knelt low before him, leaving us standing conspicuously in all our nonconformity. The procession was at intervals punctuated with banners bearing the pictures of saints. At the head of it was a brass band, out of tune, playing a stately solemn march—farther back, a drum and fife band discoursing cheerfully in a different key—a short way behind this again, another brass band in yet another key, crashing out a joyful melody—and the cacophony still further increased by the jubilant but discordant clangour of the cathedral bells.

Newfoundland is self-contained, and possesses its own Legislature. The Newfoundlanders have not yet joined the great Dominion, and, as the Canadians satirically say, will not do so till they have contracted a heavy public debt. They are canny and clannish, and have not a penny of foreign debt. All money borrowed is from amongst themselves. But Newfoundland is quite willing to enter the Confederation if her own terms are acceded to. As compensation for the handing over of her revenue, which is £220,000 per annum, she stipulates for £200,000, and a railway to be built from St John's on the

east coast to St George's Bay on the west—a line which will shorten the journey to America and lessen the danger from icebergs. The people of Newfoundland are almost wholly interested in sealing and cod-fishing, the sea being so bountiful as to divert men's minds from any other pursuit. Vegetables, flour, and butter are shipped from the United States and Canada—manufactured goods are chiefly imported from Britain. There is some good country for stock-raising, yet all the cattle comes from Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island. "Yes," the folks say ironically, "fine beasts they send us from Canada—bullocks that have been hauling logs all winter and ploughing in the spring—as tough as leather!"

Cod-fishing is the employment of most part of the people during the summer months. The islanders prosecute the safer and more convenient fisheries along the coast—the Great Banks of Newfoundland being left to the French and American vessels, which may account for one seeing in the papers such startling financial news as:—"The New York banker, Edward Jones, has put in here short of salt!" The Government looks diligently after the great industry of Newfoundland. There are three war vessels here to protect the fisheries from the Frenchmen, who claim some ancient rights along the coast, and there is a steamer provided to tell the fishermen where cod is most abundant, just as religiously as there is a steamboat chartered to take the Judges on circuit round the island. The papers, too, come out with their telegrams:—"Cod has struck in," "Herring has passed here." "Caplin" strikes in on the 15th June. This is the important cod-bait. When it makes its appearance coastwise, the cod is approaching the shores of the island too. "Caplin" lasts five weeks, during which time the fishermen have to look alive. The caplins are like sprats, and come in struggling myriads. They are netted in thousands, and are even used as manure on the fields. There are two ways of catching cod—one is by the caplin-bait, the other is by "jigging." The "jig" is a lead imitation of a caplin, with two hooks in its head. A line, with this at the end of it, is thrown overboard, and you jerk away at this till you hook some passing cod. On Saturday afternoon my brothers and I went out with some Scotch friends in a wee steam launch, out through the Heads, and into a bay, where we had "jigging" and caplin-fishing to our heart's content. But we caught nothing; and, after that, what did we care for the many stern beauties of the coast, the "Black Head," "Peggy's Leg," and other remarkable strata?

A short experience, too, of the ugly swell that wobbled our little steamer, laid us all prostrate over its gunwale. But a refreshing tea was prepared on board, and, truth to tell, we boiled the bait! There was almost a whole pailful of the precious "caplin," and if the codfish turned up their noses at it we certainly did not, for it was a delicious meal. So ended our only fishing excursion.

After the summer season is over, the fishermen have about half-a-year's idleness—smoking, drinking, loafing about town all the winter. Then comes the event of the year—the seal-fishery. On its success greatly depends the business prospects of the island. There are twenty sealing steamers belonging to the port of St John's, and these lie up all the summer. On the first of March the sealing fleet of steamers and sailing-ships, carrying 5000 men, starts from this harbour and from the various coves along the east coast. The sealing-ground lies off the north-eastern shores of Newfoundland, and the south-eastern shores of Labrador, on the ice that comes drifting from the north. Towards the end of February the seals come southward to whelp on the ice, and in three weeks the infant-seals have acquired the requisite fatness to yield the valuable oil for which they are in part hunted. Therefore, the great sealing-spurt takes place between the twentieth and thirtieth of March. After that date, the "pups" are strong enough to leave the ice and take to the water; and if a vessel fails to sight them within that time, all hope of a successful catch is gone for the season. It is not a thing that you can go back upon—if you miss the seals in those valuable ten days you have lost a golden opportunity which only occurs once a year. True, you may go after the old seals; but though the sea is alive with them, yet they are difficult to capture, and you only kill one in a thousand after all. In this case, the only chance is when the seals get "jammed." The ice opens, the seals come to the surface, and the pack closes again, shutting them off from the water. The sealer then stalks the seals like deer, with a clumsy blunderbuss about five feet long. Now and then he gets a shot at one of them, but they run at great speed over the ice, and, when exasperated, turn viciously and attack their pursuer. It is poor-paying sport, for in the middle of it the ice very likely will drift asunder, and in a twinkling the whole of the seals will have vanished. On the other hand, we are told of an extraordinary "jam" of 18,000 seals, herded together within two miles square, and all killed at one time in an

immense onslaught. There is a great amount of money staked on these ventures. Besides the fitting up and provisioning of the vessel, there is a six per cent. insurance for the voyage—all this may be lost in a week or two. If the steamer is successful, of course the gains are enormous, every seal being worth ten shillings. This season the fleet came back, each vessel with from 3000 and 4000 to 10,000 and 12,000 seals on board.

Each steamer carries between two and three hundred men, who lead a life of hardship. They have to sleep on deck in all weathers, till the coal burns down sufficiently to allow them to go below and sleep on the bunkers. They never undress themselves; or if they indulge in a clean shirt, it is put on over the dirty one. Their diet is chiefly bread and tea, with the occasional addition of fat pork; also what the sealers call "duff"—a mixture of flour and water put in a canvas bag and boiled in the pork-broth—the result, a kind of coarse dough as hard as wood, which the men chop with their tomahawks and sealing-knives. On Sundays a handful of raisins is thrown in, and then it is "figgy duff." The trip to the sealing-ground is laborious work—hauling, sawing, and driving through the "slob" and heavy "packs"—doubling and beating about amongst ice ready to crush the steamer like a nut. Great is the joy of the captain when he sees the floes dotted with the "white coats," and hears their baby-like whining. The host of sealers, armed with iron-bound hardwood bludgeons or "gaffs," six or eight feet long, rush upon the ice amongst the round, podgy innocents, that lie helpless like balls of fat—the men laying about them vigorously, stunning the seals by hitting them on the nose, killing them with a long knife, and then stripping off the skin and adhering fat. The hides and fat are salted, and the rest of the body left to decay.

Newfoundland has not a mile of railway, but possesses good metal roads. Every year 90,000 dollars are voted for making and repairing these highways. The chairman of each road-board gets ten per cent. of all the money he pays out. The labourers, knowing it to be a Government job, "take it easy;" and the chairman, who in most cases keeps a store, pays them in sugar, meat, or boots, or other necessaries. A chairmanship is a coveted office. There is a heavy feudal feeling about the island. The fishermen, by their improvidence, place themselves under the heel of the fishing-companies and merchants. A man, say, advances 30,000 dollars' worth of goods to a "bay,"

as a small fishing community is called, the success or otherwise of this transaction depending on the result of the fishing. For if the latter is a failure, then the debt is virtually cancelled—it disappears for ever, and there is no more heard of it. But the storekeeper, to recompense himself for these risks and losses, increases the price of the goods. Then there is a middle-man or agent at the "bay," who also understands a bad fishery means "no pay," and who also "puts it on" to save his own pocket, thereby making a second rise in the price of the goods before they reach the fishermen. "Independence of mind!" a man said—"if the fishermen don't work to suit their employers they don't get any provisions; and if they don't do what the priest tells them, they're cursed outright—its either starvation or damnation!"

St John's has the extraordinary number of eleven newspapers. They are all small sheets, about a quarter the size of an ordinary daily. One of them boasts a circulation of 150; another taxes our credulity by claiming 200. There is a paper which is "published daily," but only comes out twice a week. We called at another office on Tuesday, but Monday's paper had not been issued. "You see," was the explanation, "the holiday last Thursday has thrown us quite out—my boy only appeared yesterday." We were told of one paper that came out "semi-occasionally." One almost expected to hear of another as "bi-doubtfully." The offices here remind me of one we saw in Canada. Asking for the editor, we were confronted by a brisk young fellow in shirt-sleeves. "Editor? I'm editor, proprietor, printer, compositor, pressman, newsagent, touter, and account-collector, which is the hardest work of all—so I guess if you want any of those gentlemen, just speak to me!" There are about half-a-dozen kinds of money here. First there is the real Newfoundland coinage—the "pound," or four dollars; the "shilling," or twenty-cent piece, and so on—the currency being on a lower scale of value than ours. All large sums are spoken of and calculated in pounds. Then there is the Canadian money, dollars and cents, and American money, both of which are taken on different discounts. There are also the Spanish and Mexican dollars; while, to increase the confusion, there is a considerable amount of British money in circulation.

We had some difficulty and much fun in getting a piano for the hall here. In the first place, we called on Mr A., the music-seller, who showed us a cottage-piano half a tone flat. "I had

to lower it," said he, "for some young ladies who sang at a local concert." The piano, we were told, would have to be taken out of the first-storey window. Last time it was moved he had to saw off the banisters of the stairs, but that came to be troublesome and expensive. He dealt chiefly now in pianettes. "The fact is," said he, "the doors and stairs are so narrow that coffins and pianos have to be taken in and out of the windows." We found there were only two "grands" in the island—one at Harbour Grace and one at Mr B.'s, to whom accordingly we went. It was an ancient, highly carved instrument, with sonorous bass, but "tink-a-tanky" upper notes. Off next to see the piano of Mrs C., a widow, whom we surprised in the act of cleaning house. Oh yes, she had a "cottage"—and it was the most "cottagey" piano we ever saw, for the back of it rose almost as high as the ceiling. "It's rather out of tune," remarked Mrs C.; so we struck A to test it with our "fork," but the key gave no sound. "Just what I said," she exclaimed—"some of the notes are out of tune altogether!"

Many hours we spent in romantic expeditions amongst the lofty hills that overlook the harbour. Our boots wore out in wild rambles along the rocky nooks of the coast. The shore is indented with deep, gloomy clefts—sheer glistening walls of rock rising on either side, and the imprisoned sea thundering and reverberating up the sides of the terrible fissure. Yet here, on some little alluvial plot between the rocks, you will see a frail fisher-hut sticking as pertinaciously as a limpet. The cliffs are broken into all kinds of shapes. One in Conception Bay is a pulpit thirty feet high, containing a twenty-foot granite minister—gown, bands, and all, of the oldest known strata, clearly proving that Nature from the earliest ages was in favour of Presbyterianism! From Signal Hill, on the north side of the entrance, you have sweeping views of the town and its harbour, and all the back country. On this same hill is the little lake that supplies St John's with water. On a height beyond are the old barracks, occupied when the military were here some years ago; also a battery whence the soldiers used to fire their artillery upon the passing icebergs—splintering peaks and towers, shattering glacial spires here, knocking off glittering minarets there—the most glorious targets, surely, that cannon were ever directed upon. Were the British navy to cruise off the coast of Newfoundland during the month of June, there would be splendid practice for their guns.

Amongst the hills are many varied and enjoyable walks. Of course there is great wildness—barrenness that haunts the sea-coast, and even permeates the town. People jocularly say that St John's had to import earth to form a graveyard. But there is plenty of rough vegetation. At times you feel on a Highland hill, as you wade and tear yourself through bracken, ferns, berry-shrubs, and dwarf-bushes—leap mountain-burnies, pluck the purple heather, or rest on the moss-grown rocks. One moment you are in Scotland; but you descend a hill, or turn a corner, and, hey presto! the scene is changed—you are in the wilds of Ireland. Slopes with bare patches of gravel, boulders, and loose rocks—a wild prospect—desolation relieved perhaps by a solitary squat hovel and a few yards of ground encompassed by a dry-stone wall a foot high—or, perhaps, a small lake circled with a shore of boulders, and frowned upon by rugged cliffs. Near here is the fishing hamlet of Quidi Vidi, situated on a real smuggler's cove—a small inlet of the sea, shut in by high precipices, and with an entrance scarce wide enough to admit a boat—the cluster of huts having a queer old-world look, lying there in a basin of hills, shut off from the winds and locked in from the waves. Over the mountains we roam, and lo! after a tough ascent, are standing on the top of the breezy heights, whence we look down upon the coast as it basks in the warm, brilliant sunshine, and reveals its outline as plainly as a map. Great swelling humps and hummocks, like clenched hands with bare ridges for knuckles, are outstretched fearlessly into the sea—their bases fringed with limpid green shallows, on which the waves seem to break gently in creamy foam. From our giddy elevation we see the fishing-cobles rocking on the lazy swell. Below and beyond, all round the circle of vision, and extending to where the dim fog-bank skirts the remote horizon, lies the broad expanse of ocean, over which the sportive wind sends many a dark ruffle—its surface picked out in many places with gleaming sails and the more vivid silvery whiteness of the outstanding icebergs.

Back from St John's you see some beautiful country, with one or two meadows of tall rich clover; and though much of it has a rank humid greenness to the eye, yet the verdure is very pleasant to look upon after the nakedness of the harbour-hills. The interior of Newfoundland, strange to say, has not yet been thoroughly explored. So far as is known, however, there are plenty of moss-hags and moors, some lightly-timbered country, and not a few acres of arable land. One-third of its

area is occupied by fresh-water lakes. The island is serrated, pierced by magnificent arms of the sea running fifty, sixty, and a hundred miles into the interior.

The entire seaboard of Newfoundland is occupied more or less by fishermen. The remoter villages are called the "Outports." The people are far from civilisation—few of them can read and write. The boys, when they should be at school, are away with their father at the fishing. A priest even is seldom seen. Such a state of things is far more woful than the condition of the South Sea Islanders. A half-civilised white man is a more degraded being than a downright savage. In the nearer and more frequented ports there are well-ordered, thriving communities. We met a man in St John's who was a fiddler, and frequently visited "the Ports" in this capacity—that is, he was invited to play at weddings. These are no paltry affairs here. As a reverend "Father" only comes round once in a long while, it is found best to have a lot of marriages at once—sometimes twenty-four at a time. One of the customs is, that the brides decorate the fiddler with long ribbons of different colours, so that the jolly musician is soon as radiant with streamers as an Arctic sky.

We lived at the only hotel in St John's—a small house, with accommodation for about fourteen people. The boarders, who were chiefly Montreal and Halifax business men, sat together at one table, the head of which was graced by our landlord and his lady, in the ancient hostelry fashion. It resembled a family party more than a *table d'hôte*—all conversation was in common, and the joke and laugh went freely round. The fare was capital, and of course largely composed of fish. We had cod every day for dinner, save when a splendid salmon burst upon us—its plump, aristocratic form reposing in a tin dish about three feet long. Once, indeed, we had fried "caplin," but they could not hold the candle to sprats as regards flavour. A plate of fishes' tongues, too, was placed on the table one day, but proved rather a failure. "A cod, a cod; the whole edible kingdom for a cod!" We never tired of cod, boiled or fried—it was a princely dish. Even the salmon, caught outside the Heads, and as large in size as it was delicate in flavour and free from heavy oiliness, was not to be compared to the cod. It would almost be worth while living in Newfoundland for this alone. Our taste was also gratified in the matter of vegetables, which were cooked in the Irish fashion—boiled, that is, along with pork or ham. Occasionally, too, in default of cabbage, we had

dandelions and turnip-tops—"neep-shaws" being accounted as much of a luxury here as in Cockneydom.

We enjoyed our stay in St John's to the full. The proverbial hospitality of the Newfoundlanders was not wanting. We met many friendly Scotsmen, and one day received a laconic note: —"Parritch will be ready the morn's mornin' at eight o'clock" —true to which invitation we arose early, and walked two miles and a half into the country, where we were treated to delicious milk-porridge. This Scotsman's house stood by itself in the midst of quiet green howes and knowes, and was a cosy, handsome building in the Elizabethan style. It was a change from the majority of the houses here, which are simply square boxes with holes in them. There has not been much taste shown in architecture as yet. Numbers of the wealthy merchants who do business here live in the old country or America—not following the Australian proverb, that "Folks should fix their homesteads where they make their hay." In winter time this Scotsman removed into town, for even the comfort and elegance of the villa were not proof against the wild snow-wreaths that buried up the fences. We had a pleasant "crack" here. In the course of it, the lady of the house remarked that life passed quietly in Newfoundland—no hurry, worry, or excitement. The fishing season glided into the winter season, the winter season into the sealing season—they did not measure time by days and hours as they did in Scotland. Still an eighteen-pounder fires every day at noon, while at eleven o'clock P.M., a watchman patrols the street calling out the hour, adding—"And a clear starlight night," or whatever the sky may be. We never felt the time hang heavy on our hands till the Thursday we were to leave St John's. All morning we watched the signal station on the hill—all forenoon, all afternoon, but no signs of the steamer—and it was not till very late at night, just when we had made up our minds to go to bed, that we heard the double bang of the ship's cannon. About one o'clock on Friday morning the "Caspian" sailed, the last sounds we heard from the shore being some kindly parting words in broadest Doric from half-a-dozen young "Scotch chappies," with whom my brothers and I had spent a jolly, friendly time. The steamer glided past the high land of the harbour, that moved in inky black masses against a starlit sky, then emerged from the dark rocky gateway, with the bright shooting rays of the lighthouse running up and down the swell of the water. In half an hour the elevated outline of the coast was extending

behind us, with a gentle aurora rising above it like another twilight. Good-night to "Terra Nova."

A journey of seven days across the Atlantic, in weather marvellously pleasant for that usually stormy ocean, brings us into the noise and stir of Liverpool. Our long tour round the world is finished. We are once more enjoying the comforts of "Home, sweet home."

Our trip was one of considerable toil, but also one of great pleasure. As a family-party, we carried "our ain fireside" with us, and found "friends in ilka place" to brighten our journeyings to and fro. Whether in Scottish Dunedin, English Christchurch, cosmopolitan Melbourne, colonial Sydney, or semi-Teutonic Adelaide—whether under the burning sun of Queensland, or amidst the snows of Canada, we met great numbers of Scotsmen, their hearts full of the liveliest and tenderest feelings towards home and its associations, its poetry, and its song. The Scottish emigrant is everywhere a credit to his country. As is well known, he makes a first-class colonist—a fact we frequently heard attested by those of other nationalities. We found him, as a rule, satisfied with his lot, though sometimes expecting to combine the advantages of a new country with all the comforts of the old.

We have often been asked, since our return, "What place did you like best in your travels?"—a very difficult question to answer, where there is such a variety of place, climate, and condition as is presented in the colonies. We were equally puzzled when our friends asked, "What part of the world would you advise a man to go to?" Now, no individual short of an Agent-General would take the responsibility of boldly recommending a man to emigrate to any particular colony, so much depends on inclination, health, and finances. Many a one emigrates, and we think wisely, at the advice of some friend or relation who has gone out before him. Bill in Australia, who is on a sheep-station, thinks that now he has made some money, he will send for the "auld folks." George and his wife, comfortably settled on a farm in Otago, see capital chances every day for "our 'Liza at home" or "our Tom." John Smith, a farmer in Ontario, writes to John Tamson, a carpenter in Scotland, telling him that wages are high in Canada. I believe the colonies are benefited as much by this undercurrent of friendly recommendation as by the exertions of emigration-agents. Victoria has ceased to foster immigration, and is depending on

its prestige to bring people to its shores. The other colonies have thoroughly adopted the system of Assisted Immigration. People have different opinions about Free Passages. A Scotsman in Queensland said to us, "There's the Government spendin' pounds upon pounds in bringin' oot folk to this country, while here's me wi' fifteen bairns maistly a' born here, an' I've never got a penny for ony o' them!" One disadvantage the Antipodes have, is their great distance from the old country. Canada, being comparatively next door, is very attractive to those who do not like to risk a longer journey. A man goes to Canada or the States with the feeling that, if he does not like the country, he can come back "in a few months." At the same time, there is no more risk in going to the Antipodes, and the prospects are equally good. Many of the colonists we met in New Zealand felt that in coming so far they had severed connection with the old country, but they had a yearning, lingering hope of seeing their native land once more. One old Scotsman said, "I doot I'll no get hame to Scotland again—it'll no be convenient to gang; but if onybody said, 'Ye shall not gang,' I'd be off the morn's mornin'!" In short, a capable, healthy, and temperate man will certainly better his condition in any of the colonies.



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